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THE

Dominion Songster,

FOR

SCHOOLS, CLASSES,

AND THE

FAMILY CIRCLE.

W. O. PERKINS and J. B. NORTON.

HALIFAX, N. S.
PUBLISHED BY THOS. P. CONNELLY.

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PREFACE.

To the children of the Public Schools throughout the Dominion, this little volume is most affection dicated. No little responsibility rests upon those who prepare music for the young; for musical habits, ke others formed in youth, in a great degree form the future taste of the individual. It has been our m to furnish such music as shall be both pleasing in its character, and elevating in its influence, and dapted to the wants of various occasions. There will be found a large number of Songs and Hymns r the school-room, and selections for juvenile gatherings, social parties, and the family circle. The Rudi- ments are presented in a brief, but clear and comprehensive manner.

We now submit the DOMINION SONGSTER to the public, hoping that it will be found adequate to th wants of schools, classes, and families.

W. O. PERKINS,
J. B. NORTON.

PART I.

MUSICAL NOTATION.

CHAPTER I.

Sound is an impression made on the organs of hearing by an impulse or vibration of the air.

Tone is a sound produced by the even and uninterrupted vibrations of the air.

To the Teacher. In presenting the subject of Musical Notation, in any of its departments, the teacher should give oral instruction, together with suitable examples for the pupils to imitate. The principles should be clearly presented to the understanding before illustrating them upon the black-board, or referring to the book.

In presenting the scale, it is suggested to proceed somewhat after the following order: first, sing a tone at any convenient pitch to the syllable La, and ask the pupils to imitate; then add another tone, and so on till the scale is complete. The names of the tones, One, Two, Three, &c., may then be applied, and, afterwards the syllables Do, Re, Mi, &c.

THE SCALE.

The Scale is a series of eight tones, arranged in a prescribed order.

DIAGRAM OF THE SCALE.

8 ..... Do.
A Minor — Second*
7 ..... Si.
A Major — Second.
6 ..... La.
A Major — Second.
5 ..... Sol.
A Major — Second.
4 ..... Fa.
A Minor — Second.
3 ..... Mi.
A Major — Second.
2 ..... Re.
A Major — Second.
1 ..... Do.

* The explanation of Intervals may be deferred for the present.

CHAPTER II.

PITCH. THE STAFF.

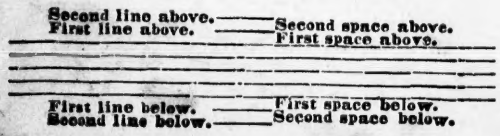
When one tone is sung higher or lower than another, the difference between them is called a difference in *pitch*.

The Pitch of tones is represented upon what is called the Staff, which consists of five parallel lines with the intervening spaces, both of which are called Degrees.

THE STAFF ILLUSTRATED.

	Degrees.	
Fifth line.	9	
	8	Fourth space.
Fourth line.	7	
	6	Third space.
Third line.	5	
	4	Second space.
Second line.	3	
	2	First space.
First line.	1	

When more degrees are wanted, short lines are added above or below, thus :

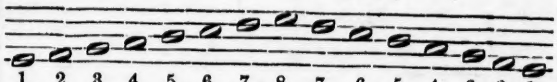


In representing the scale upon the Staff, as many degrees will be used, consecutively, as there are tones in the scale ; viz. eight.

EXAMPLES.

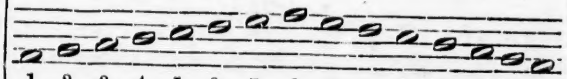
THE SCALE COMMENCING UPON THE FIRST LINE.

Ascending. Descending.



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.
La, La. La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La.

THE SCALE COMMENCING UPON THE FIRST SPACE.

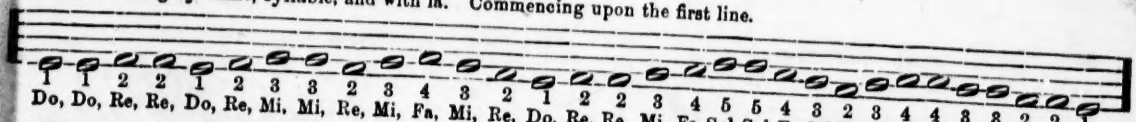


1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.
La, La, La, La, La, La, La, La. La, La, La, La, La, La, La.

It will be observed that *One* of the scale may be represented upon any degree of the staff

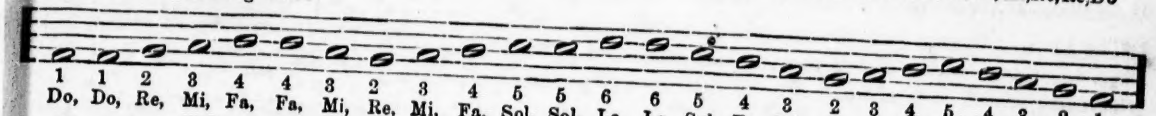
PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

No. 1. Sing by name, syllable, and with la. Commencing upon the first line.



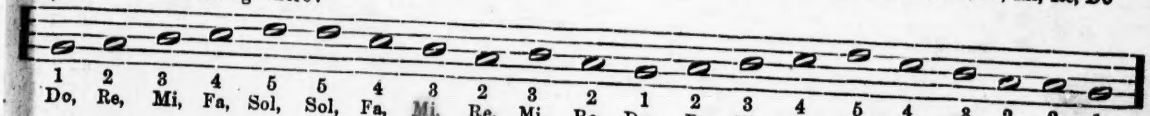
1 1 2 2 1 2 3 3 2 3 4 3 2 1 2 2 3 4 5 5 4 3 2 3 4 4 3 3 2 2 1
Do, Do, Re, Re, Do, Re, Mi, Mi, Re, Mi, Fa, Mi, Re, Do, Re, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Mi, Fa, Fa, Mi, Mi, Re, Re, Do

No. 2. Commencing where?



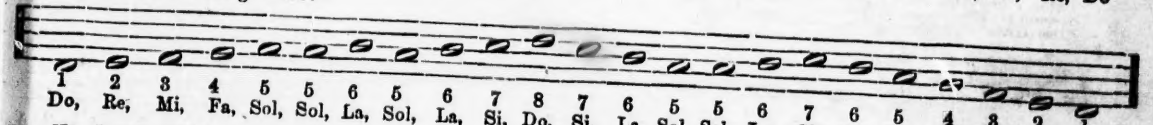
1 1 2 3 4 4 3 2 3 4 5 5 6 6 5 4 3 2 3 4 5 4 3 2 1
Do, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Fa, Mi, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, La, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do

No. 3. Commencing where?



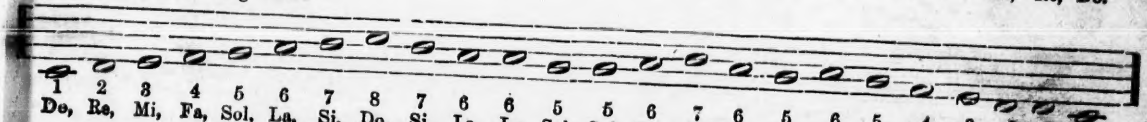
1 2 3 4 5 5 4 3 2 3 2 1 2 3 4 5 4 3 2 2 1
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Mi, Re, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Re, Do

No. 4. Commencing where?



1 2 3 4 5 5 6 5 6 7 8 7 6 5 5 6 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, La, Sol, La, Si, Do, Si, La, Sol, Sol, La, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

No. 5. Commencing where



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 7 6 6 5 5 6 7 6 5 6 5 4 3 2 2 1
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Si, La, La, Sol, Sol, La, Si, La, Sol, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Re, Do.

CHAPTER III.

LETTERS, CLEFS, ABSOLUTE PITCH.

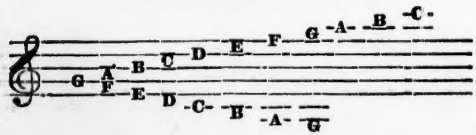
The degrees of the Staff are named from the first seven letters of the alphabet: A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

Characters called CLEFS are used to determine the name of each degree.

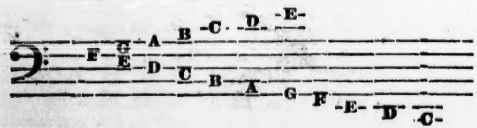
NOTE. When the Clef is used, each tone represented upon the Staff has Absolute or *positive* pitch; when no Clef is used, only *relative* pitch.

There are two Clefs in common use, viz: the G or Treble Clef, 𝄞, and the F or Bass Clef, 𝄢.

THE LETTERS UNDER THE G CLEF.

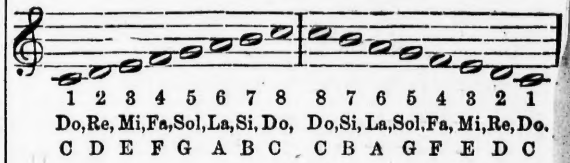


THE LETTERS UNDER THE F CLEF.

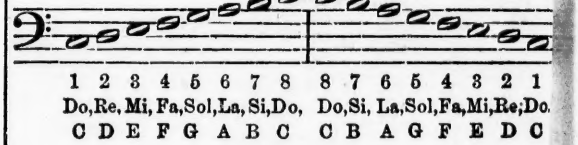


By common consent One of the Scale is written on C, the first added line below under the G Clef, and the second space under the F Clef.

SCALE UNDER THE G CLEF.



SCALE UNDER THE F CLEF.



CHAPTER IV.

INTERVALS.

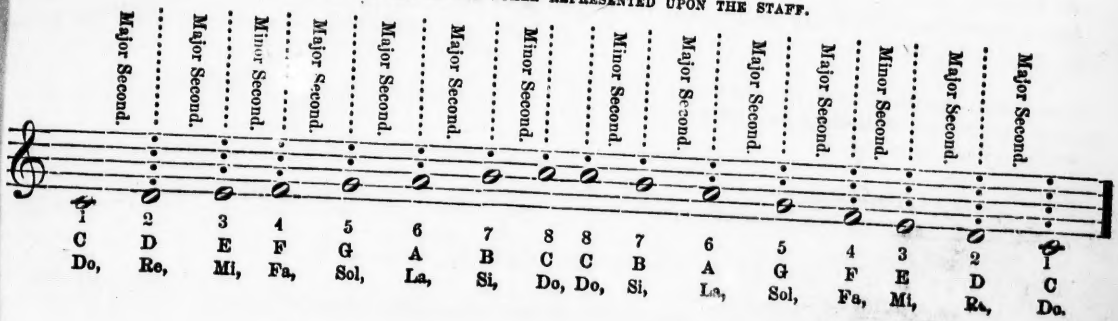
The difference in pitch between two tones is called an INTERVAL: as from 1 to 2, 4 to 5, &c.

The Interval between two consecutive tones, represented upon adjoining degrees of the staff, is called a Second.

There are in the sca.e seven seconds, five large, called Major seconds; and two small, called Minor seconds. The Minor seconds occur between 3 and 4, E and F, or Mi and Fa, and 7 and 8, B and C, or Si and Do all the others are Major.

Note. See "Diagram of the Scale" on page 3.

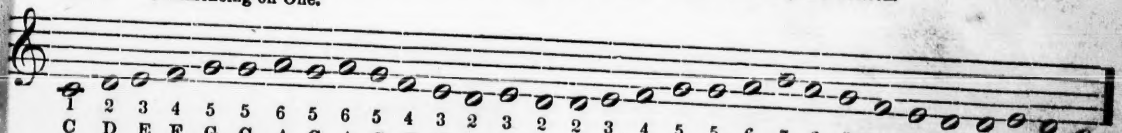
INTERVALS OF THE SCALE REPRESENTED UPON THE STAFF.



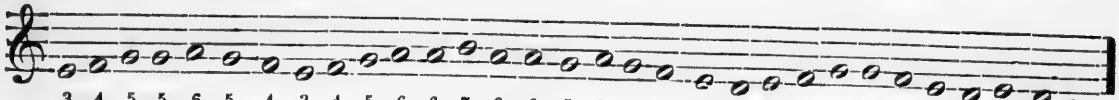
PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

Note. Practice the exercises by number, syllable, la, by letter, and sing the words when any are written.

No. 6. Commencing on One.

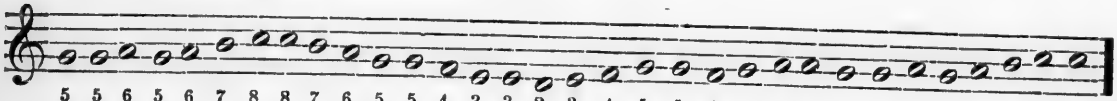


No. 7. Commencing on Three.



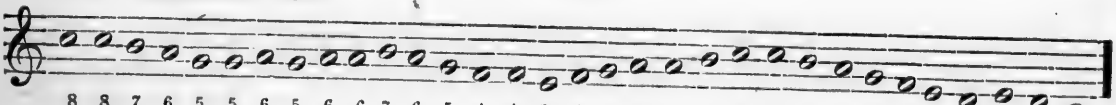
3 4 5 5 6 5 4 3 4 5 6 6 7 6 6 5 6 5 4 3 2 3 4 5 5 4 3 2 3 2 1
E F G G A G F E F G A A B A A G A G F E D E F G G F E D E D C.
Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, La, Si, La, La, Sol, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Mi, Re, Do.
Birds are in the forest thronging, On this joyful, happy morning, Singing at the dew-y dawning, In the lovely month of May.

No. 8. Commencing on Five.



5 5 6 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 5 4 3 3 2 3 4 5 5 4 5 6 6 5 5 6 5 6 7 8 8
G G A G A B C C B A G G F E E D E F G G F G A A G G A G A B C C
Sol, Sol, La, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Sol, Fa, Mi, Mi, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, Fa, Sol, La, La, Sol, Sol, La, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do.
Pleasant is the hour of singing, Cheerful voices sweetly ringing, Singing now in strains of gladness, Nought to fear of care or sadness.

No. 9. Commencing on Eight.



8 8 7 6 5 5 6 5 6 6 7 6 5 4 4 3 4 5 6 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 3 2 1
C C B A G G A G A A B A G F F E F G A A B C C B A G F E D E D C
Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Sol, La, Sol, La, La, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Fa, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Mi, Re, Do.
Day by day new light discerning, Song will bless the path of learning, Ev'ry-where sweet music ringing, Nature evermore is singing.

CHAPTER V.

NOTES AND RESTS.

Notes represent tones. Rests indicate silence.

Whole notes. Whole rests.

Half note. Half rest.

Quarter note. Quarter rest.

Eighth note. Eighth rest.

Sixteenth note. Sixteenth rest.

Thirty-second note. Thirty-second rest.

Notes and rests have no positive, only a relative length.

A dot (•) placed after a note or rest, adds one half to the value of the note or rest; thus, a dotted half note, (•) is equal to three quarters. ( )

A dotted half rest, (•) equal to three quarter rests, ( )

When two dots (••) are placed after a note or rest, the second adds one half the value of the first.

CHAPTER VI.

RHYTHM, MEASURE, TIME.

In the performance of music some tones are given with more force, or louder than others. This is called Accent. Rhythm is the regular recurring accent, or pulsation, in music or poetry. Rhythm is represented to the eye by lines drawn vertically across the staff, called Bars.

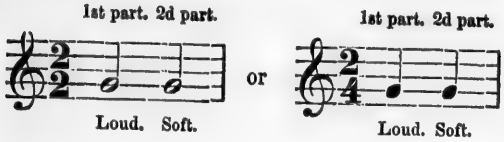
The music, or that portion of the staff, contained between two bars, is called a Measure.

A Measure with two parts is called DOUBLE MEASURE, three parts, TRIPLE MEASURE, four parts, QUADRUPLE MEASURE, six parts, SEXTUPLE MEASURE.

The kind of measure is indicated by a figure placed after the clef, on the upper part of the staff, thus: Double Measure, Triple Measure, &c. Each kind of measure may have as many varieties as there are kinds of notes, represented by a figure placed under the one indicating the measure, thus:

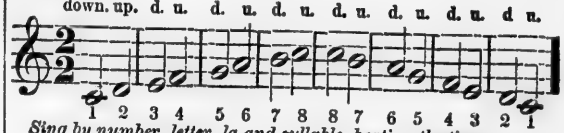
The upper figure also expresses the number of notes, of the denomination indicated by the lower figure, that would be required to fill a measure.

Double Measure, accented on the first part.



The several parts of the measure may be counted, or indicated by different motions of the hand, called Beating Time. In Double Measure there are two beats, (down and up.)

No. 10.

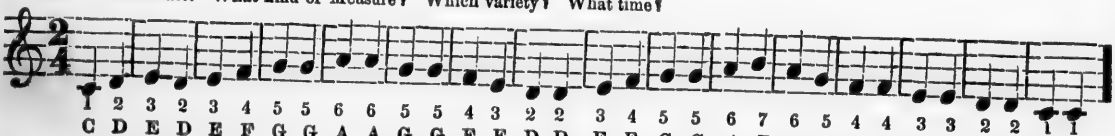


Sing by number, letter, la and syllable, beating the time.
Let us all be up and doing, Ever working and pursuing.

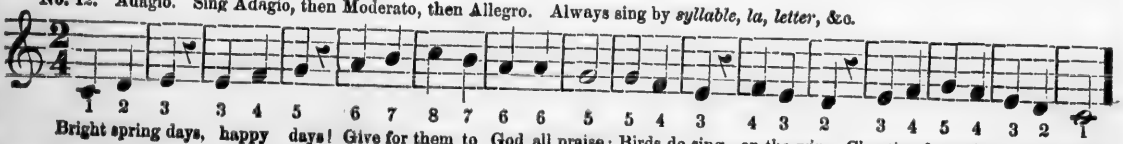
Italian words are used to indicate the Time or movement of a piece of music, as: Adagio, Largo, Lento—very slow; Andante, Andantino—slow; Moderato—moderate; Allegretto—quite fast; Allegro—fast; Presto, Vivace—very fast.

Note. In the following exercises the time may be changed from slow to fast, and *vice versa.*

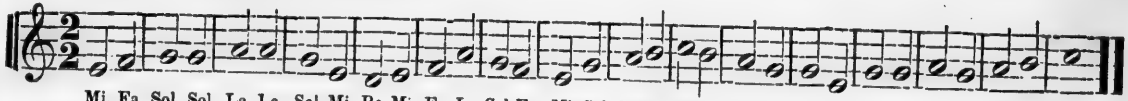
No. 11. Moderato. What kind of Measure? Which variety? What time?



No. 12. Adagio. Sing Adagio, then Moderato, then Allegro. Always sing by *syllable, la, letter*, &c.



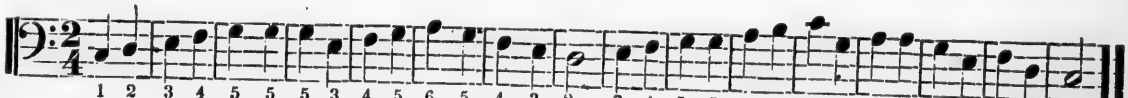
No. 13. Commencing with what syllable?



Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, La, La, Sol, Mi, Re, Mi, Fa, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Sol, La, Si, Do, Si, La, Sol, Sol, Mi, Sol, Sol, La, Sol, La, Si, Do.

1. Hark! how loud the bells are swelling, All their tongues of iron telling! Time doth hasten while we're slumb'ring, Soon will life and time be oe'r.
2. Pow'rless are we while we're sleeping, Yet the angels watch are keeping; Trustful, hopeful, on we're wand'ring, Heav'n will guard us by the way.

No. 14.



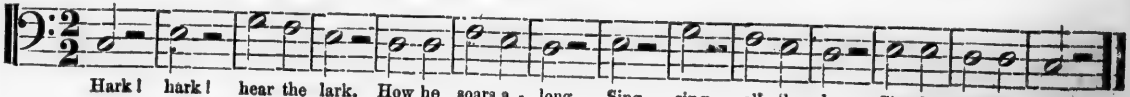
1 2 3 4 5 5 5 3 4 5 6 5 4 3 2 3 4 5 5 6 7 8 5 6 6 5 3 4 2 1

C D E F G G G E F G A G F E D E F G G A B C G A A G E F D C

Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, Sol, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, Sol, La, Si, Do, Sol, La, La, Sol, Mi, Fa, Re, Do.

La, la, la, la, &c.

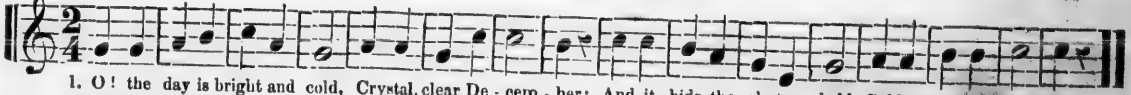
No. 15. Name the syllables and letters before singing them.



Hark! hark! hear the lark, How he soars a - long, Sing, sing all the day, Sing his mer-ry song.

No. 16.

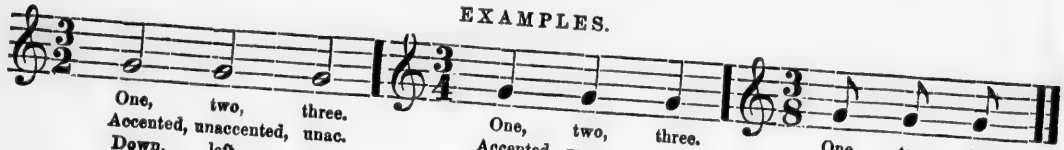
SKATING SONG.



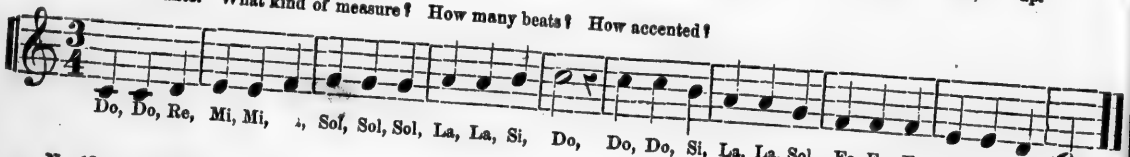
1. O! the day is bright and cold, Crystal. clear De - cem - ber; And it bids the skater bold, Golden sports re - mem - ber.
2. Come, it is our hol - y - day, In - door tasks are end - ed; Healthy life wants hearty play, With our study blend - ed.
3. On the fro - zen lake we wheel, Each the oth - er chas - ing; On the ice with shining steel, Man - y circles trac - ing.

TRIPLE MEASURE has three parts, accented on the first.

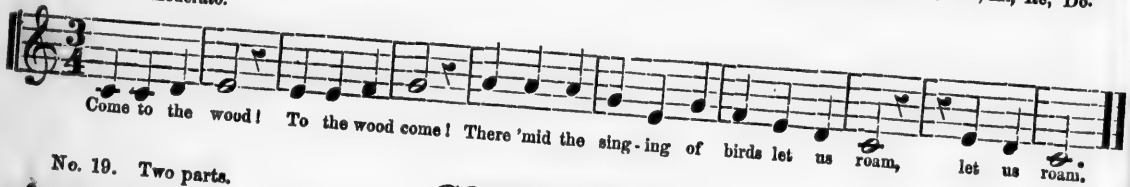
EXAMPLES.



No. 17. Andante. What kind of measure? How many beats? How accented?

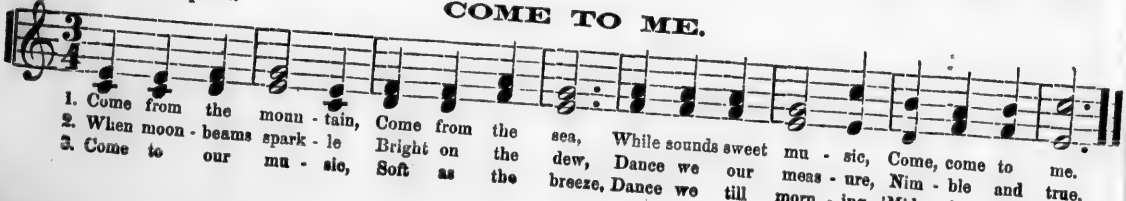


No. 18. Moderato.



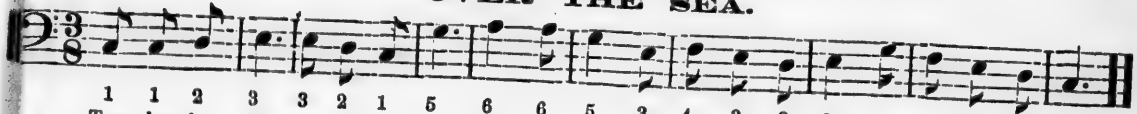
No. 19. Two parts.

COME TO ME.



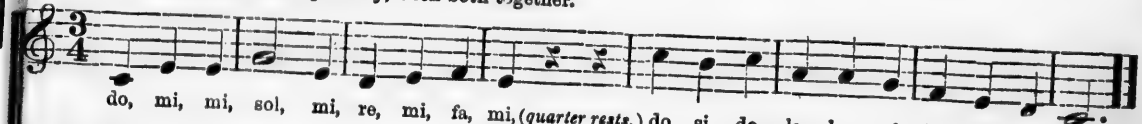
No. 20.

OVER THE SEA.

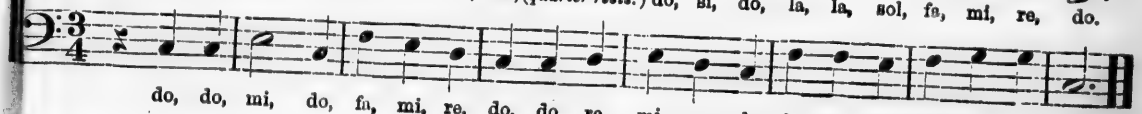


1 1 2 3 3 2 1 5 6 6 5 3 4 3 2 3 5 4 3 2 1
Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la.
1. O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea, Swell the sounds of sweet mel - o - dy, of sweet mel - o - dy.
3. Glad hearts have we, hap - py and free, Singing on the deep, dark blue sea, the deep, dark blue sea.

No. 21. Sing each part separately, then both together.



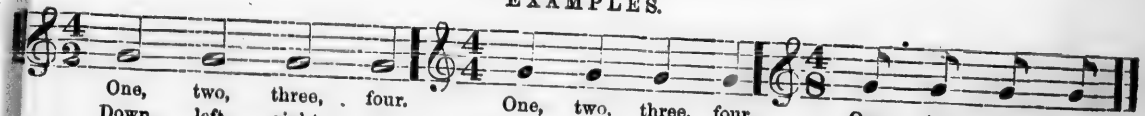
do, mi, mi, sol, mi, re, mi, fa, mi, (*quarter rests.*) do, si, do, la, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do.



do, do, mi, do, fa, mi, re, do, do, re, mi, re, do, fa, fa, mi, fa, sol, sol, do.

QUADRUPLE MEASURE has four parts, accented on the first and third.

EXAMPLES.



One, two, three, four.
Down, left, right, up.
Ac. unac. ac. unac.

One, two, three, four.
Down, left, right, up.
Ac. unac. ac. unac.

One, two, three, four.
Down, left, right, up.
Ac. unac. ac. unac.

No. 22.

Double note, four beats.

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, do, si, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do.
(*whole rest.*)

No. 23.

1 3 5 3 2 4 3 1 3 5 3 4 6 5 6 4 2 5 3 1 4 2 3 1 5 5 1
Birds that in the forest throng, Sing a joyful, hap-py song: Sing with glee, all the day, In the lovely month of May.

No. 24. Moderato.

GOODNESS OF GOD.

1. Tho' I wander blindly, Till in death I sleep, God, the Lord will kind-ly Me in safe-ty keep.
2. He whose love hath won me, Still to trust his care, Will not put up-on me More than I can bear.
3. And should care op-press me, Near him will I stay, So his love shall bless me Ev'-ry coming day.

AWAKE, AWAKE.

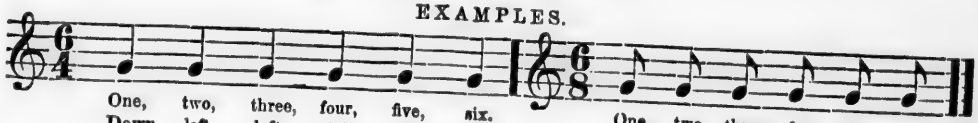
No. 25. Allegretto. A piece of music may commence on either part of the measure.

1. Awake, awake the tuneful voice, And strike the joyful strings; We'll pour the merry notes along, Till heav'n with music rings.
2. Hark! hark! those sweet concordant notes, That breathe a magic spell, That seem like sounds which angels sing, Where holy beings dwell.

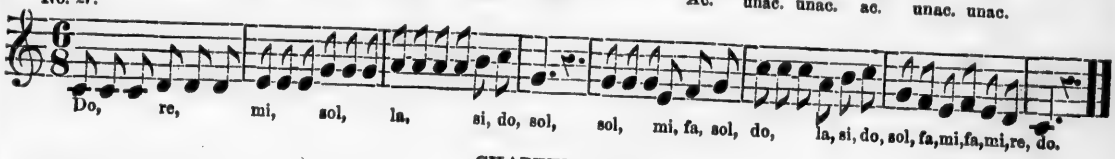
No. 26.

Sextuple Measure has six parts, accented on the first and fourth.

EXAMPLES.



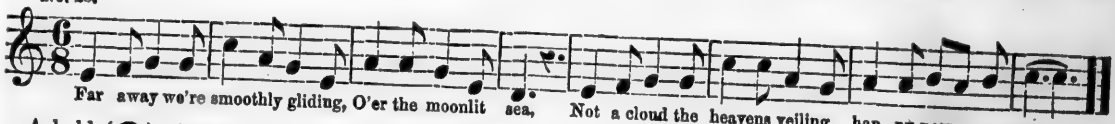
No. 27.



CHAPTER VII.

Exercises, Expression, Syncopation, &c. The tie (⁀) connects two or more notes to be sung to one syllable.

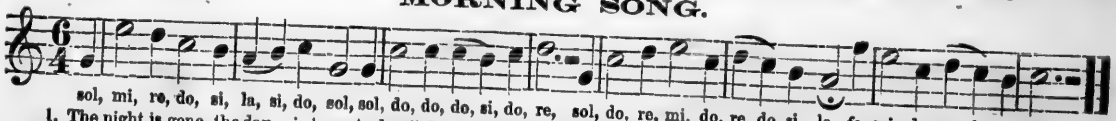
No. 28.



A hold (𝄐) placed over a note or rest indicates that the time of the note or rest may be prolonged.

No. 29. Andantino.

MORNING SONG.

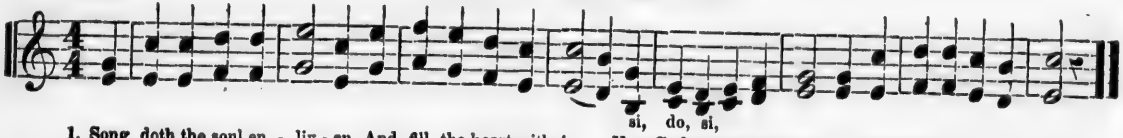


1. The night is gone, the day is here, And still I live and move; The God who governs all-the year, How constant is his love.
2. To my al - lot- ted task I go With joy and right good will; No harm I fear, for well I know Thou wilt avert all ill.
3. All that I do to thee is known, Who dost my wants supply; My rising up and ly - ing down, Are subject to thine eye.

When tones higher than EIGHT are sung, EIGHT is to be considered as ONE (See No. 29), and when tones lower than ONE are sung, ONE is to be considered as EIGHT.

No. 30.

PRAISE OF SONG.



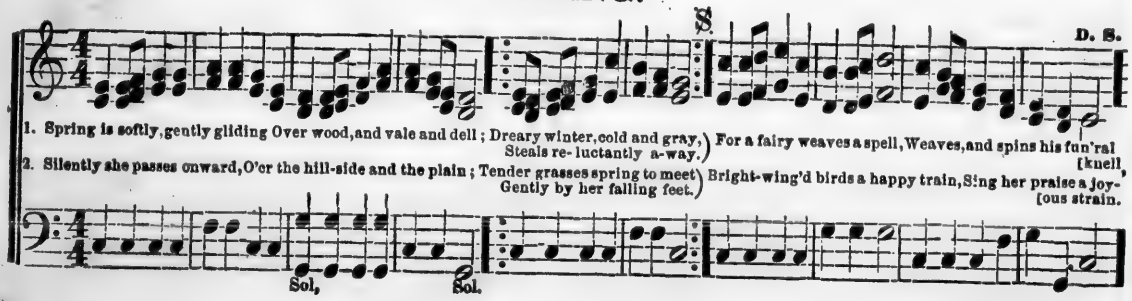
1. Song doth the soul en - liv - en, And fill the heart with joy; Yes, God the gift hath giv - en Our sorrows to de - stroy.
2. Then tune your cheerful voic-es, Like birds that soar a - bove; Let him whose heart rejoic-es, Sing songs of joy and love.

Dots (⋮) drawn across the staff indicate that the music should be repeated.

DAL SEGNO or D. S. signifies repeat to the sign. (𝄋)

No. 31.

SPRING.

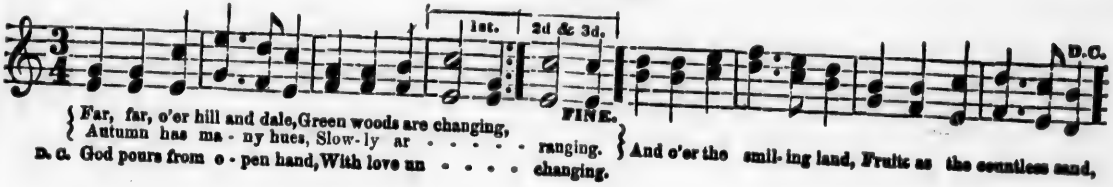


1. Spring is softly, gently gliding Over wood, and vale and dell; Dreary winter, cold and gray, Steals re-luctantly a-way. For a fairy weaves a spell, Weaves, and spins his fun'ral [knell,
2. Silently she passes onward, O'er the hill-side and the plain; Tender grasses spring to meet Gently by her falling feet. Bright-wing'd birds a happy train, Sing her praise a joy-[ous strain.

Da Capo or **D. C.** signifies repeat from the beginning and end at the word **Fine.**

No. 32.

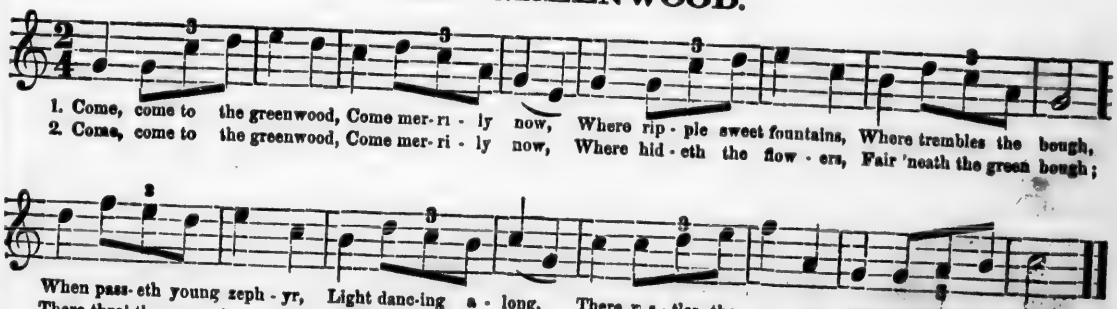
AUTUMN.



When three notes are sung in the usual time of two of the same kind, they are called a **Triplet**, usually indicated by the figure three placed over or under them. (♩ ♪ ♩) equal (♩ ♩), (♪ ♪ ♪) equal (♪ ♪).

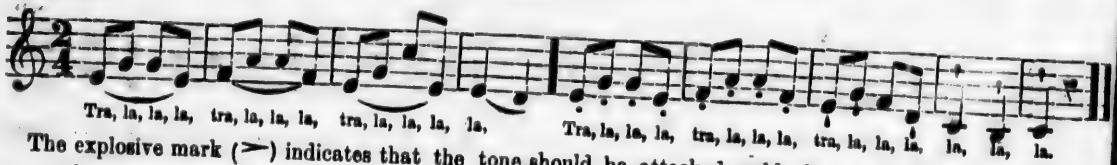
No. 33.

THE GREENWOOD.



The TIE (See No. 28,) also indicates a smooth, connected style of performance, when drawn over or under several notes, called LEGATO. The STACCATO mark (!), indicates that the tone should be made short and detached: the dot (•) signifies DEMI (or half,) STACCATO.

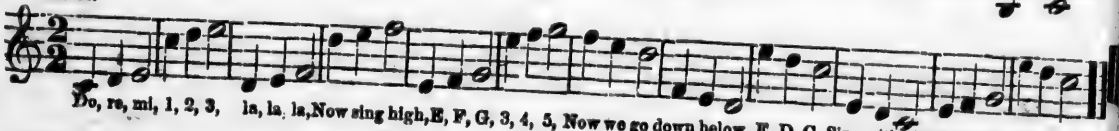
No. 34.



The explosive mark (>) indicates that the tone should be attacked suddenly and with force. When the accent is thrown upon the unaccented part of the measure, it is called SYNCOPATION.

No. 35.

No. 36.



Words signifying different degrees of force—Expression; PIANISSIMO, or pp, very soft. PIANO, or p, soft. MEZZO PIANO, or mp, middling soft. MEZZO, or m, medium degree of force. MEZZO FORTE, or mf, middling loud. FORTE, or f, loud. FORTISSIMO, or ff, very loud. CRESCENDO, CRES or <, commence soft and increase gradually. DIMINUENDO, DIM, or >, commence loud and diminish. SWELL <>, increase and diminish. SFORTZANDO, or sfz. FORTZANDO, or fz., >, V, Λ, strong accent. DOLCE, soft, and with delicate expression. RALLENTANDO, RALL, RITARD or RIT. signify, sing slower and slower. AD LIB. signifies at the pleasure of the performer.

No. 37.

p *mp* *Cres.* *mf* *f* *ff*

Hark! hark! the lark, hark! hark! how gaily, how gaily he sings; hark! hark! See from the tree-tops how swiftly he springs.

p *mp* *Cres.* *mf* *f* *ff*

Hark! hark! the lark, hark! hark! how gaily he sings, he sings; See from the tree-tops how swiftly he springs.

LITTLE BIRD.

No. 38. Allegretto. What kind of Measure? Commencing on which part? JOHN HULLAH. By permission

p *pp*

1. Little bird with bosom red, Welcome to my humble shed; Daily near my table steal, While I pick my scanty meal,
2. Doubt not, little tho' thou be, But I'll cast a crumb to thee; Well rewarded if I spy Pleasure beaming in thine eye,

For each verse,

Cres. *mf* *p* *Cres.*

While I pick my scanty meal. { Ask of me thy daily store, }
Pleasure beaming in thine eye. { Ever welcome to my door. } Ask of me thy daily store, Ev-er vel-come to my door.

CHAPTER VIII.

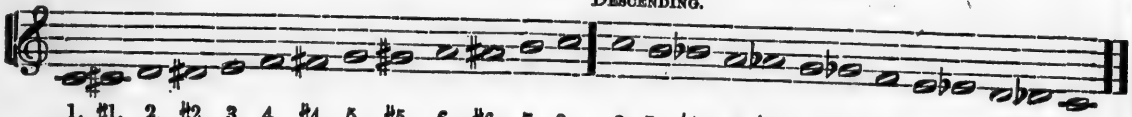
CHROMATIC SCALE.

Between the tones of the scale which from a Major second an intermediate tone may be introduced, as between 1 and 2, 5 and 6. No intermediate tone can occur between 3 and 4, or 7 and 8.

The Chromatic Scale consists of thirteen tones. The intermediate tone is represented on the same degree of the staff as the one which precedes it, and receives the same name with the word *sharp* or *flat* prefixed, (as *sharp one*, *flat two*, and called by the same letter with the word *sharp* or *flat* suffixed, (as *C sharp*, *D flat*.)

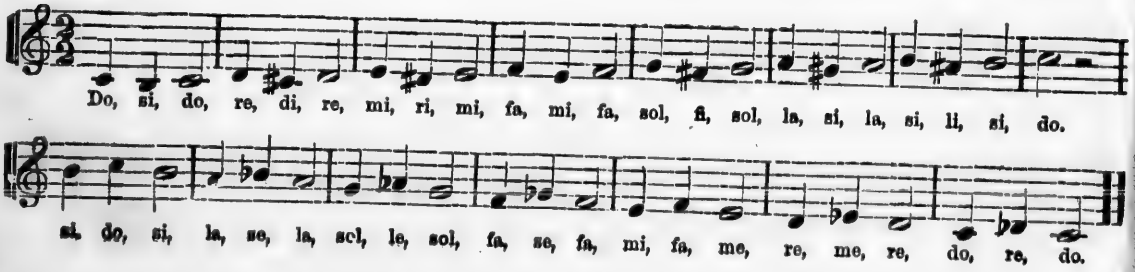
CHROMATIC SCALE. NAMES, LETTERS AND SYLLABLES.

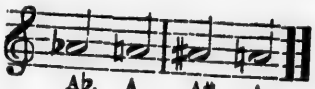
ASCENDING. DESCENDING.

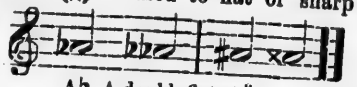


1, ♯1, 2, ♯2, 3, 4, ♯4, 5, ♯5, 6, ♯6, 7, 8. 8, 7, ♭7, 6, ♭6, 5, ♭5, 4, 3, ♭3, 2, ♭2, 1.
C, C♯, D, D♯, E, F, F♯, G, G♯, A, A♯, B, C. C, B, B♭, A, A♭, G, G♭, F, E, E♭, D, D♭, C.
Do, Di, Re, Ri, Mi, Fa, Fi, Sol, Si, La, Li, Si. Do. Do, Si, Se, La, Le, Sol, Se, Fa, Mi, Me, Re, Re, Do.

No. 39.



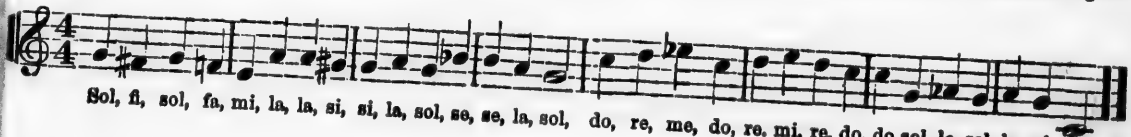
The NATURAL (♮) cancels the effect of a flat or sharp, thus: 

The DOUBLE FLAT, (♭♭) or DOUBLE SHARP (×) is used to flat or sharp a note previously flatted or sharped, thus: 

A♭, A double flat, A♯, A double sharp.

NOTE. All the notes on the same degree with a flat or sharp, in the same measure, are affected by it, unless contradicted by a natural. If the last note in a measure, which is sharped or flatted, and the first note in the next measure are on the same degree, that note is affected by the sharp or flat till contradicted by a natural, or until a note occurs on another degree.

No. 40.



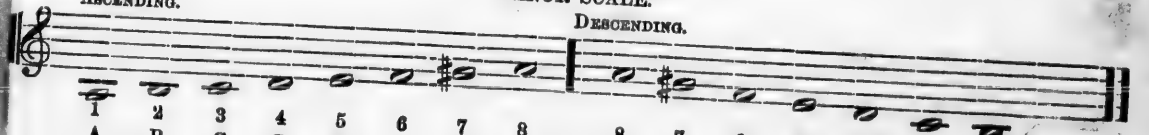
Sol, fi, sol, fa, mi, la, la, si, si, la, sol, se, se, la, sol, do, re, me, do, re. mi, re, do, do, sol, le, sol, la, sol, do.

CHAPTER IX.

MINOR SCALE.

Besides the Major and Chromatic scales, already explained, there is another, consisting of eight tones, and differing in the order of its intervals, called the MINOR SCALE.

MINOR SCALE.

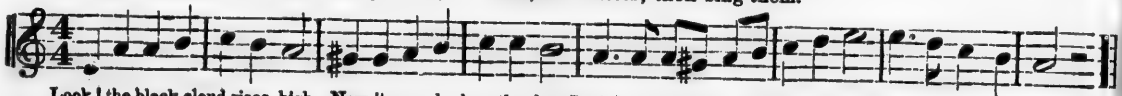


1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	8	7	6	5	4	3	2
A	B	C	D	E	F	G♯	A	A	G♯	F	E	D	C	B
La,	Si,	Do.	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Si,	La,	La,	Si,	Fa,	Mi,	Re,	Do,	Si,

The intervals from 2 to 3, 5 to 6, and 7 to 8 are Minor seconds: from 1 to 2, 3 to 4, and from 4 to 5 Major seconds; from 6 to 7 (F to G♯) an Augmented second.

NOTE. A piece of music is said to be in the Key of the letter which is one of the scale.

No. 41. What Key? Name the syllables, numbers, and letters; then sing them.



Look! the black cloud rises high, Now it spreads along the sky! See! the quiv'ring lightning fly, Hark! the thunder's roar

CHAPTER X.

TRANSPOSITION.

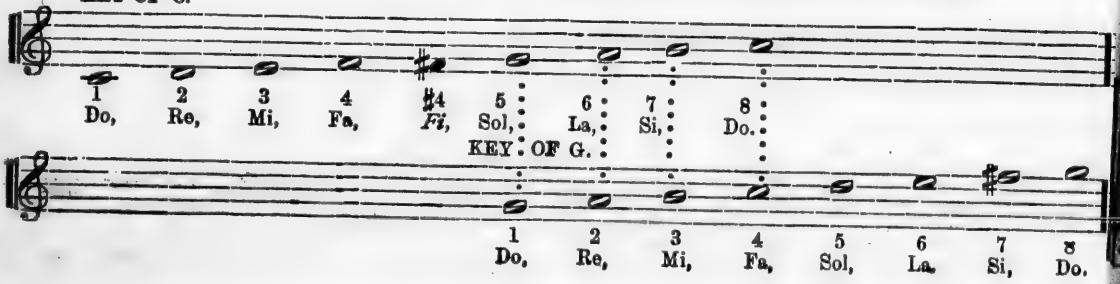
When any other letter than C in the Major or A in the Minor is taken for One, the Scale is said to be transposed. To transpose the Scale is to change its position upon the staff, i. e., change its pitch higher or lower.

In transposing, the order of seconds must be preserved in the representation, to accomplish which, it will be found necessary to use some of the intermediate tones of the Chromatic scale.

The first transposition is to G, a fifth above C. Transposing by fifths is called transposing forward, and is accomplished by means of sharps.

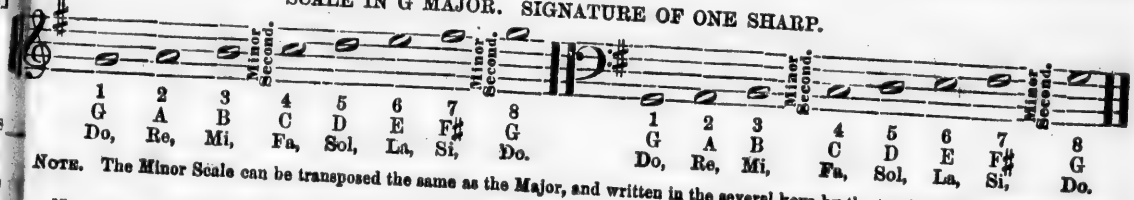
EXAMPLE ILLUSTRATING THE TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE A FIFTH.

KEY OF C.



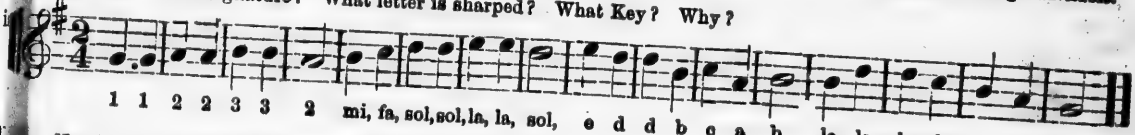
It will be observed on the preceding page that *Sharp four* is the tone taken from the Chromatic scale in C, and transferred to the Key of G. In transposing by fifths, Sharp four becomes Seven in the next key. The number of flats or sharps at the beginning of a piece of music are called the Signature. (Sign of the key.) Each Signature has two keys, a Major and a Minor; the Minor being a sixth above or a third below the Major.

SCALE IN G MAJOR. SIGNATURE OF ONE SHARP.

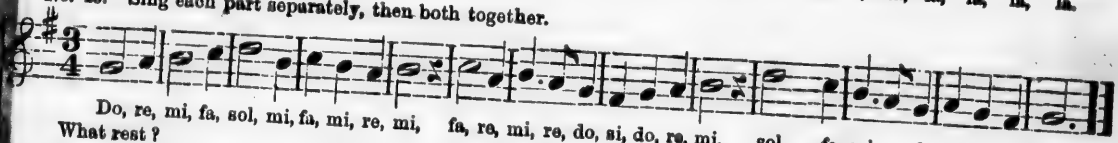


NOTE. The Minor Scale can be transposed the same as the Major, and written in the several keys by the teacher, if thought advisable.

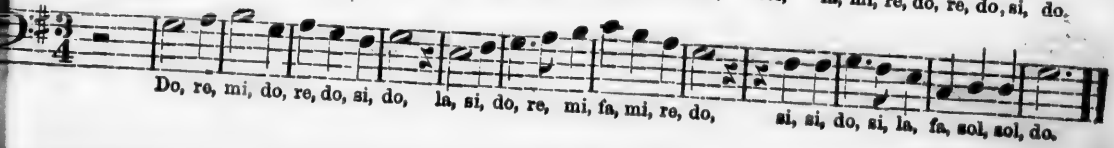
No. 42. What Signature? What letter is sharped? What Key? Why?



No. 43. Sing each part separately, then both together.



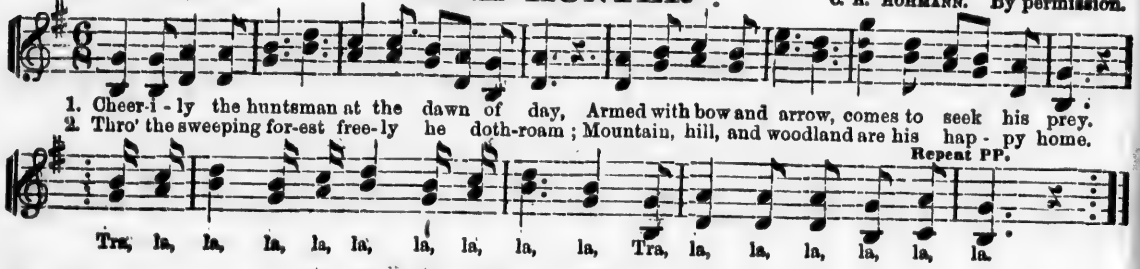
What rest?



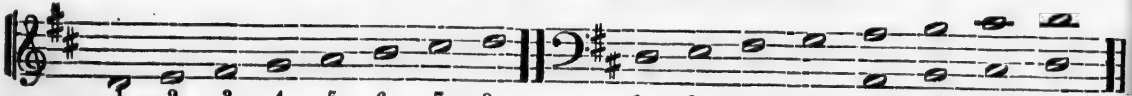
No. 44. Allegretto.

THE HUNTER.

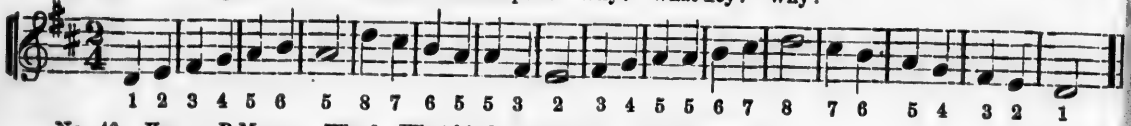
C. H. HOHMANN. By permission.



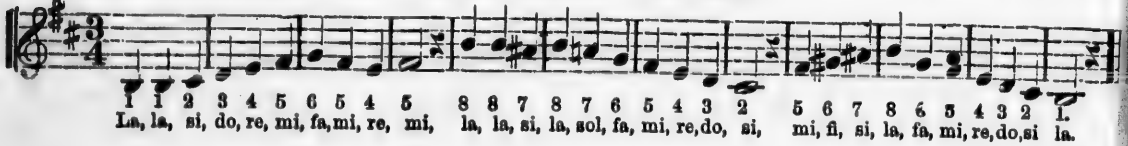
SCALE IN D MAJOR. SIGNATURE OF TWO SHARPS.



No. 45. What Signature? What letters are sharped? Why? What key? Why?

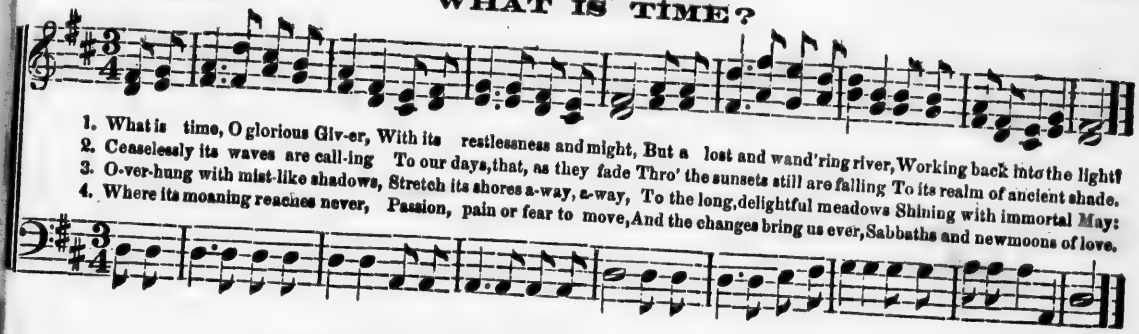


No. 46. Key of B Minor. Why? What kind of measure? How accented?



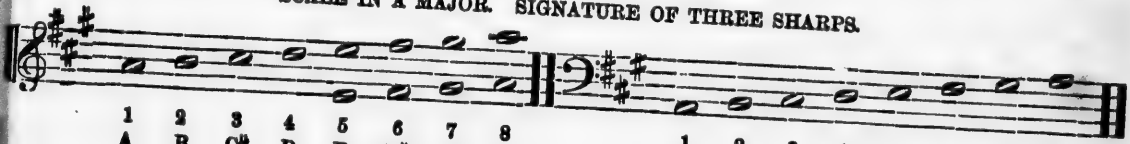
No. 47. Moderato.

WHAT IS TIME?



1. What is time, O glorious Giv-er, With its restlessness and might, But a lost and wand'ring river, Working back into the light?
2. Ceaselessly its waves are call-ing To our days, that, as they fade Thro' the sunsets still are falling To its realm of ancient shade.
3. O-ver-hung with mist-like shadows, Stretch its shores a-way, a-way, To the long, delightful meadows Shining with immortal May:
4. Where its moaning reaches never, Passion, pain or fear to move, And the changes bring us ever, Sabbaths and newmoons of love.

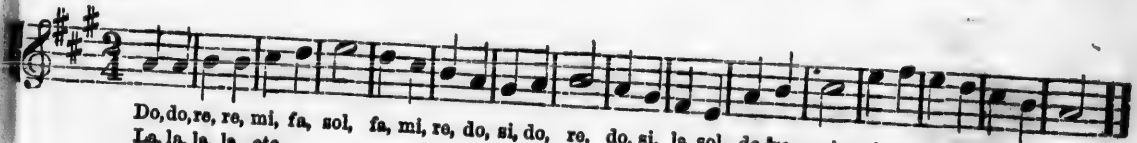
SCALE IN A MAJOR. SIGNATURE OF THREE SHARPS.



1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
A	B	C♯	D	E	F♯	G♯	A
Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
A	B	C♯	D	E	F♯	G♯	A
Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.

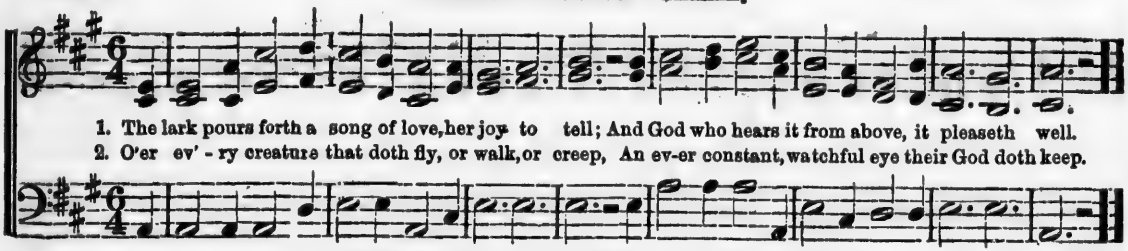
No. 48.



Do, do, re, re, mi, fa, sol, fa, mi, re, do, si, do, re, do, si, la, sol, do, re, mi, sol, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do.
La, la, la, la, etc.

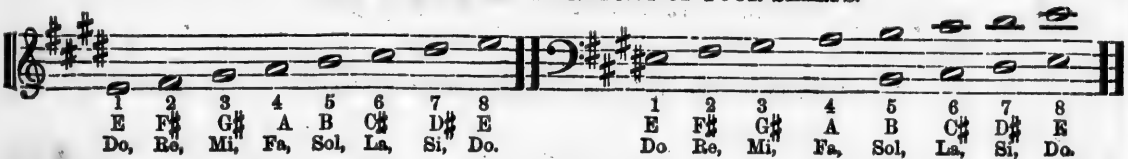
No. 49.

GOD OVER ALL.

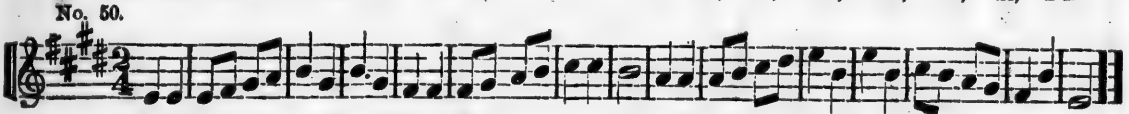


1. The lark pours forth a song of love, her joy to tell; And God who hears it from above, it pleaseth well.
2. O'er ev' - ry creature that doth fly, or walk, or creep, An ev-er constant, watchful eye their God doth keep.

SCALE IN E MAJOR. SIGNATURE OF FOUR SHARPS.



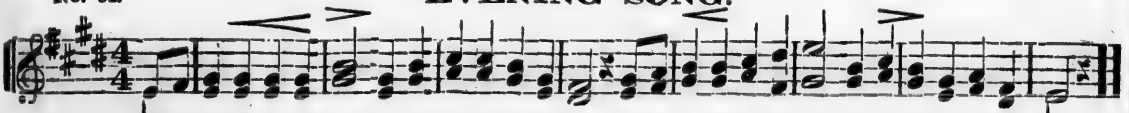
No. 50.



Do, do, do, re, mi, fa, sol, mi, sol, mi, re, re, re, mi, fa, sol, la, la, sol, fa, fa, fa, sol, la, si, do, sol, do, sol, la, sol, fa, mi, re, sol, do.

No. 51.

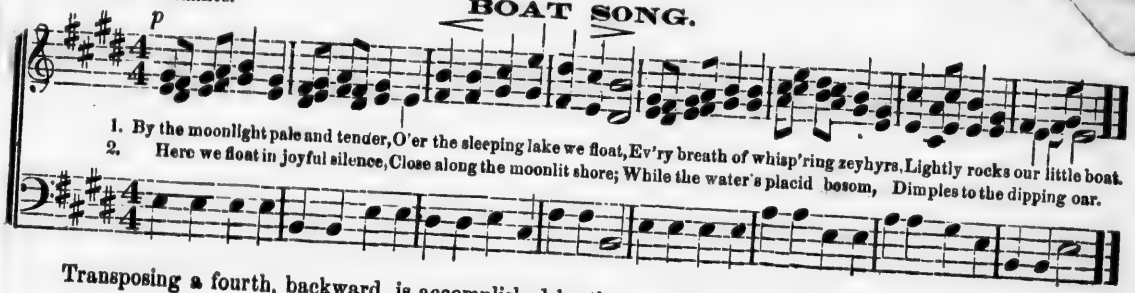
EVENING SONG.



1. The world is hush'd in stillness, And night succeeds the day; The silv'-ry moon above us Pur-sues her si-lent way.
2. I know that thou in mer - cy Wilt my Pro-tec-tor be; O God, our heav'nly Father, Turn not thy face from me.

No. 52. Andante.

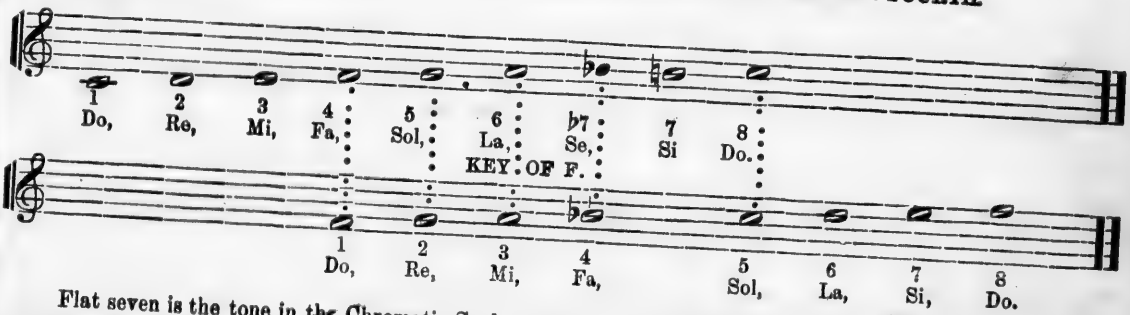
BOAT SONG.



Transposing a fourth, backward, is accomplished by the use of flats.

EXAMPLE ILLUSTRATING THE TRANSPOSITION OF THE SCALE A FOURTH.

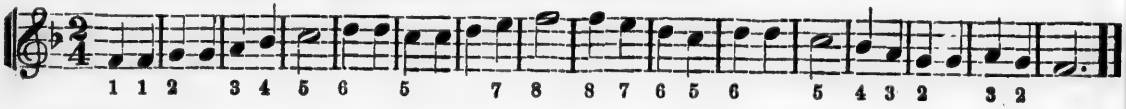
KEY OF C.



Flat seven is the tone in the Chromatic Scale used in the above transposition. In transposing by flats Flat seven becomes Four in the next key.

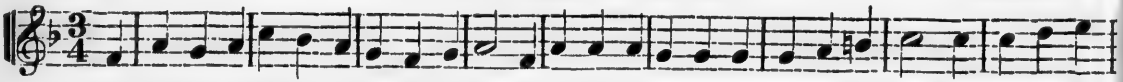
SCALE IN F MAJOR. SIGNATURE OF ONE FLAT.

No. 53. What Signature? What letter is flatted? What Key? Why?

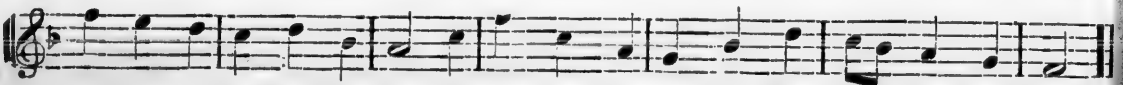


No. 54.

No. 55. **THE BLACK-BIRD** BOHMANN.



The black-bird is singing her sweet ev'ning pray'r, A thrill of devotion stirs soft-ly the air; The breeze of the



morn-ing u-nites with her lays, And bids us de-vout-ly Sing forth in God's praise.

No. 56. Lively.

HURRAH! HURRAH!

1. Come, come, come, Come let us make our voi - ces ring, Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur -
2. Come, come, come, We nev - er mind the burn - ing sun, Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur -
3. Come, come, come, Let joy and glad-ness fill each breast, Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur -

- rah! And sing the songs we love to sing, Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah!
- rah! But off to school with joy we run, Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah!
- rah! We in our plays and stud - ies blest, Hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah!

KEY OF B♭ MAJOR. SIGNATURE OF TWO FLATS.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
B♭	C	D	E♭	F	G	A	B♭
Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
B♭	C	D	E♭	F	G	A	B♭
Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.

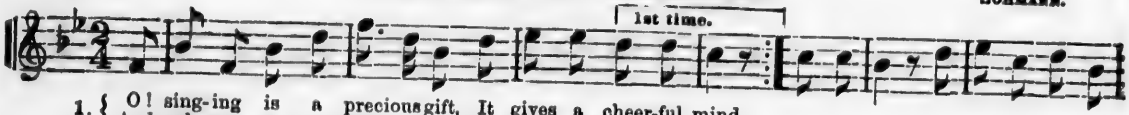
No. 57. What Signature? What letters are flatted? What Key?

Do, do, re, mi, re, do, do, si, la, sol, fa, mi, sol, do, re, mi, re, do, si, si, do, re, do. si, do. mi fa. sol. fa. mi. fa. mi. re, do.

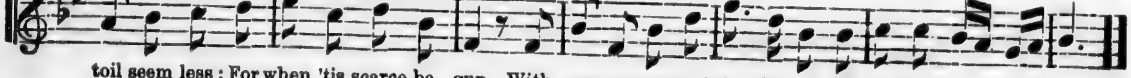
No. 58.

PRAISE OF SINGING.

HOHMANN.



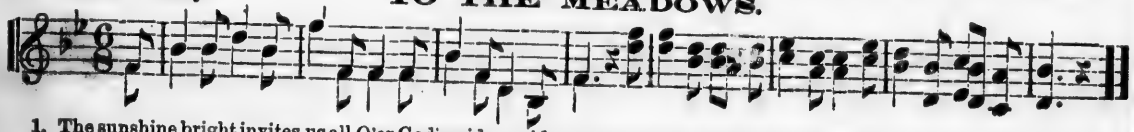
1. { O! sing-ing is a precious gift, It gives a cheer-ful mind,
And makes us ev - er prompt and swift, For du - ty..... well inclined. It makes the hour of
2. { The smallest bird sings loud and clear His joy - ous, mer - ry lays,
So soon the morn-ing doth appear. He tunes his.....hymn of praise. He sings, and sings till



toil seem less; For when 'tis scarce be - gun, With mer-ry song and cheerfulness, The work is near - ly done.
day is done, Then rests but lit - tle while, The bet-ter to en - joy at morn Cre-a-tion's hap - py smile.

No. 59. Lively.

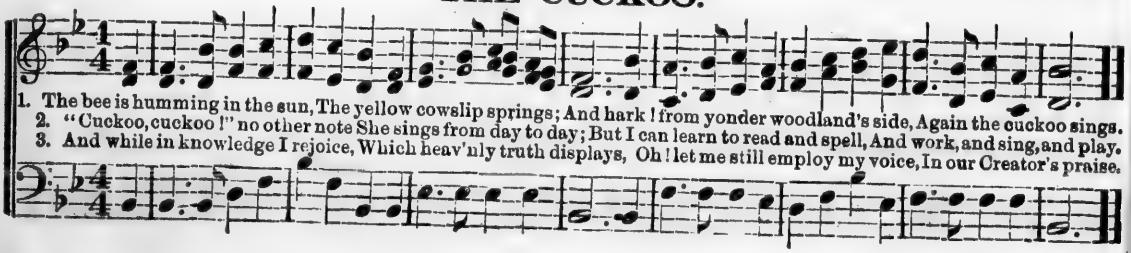
TO THE MEADOWS.



1. The sunshine bright invites us all O'er God's wide world to roam; Then cheerfully obey the call, And to the meadows come.
2. The murm'ring stream is never still, But merrily flows on, We hear the zephyr's gentle thrill; 'Tis here and quickly gone.

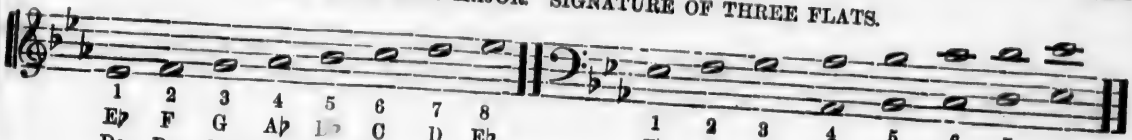
No. 60.

THE CUCKOO.

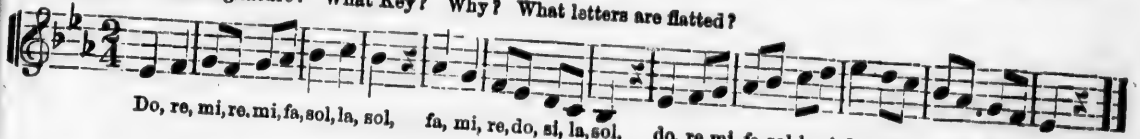


1. The bee is humming in the sun, The yellow cowslip springs; And hark! from yonder woodland's side, Again the cuckoo sings.
2. "Cuckoo, cuckoo!" no other note She sings from day to day; But I can learn to read and spell, And work, and sing, and play.
3. And while in knowledge I rejoice, Which heav'nly truth displays, Oh! let me still employ my voice, In our Creator's praise.

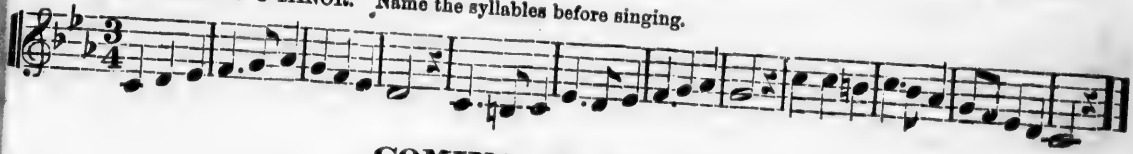
KEY OF E FLAT MAJOR. SIGNATURE OF THREE FLATS.



No. 61. What Signature? What Key? Why? What letters are flatted?

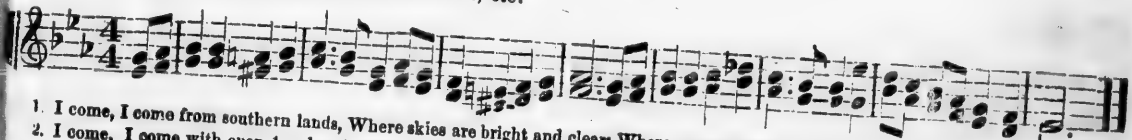


No. 62. KEY OF C MINOR. Name the syllables before singing.



COMING OF SPRING.

No. 63. Name and sing the syllables, letters, etc.



1. I come, I come from southern lands, Where skies are bright and clear; Where orange trees are waving green At all times of the year
2. I come, I come with open hands, And scatter flowers free: I fling them down in forest dells, And by the bounding sea.

No. 64. Andantino.

THE VIOLET.

1. Down in a green and shady bed, A mod-est violet grew; Its stalk was bent, it hung its head, As if to hide from view; And
2. Yet there it was con-tent to bloom, In modest tints array'd; And there diffuse a sweet perfume, Within its silent shade; Then

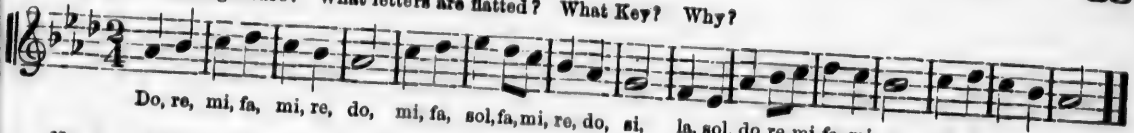
yet is was a love-ly flow'r, Its colors bright and fair; It might have grac'd a ro-sy bow'r, In-stead of hid-ing there.
let me to this val-ley go, This pretty flow'r to see; That I may always learn to grow In sweet hu-mil-i-ty.

SCALE IN A FLAT MAJOR. SIGNATURE OF FOUR FLATS.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
A♭	B♭	C	D♭	E♭	F	G	A♭
Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.

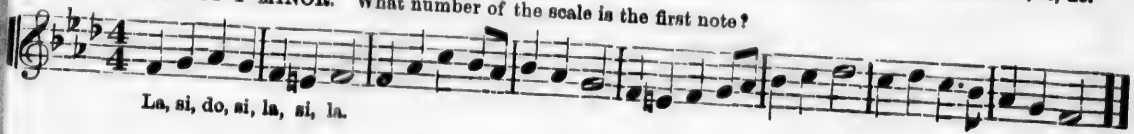
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
A♭	B♭	C	D♭	E♭	F	G	A♭
Do,	Re,	Mi,	Fa,	Sol,	La,	Si,	Do.

No. 65. What Signature? What letters are flatted? What Key? Why?



Do, re, mi, fa, mi, re, do, mi, fa, sol, fa, mi, re, do, si, la, sol, do, re, mi, fa, mi, re, mi, fa, mi, re, do.

No. 66. KEY OF F MINOR. What number of the scale is the first note?



La, si, do, si, la, si, la.

No. 67. Moderato.

SONG OF THE STARS.

1. { Now the sun was beginning his journey wide thro' the sky, thro' the sky,
   And the little stars said, "we'll together ride thro' the sky, thro' the sky." }
2. { Then the little stars went to the silv'ry moon in the night, in the night;
   And they said, "wilt thou grant us one little boon, in the night, in the night. }

"No, no, no," said the sun, "ye must Let us journey with thee for thy

stay behind, For the light of my car your bright eyes will blind, In the fl - ery ride thro' the sky, thro' the sky."
gen - tle light, Surely nev- er can injure our eyes so bright." So she bade them come in the night, in the night.

No. 68. Cheerfully.

MAY SONG.

p *mp* *res.*

1. Hark! the vil-lage bells are ring-ing, ring-ing round with mer-ry glee; Hark! the pret-ty birds are
2. Now the pret-ty flow'rs are springing, springing to the op'ning day, Ev'-ry balm-y breeze is

sing-ing, sing-ing sweet on ev'-ry tree. 'Tis the mer-ry, mer-ry month of May,
fling-ing, fling-ing fra-grance ev'-ry way. 'Tis the mer-ry, etc,

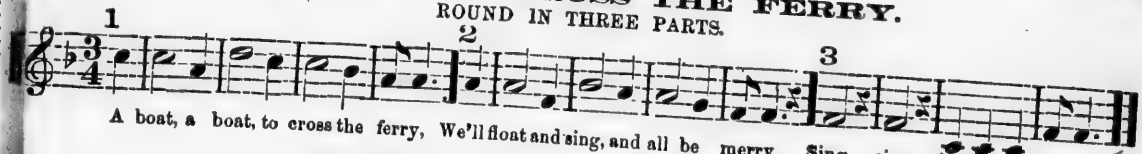
f 1st time. *ff* 2d time.

the mer-ry month of May: The mer-ry month of May.

PART II.

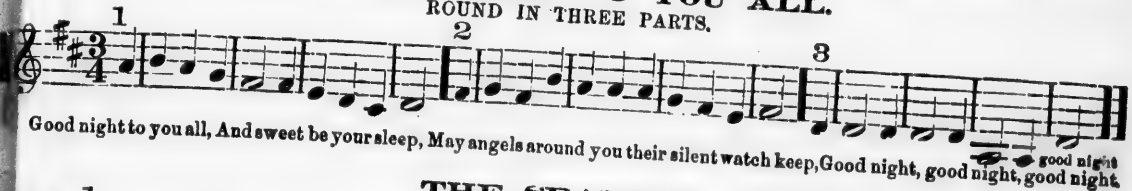
A BOAT TO CROSS THE FERRY.

ROUND IN THREE PARTS.

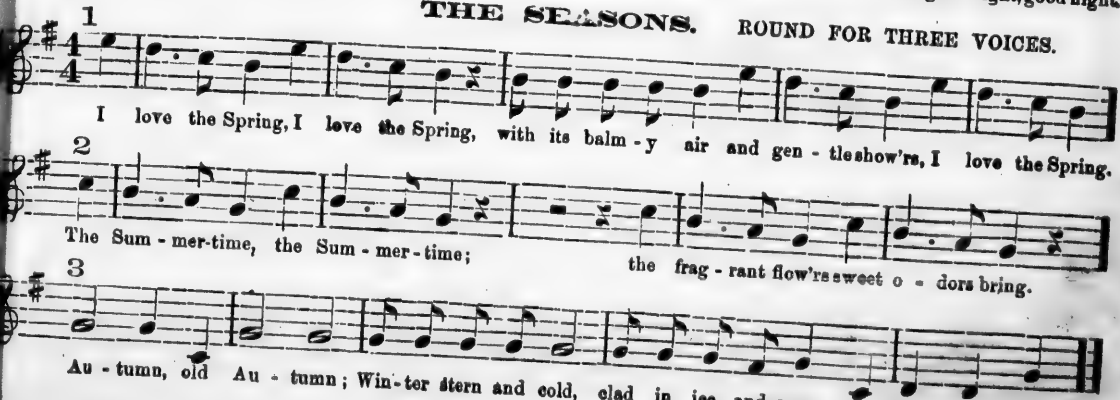


GOOD NIGHT TO YOU ALL.

ROUND IN THREE PARTS.



THE SEASONS. ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.



COME FORTH, YE HUNTERS.

Lively. ROUND IN THREE PARTS. W. O. P.

1

Come forth, ye hunt - ers, blithe and gay, The mer - ry, wel - come horn we hear; Come

to the green - wood, haste a - way, For yon - der bounds the start - led deer.

2

Now bright - ly on the prai - rie lea, We see the pearl - y morn - ing dew, And

near the thick and sha - dy tree, The crys - tal streams are flow - ing through.

3

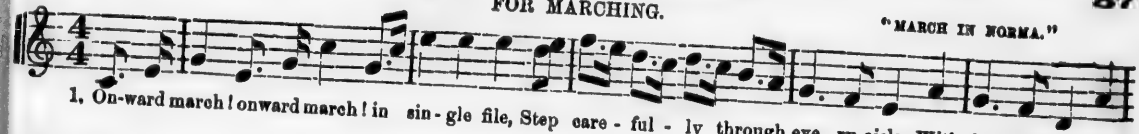
The mist has left the moun - tain gray, The sun - beams glist - en from a - far, And

now we chant the hun - ter's lay; Hark, hear the hounds, hur - rah! hur - rah!

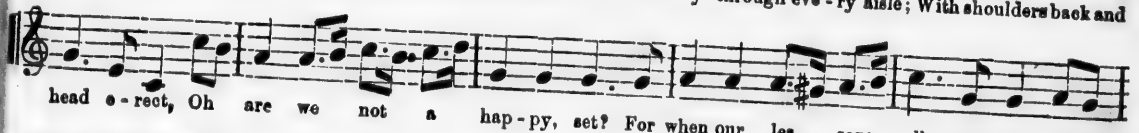
ONWARD MARCH.

FOR MARCHING.

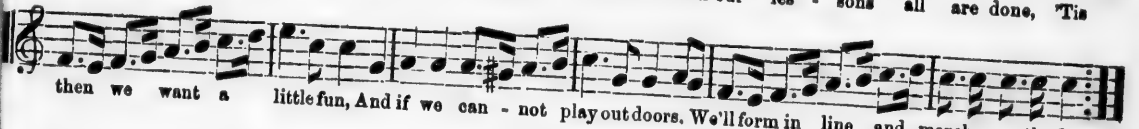
"MARCH IN NORMA."



1. On-ward march! onward march! in sin-gle file, Step care-ful-ly through eve-ry aisle; With shoulders back and



head e-rect, Oh are we not a hap-py, set? For when our les-sons all are done, 'Tis

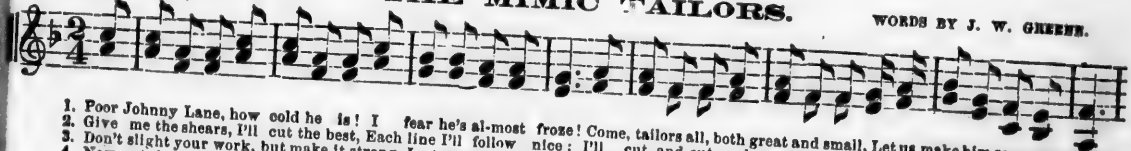


then we want a little fun, And if we can-not play out doors. We'll form in line and march upon the floors.

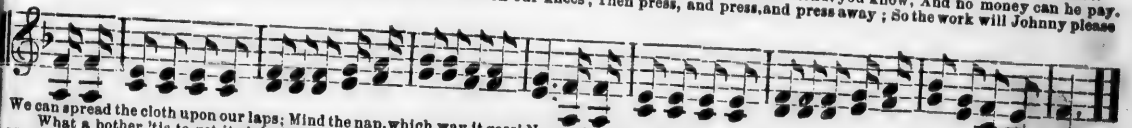
(Adapted to Physical Action.)

THE MIMIC TAILORS.

WORDS BY J. W. GREENE.



1. Poor Johnny Lane, how cold he is! I fear he's al-most froze! Come, tailors all, both great and small, Let us make him some new clothes.
2. Give me the shears, I'll cut the best, Each line I'll follow nice; I'll cut, and cut, and cut the cloth; 'Twill be ready in a trice.
3. Don't slight your work, but make it strong, Lest seams should rip away, For Johnny Lane can't mend, you know, And no money can he pay.
4. Now get the goose, and heat it well, With press-board on our knees; Then press, and press, and press away; So the work will Johnny please



We can spread the cloth upon our laps; Mind the nap, which way it goes! Now we'll mark, and mark, and mark away, And we'll make poor Johnny's clothes.
What a bother 'tis to get it right! There, 'twill answer, I suppose; Now we'll sew, and sew, and sew away. And we'll make poor Johnny's clothes.
Now the seams are closed, make button-holes, Set the buttons round in rows; We will stitch, & stitch, & stitch away, And we'll soon make Johnny's clothes.
So he'll think of us with thankful heart, As to school or church he goes; Now to study we will turn our thoughts. For we've made poor Johnny's clothes.

NOW WE HAPPY CHILDREN.

Words from "Exercise Song Book."

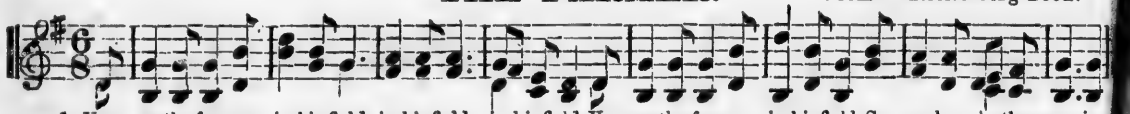
1. Now we, hap - py scholars, as - sembled in school, Must all be at - ten-tive to or - der and rule; We'll
2. Our hands and our fa - ces so nice and so clean, And moving our fingers so nim - bly are seen; Our
3. Our hands on our shoulders is next in our rule, And well do we place them o - bedient in school; We'll
4. Our next true po - si - tion is right a-bout face, With arms ho - ri - zon - tal all true to their place; We'll
5. Now left a - bout face we will turn us once more, And step out true time with our feet on the floor; When

read or we'll sing, as our teacher commands, And keep time so nice - ly by clapping our hands.
hands on our heads next we'll pret - ti - ly place, Then arcs of a cir - cle our el - bows shall trace.
give them a toss up and down in the air, And count one, two, three, four, while shaking them there.
clap once, a - gain once, then 1, 2, 3, 4, Then hands by our sides hanging true as be - fore.
wearied with standing our arms we'll stretch out, And then we will twirl them so swift - ly a - bout.

NOTE.—The scholars may stand during the singing of this song, and make motions with their hands, arms, &c., corresponding to the words. The first exercise commences on the last line of the first verse. The arcs of a circle are made by moving the elbows up and down, at the utterance of each syllable, while the hands are upon the head.

THE FARMER.

From "Exercise Song Book."



1. You see the farmer in his field, in his field, in his field, You see the farmer in his field, So early in the morning

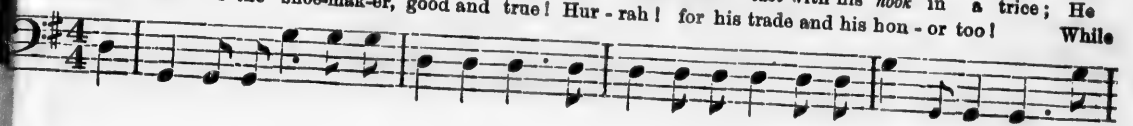
2 And then he comes and ploughs the ground,
Ploughs the ground, ploughs the ground;
And then he comes and ploughs the ground,
So early in the morning.
3 And then he comes and sows the seed,
Sows the seed, &c.
4 And then he harrows and covers it o'er, &c.
5 And then the gentle showers come down, &c.
6 The weather is hot, and the wheat grows up, &c.
7 The reaper comes, and he cuts it down, &c.
8 He bundles it up, and cries, "Harvest Home," &c.
9 The mill goes round, and grinds the grain, &c.
10 The baker comes with his bread to sell, &c.
11 The flour he takes to make it well, &c.
12 And into the oven he shoves it well, &c.

And thus the happy farmer lives,
All day and in the morning.

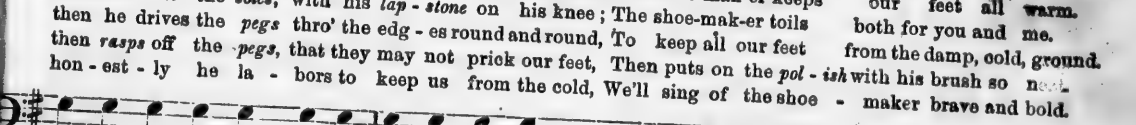
NOTE.—Motions of the hands, corresponding to the words, may be made by the whole school.

WORDS BY J. W. GREENE.

1. The shoe-mak-er toils that our feet may be Pro - tect - ed from dampness and cold, you see; He
2. He makes all his *waxed-ends* so nice and long, He sews up the *seams* till they're tight and strong, He
3. The *up - pers* he fix - es up - on his *last*, He tacks on the *soles* with his *tacks* quite fast, And
4. He draws out the *tacks*, then the *soles* trims nice; He pulls out the *last* with his *hook* in a trice; He
5. Hur - rah! for the shoe-mak-er, good and true! Hur - rah! for his trade and his hon - or too! While



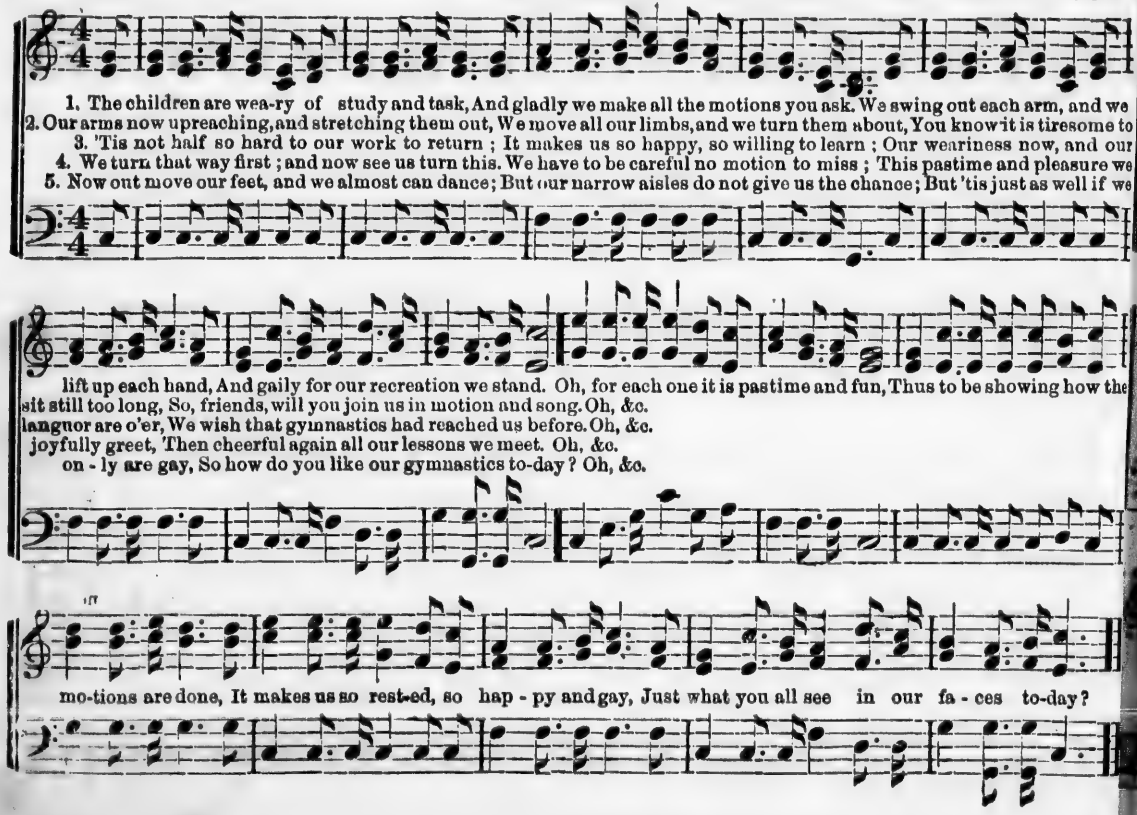
first cuts out his leath - er of prop - er size and form; The shoe-mak-er keeps our feet all warm.
hammers out the *soles*, with his *lap - stone* on his knee; The shoe-mak-er toils both for you and me.
then he drives the *pegs* thro' the edg - es round and round, To keep all our feet from the damp, cold, ground.
then *rasps* off the *pegs*, that they may not prick our feet, Then puts on the *pol - ish* with his brush so neat.
hon - est - ly he la - bors to keep us from the cold, We'll sing of the shoe - maker brave and bold.



NOTE.—Make the appropriate mimic motions to all the verses. While singing the last verse, the right hand should be *swung round* in the usual manner.

THE CHILDREN ARE WEARY.

Words by M. B. C. S. FOR "FREE GYMNASTICS." From Bradbury's "New Golden Chain," by per.



NOW WE'LL STRETCH OUR ARMS.

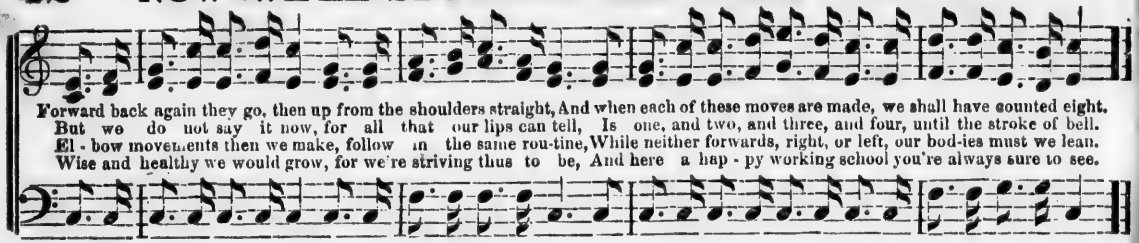
FOR "FREE GYMNASTICS."

W. O. P.

1. Here we're standing in our pla - ces in or - der on the floor, For gym-nas - tics while we're counting our one, and two, and more,
2. Now the hands to-geth - er clap, but it must be soft-ly done, For, in the nois - y clapping there's ver - y lit - tle fun,
3. Now we'll stretch our arms as far and as wide as they can go, And we'll o - pen wide our hands, of each fin - ger make a show.
4. Tru - ly won - der-ful in-deed, that so many moves we make, And while neither wand nor dumb bell, with-in our hands we take,

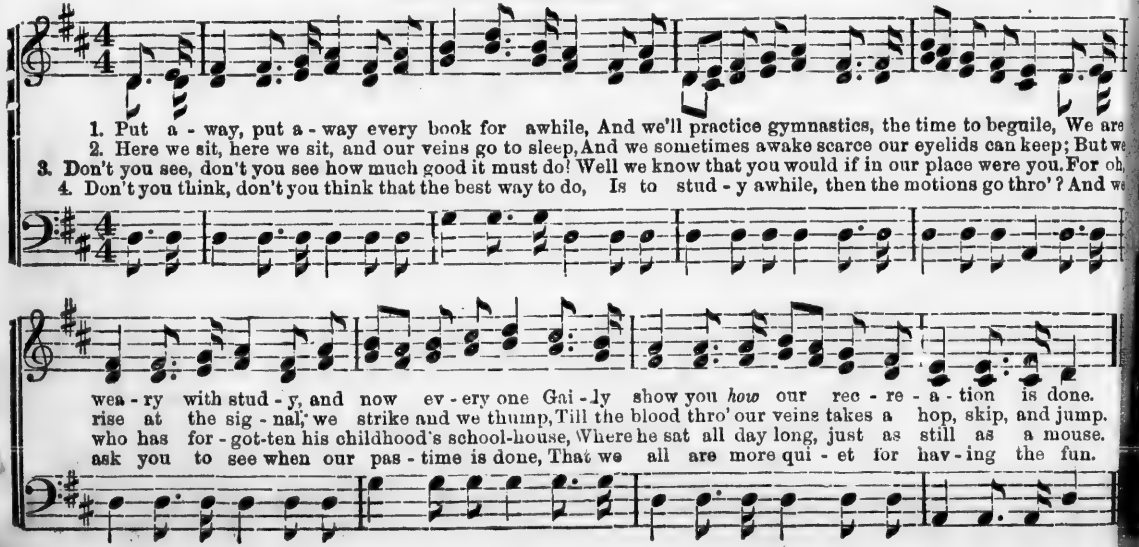
Shut the hands up - on the chest, heels to - geth-er, toes turned out, So brisk we'll move, you'll see we all know what we are a - bout.
Forward next we all must move, with our hands upon the side, Then up, and back, from right to left, our bod - ies now do ride.
And now ev' - ry lit - tle fin - ger up - on our hands are seen, O let us ve - ry care-ful be, to have them white and clean,
All the mus-cles of our bod- ies, we ex - er-cise in turn, And af - ter that is done, how much the fast - er we can learn,

Hands up and down we move, then out to left and right, If per - fect time we keep, 'tis such a pret - ty sight
Heads which we now must turn, are bow - ing ev' - ry way, As if there were with - in them, some-thing we would say;
Shoul - ders are twist - ed up and down, and all a - round, In ev' - ry shape and form, that ev - er can be found;
Learn - ing we cov - et, and for that we come to school; Good health we'd al - so have, for that is Na- ture's rule,

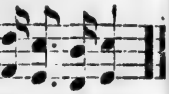


GYMNASTIC SONG.

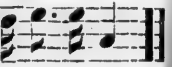
WORDS BY M. B. C. S.



led.

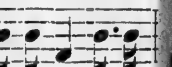


ave counted eight.
he stroke of bell.
es must we lean.
ways sure to see.

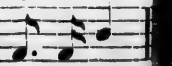


S BY M. B. C. S.

to beguile, We are
ls can keep; But we
e were you. For oh,
s go thro'? And we



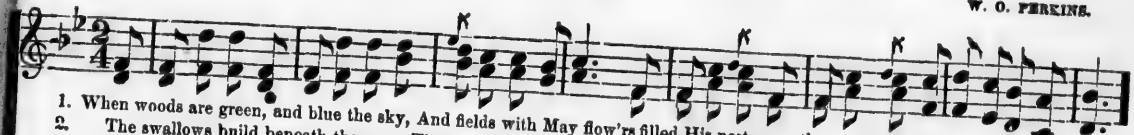
ion is done.
skip, and jump.
as a mouse.
ing the fun.



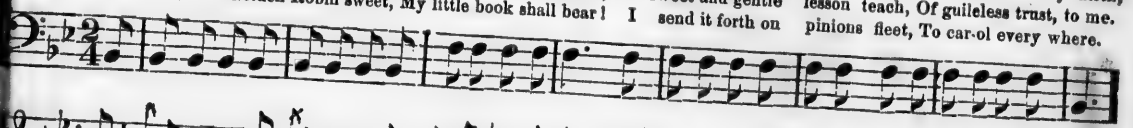
THE GOLDEN ROBIN.

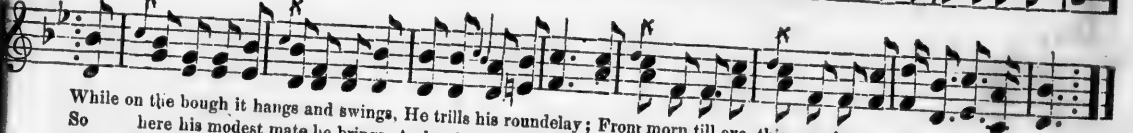
WORDS BY M. B. C. SLADE.

W. O. PERKINS.

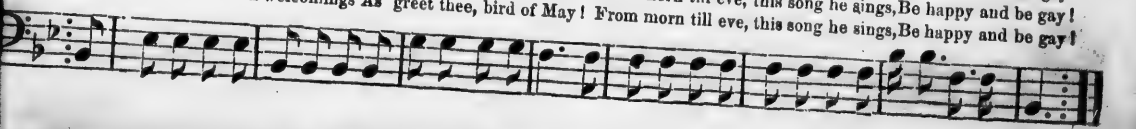


1. When woods are green, and blue the sky, And fields with May flow'rs filled, His nest upon the maple, high, See Golden Robin build.
2. The swallows build beneath the eaves, The wrens 'mid roses, fair; But Robin hangs among the leaves His Castle in the air.
3. And when the tin - y young appear, Rocked in their cradle fair, This Prince of birds is always near, Winged blossom of the air.
4. So May goes by, and lovely June, With roses, crowns the earth, And still our Golden Robin's tune Resounds, in merry mirth,
5. Bright songster, far a - bove our reach, Thy nest and song of glee, A sweet and gentle lesson teach, Of guileless trust, to me.
6. Thy name, Oh! Golden Robin sweet, My little book shall bear! I send it forth on pinions fleet, To car-ol every where.





While on the bough it hangs and swings, He trills his roundelay; From morn till eve, this song he sings, Be happy, and be gay!
So here his modest mate he brings; And to her, day by day, From morn till eve, this song he sings, Be happy, and be gay!
Above he spreads his golden wings, The sunbeams o'er them play. From morn till eve, this song he sings, Be happy and be gay!
The young, before they fledge their wings, The lesson learn to say; From morn till eve, this song he sings, Be happy and be gay!
And He who cares for little things, Will heed thy happy lay, From morn till eve, this song he sings, Be happy and be gay!
Oh! may it find such welcomings As greet thee, bird of May! From morn till eve, this song he sings, Be happy and be gay!



GAY AND HAPPY.

W. O. PERKINS.

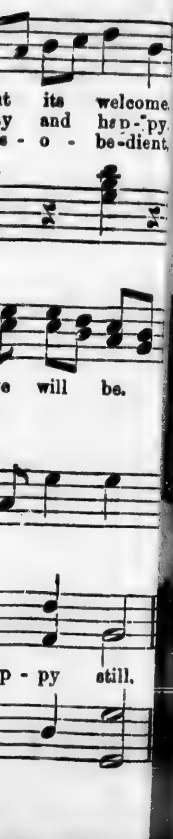
Lively. *Solo or Semi-Chorus.*

1. We're the school that's gay and happy, In our places always found; When the bell rings out its welcome
2. If we on - ly do our du - ty, Faithful follow eve - ry rule, Then we shall be gay and hap - py.
3. Let us ev - er, as true scholars, Mind the lessons we are taught, None but i - dle, dis - o - be - dient

Chorus.

'Tis to me a mer - ry sound, So let our playmates roam as they will, Here we will be.
In our ev - er pleasant school.
In the dun - ces' seat are caught.

hap - py still, Read - ing, spelling, play - ing, sing - ing, We'll be gay and hap - py still.



ELLEN BAYNE.

Solo or Semi-Chorus.

1. Soft be thy slum-bers, Rude cares de - part, Vis-ions in num-bers Cheer thy young heart.
2. Dream not in an-guish, Dream not in fear; Love shall not lan-guish; Fond ones are near.
3. Scenes that have van-ished Smile on thee now, Pleasures once ban-ish'd Play round thy brow.

Dream on' while bright hours, And fond hopes re-main, Blooming like smiling bow'rs, For thee, El-len Bayne.
Sleep-ing or wak-ing, In plea-sure or pain, Warm hearts will beat for thee. Sweet El-len Bayne.
Forms long de-part-ed Greet thee a-gain, Soothing thy dreaming heart, Sweet El-len Bayne.

Chorus.

Gen-tle slumbers o'er thee glide, Dreams of beauty round thee bide, While I lin-ger by thy side, Sweet El-len Bayne.

FAREWELL TO THE WOOD.

C. H. HOHMAND.

Andante.

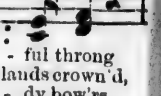
1. Ver - dant grove, fare-well to thee, Clad in ver - nal beau - ty, Thine my part - ing
2. What de - light to lin - ger here 'Mid thy sha - dy bow - ers; From the sil - ver
3. But the night for - bids my stay, I must leave in sor - row; To your rest, ye

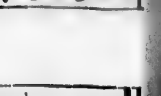
song shall be, 'Tis a sa - - cred du - ty; Let thy war-blers' tune - ful throng
foun - tain clear, Cull - ing fra - grant flow - ers! Would I might with gar - lands crown'd,
birds, a - way, And dream of..... the mor - row. Fare - ye - well, ye sha - dy bow'rs,

Bear the ech - oes of my song, Far o'er hill and val - - ley, Far o'er hill and val - ley.
Breathing o - dors sweet a-round, Tar - ry with thee long - er! Tar - ry with thee long - er!
With your blooming fragrant flow'rs. Till an - oth - er meet - ing, Till an - oth - er meet - ing.

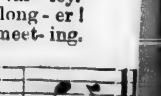
my part - ing
the sil - ver
your rest, ye

- ful throng
lands crown'd,
- dy bow'rs,





val - ley.
long - er!
meet - ing.



UNDER THE WILLOW SHE'S SLEEPING.

Slowly.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1. Un-der the wil-low she's laid with care. (Sang a lone mother while weeping,) Un - der the wil-low, with
2. Un-der the wil-low no songs are heard, Near where my darling lies dreaming; Nought but the voice of some
3. Un-der the wil-low by night and day, Sor-row-ing ev - er I pon-der; Free from its sha-dow - y,
4. Un-der the wil-low I breathe a prayer, Longing to lin-ger for - ev - er Near to my an - gel with

gold - en hair. My lit - tle one's qui - et - ly sleep-ing.
far off [illegible], Where life and its pleasures are beam-ing.
gloom - y [illegible] Ah! nev - er a - gain can she wan- der.
gold - en hair, In lands where there's sorrow- ing nev - er.

Chorus.

Fair, fair, and gold - en hair,
Fair, fair, and gold - en hair,
Fair, fair, and gold - en hair,
Fair, fair, and gold - en hair,

(Sang a lone mother while weeping,) Fair, fair, and gold-en hair; Un-der the wil-low she's sleeping.

LAUGH ON.

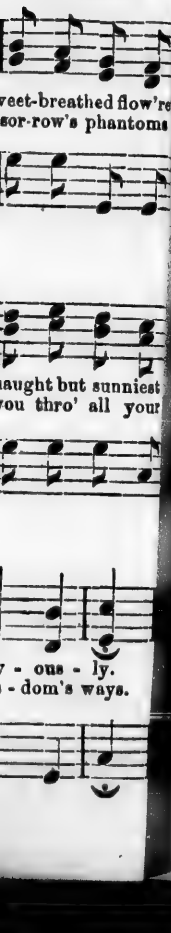
WORDS BY ANNA C ARNOLD.

H. F. WIGHT.

1. Laugh on, thou bright-eyed hap-py maid, While life's young morn is bright, Ere childhood's sweet-breathed flow're
2. For worlds I would not lift the veil That hides the fu- ture's view, And pray that sor-row's phantoms

fade, Or gold - en vis - ions lose their light. Laugh on while yet the sun - ny days Bring naught but sunniest
pale May nev - er grim - ly frown on you. May an - gels bright look down and smile On you thro' all your

joys to thee, And in thy heart the glee - ful lays Of E - den birds trill joy - ous - ly.
fu - ture days, And guard your heart from ev' - ry wile, And lead you on in wis - dom's ways.



LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Words from "Rural New Yorker."

Moderato.

1. Children do you love each oth - er? Are you always kind and true? Do you always do to
2. Lit - tle child-ren, love each oth - er, Nev-er give an-oth-er pain: If your brother speaks in

oth - ers As you'd have them do to you? Are you gen - tle to each oth - er?
an - ger, An - swer not in wrath a - gain. Be not sel - fish to each oth - er,

Are you care - ful, day by day, Not to give of - fence by ac- tions In your work or in your play?
Nev - er mar a-noth-er's rest, Strive to make each oth - er hap - py, And you'll find yourselves are blest.

OUR NEW SONG.

WORDS BY MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. W. O. P.

1. The grass on the hill-side, the buds on the tree; The rush of the rill, and the hum of the bee; The
2. The vi-olets are blooming, as blue as the sky; The soft wil-low cat-kins are hanging on high; The
3. Come children, and join with the bud and the bee, The flow'rs of the field, and the leaves of the tree, For

birds from the south fly-ing homeward a-long, Say, "Spring-time is coming, and we'll sing our new song."
breath of the May-flow'r, the queen of the throng, Says, "Spring-time is coming, and we'll sing our new song."
God gives the Spring-time, to him shall be-long The love of our hearts, as we sing our new song.

Chorus.

"Sing our new song, we will sing our new song, The Spring-time is com-ing! and we'll sing our new song."

m of the bee; The
nging on high; The
res of the tree, For

g our new song.
ng our new song
ng our new song.

g our new song.

WANDERER'S SONG.

1. Bree-zes soft I feel re-turn-ing, Her-alds of the dew-y spring! Now my ea-ger soul is yearn-ing; Fain I would be wan-der-ing! Where the white mists hang in sha-dows O'er the mountain peaks and mead-ows, Thith-er am I wan-der-ing; Then my staff oh! quick-ly bring!
2. Fare thee well! I now must leave thee, Na-tive home, to me so dear! Dis-tant lands wait to re-ceive me; Hope my longing heart doth cheer! Life hath many a glad be-gin-ning! Ventures bold are half the win-ning! Hope the wand'-rer's heart doth cheer! Fare thee well, my home so dear!
3. God protect thee, now and ev-er! Love u-nite us to the end! Oh, for-get, for-get me nev-er, Think up-on thine ab-sent friend! Both the same bright sun shall glad-den! Let not my de-part-ure sad-den! Think up-on thine ab-sent friend! Love u-nites us to the end!

FLOAT ON, MY BARK!

1. Float on, float on, my bonny bark, Up-on life's silv'ry stream—Nor heed the clouds that upward rise, The lightning's fitful
2. Float on, float on, we'll leave behind The dull and lifeless shore, We'll ride the blue and stormy deep, A-mid old ocean's

gleam. Float on, float on, we soon shall gain A haven of sweet rest. Where flowers spring, and bright birds sing, By zephyrs softly press'd
roar. Float on, float on, our home shall be A realm of beauty fair, Where endless pleasures ever reign, And joy beams ev'ry where

ALL AMONG THE BARLEY.

Cheerfully. 1st time *p*, 2d time *f*.

E. STIRLING.

1st time.

1. Come out, 'tis now September. The hunter's moon's begun, And thro' the wheaten stubble, Is heard the frequent gun;
2. The Spring, she is a young maid, That does not know her mind, The Summer is a tyrant, Of most un-righteous kind
3. The wheat is like a rich man, That's sleek and well to do, The oats are like a pack of girls, Laughing and dancing too

2d time.

p *Cres.*

stub-ble Is heard the frequent gun; The leaves are pal-ing yel-low, Or kindling in-to red, And the
ty-rant, Of most un-righteous kind; The Autumn is an old friend, That loves one all he can, And that
pack of girls, Laughing and dancing too; The rye is like a mi-ser, That's sulky, lean, and small, But the

p

ripe and gold-en bar-ley, Is hanging down its head. All among the bar-ley, Who would not be blithe, When the
brings the hap-py bar-ley, To glad the heart of man. All among, etc.
free and bearded bar-ley, Is monarch of them all. All among, etc.

cres. *f* *rit.*

free and hap-py bar-ley, Is smiling on the scythe? When the free and happy bar-ley, Is smiling on the scythe?

COLD WINTER IS GONE.

LOUIS LAMBERT.

By permission of ROOT & CADY, Chicago.

Solo. — Chorus in unison. — *Solo.*

1. Cold Winter is gone, and Spring a - gain, Hur - rah! Hur - rah!! Comes smil- ing, danc- ing,
2. The woods and fields in green are dressed, Hur - rah! Hur - rah!! The rob - in now has
3. And if we've fin - ished all our tasks, Hur - rah! Hur - rah!! Done ev' - ry thing our

Chorus. — *Solo.*

o'er the plain, Hur - rah! Hur - rah!! We hail it with a mer - ry shout, The boys and girls will
built her nest, Hur - rah! Hur - rah!! And all the birds do chirp and sing, The hills with joy - ous
teach- er asks, Hur - rah! Hhr - rah!! We all shall feel, this bright Spring day, So light and hap - py

Chorus.

all turn out, And we'll all feel gay, For Spring it has come a - gain.
sounds do ring, And we'll all, etc.
blithe and gay, Yes, we'll all, etc.

smil- ing, danc-ing,
rob - in now has
ev' - ry thing our

boys and girls will
hills with joy - ous
light and hap - py

a - gain.

OH! SAY WILL YOU COME?

Words by M. B. C. S.

W. O. P.

1. Come teachers, dear teachers, for you we are waiting, All rea-dy for lessons from you we shall learn. We
2. Come school-mates, dear school-mates, let no vacant places, Be - token the tardy or truant to - day. With
3. Come fathers and mothers, come friends, kind and loving, Come often a - mong us our progress to view. Bring
4. Come gen-tle-ness, lov-ing-ness, kind-ly af - fection, Sweet graces that childhood so brightly a-dorn. Come

long for the sto - ries so kind-ly re - lat - ing, You tell us, in love, on each morning's re - turn
hearts full of love that shines out in our fa - ces, Come leave for your les - sons, the mer - ri - est play.
wise, ten - der words, and a smile so ap - proving, That bet - ter and bet - ter each day we shall do
shed o'er our school-days your constant pro - tec-tion, Re-newed in our hearts and our lives ev - ery morn.

Will you come? will you come? teachers kind, will you come? Oh! say will you come to our own happy school!
Will you come? will you come? boys and girls will you come? Oh! say will you come to our own happy school!
Will you come? will you come? welcome friends, will you come? Oh! say will you come to our own happy school!
Will you come? will you come? in our hearts, will you come? Oh! say will you come to our own happy school!

GREETING SONG.

SUITABLE FOR EXHIBITIONS AND ANNIVERSARIE.

WRIGHT.

Moderate.

1. O boun - ti - ful Giv - er, great Fa - ther of light, May thy kind pro - tec - tion be
2. Dear friends and com - pan - ions, we welcome you here, Your pres - ence in - spires us, your

o'er us to-night; Our hearts ut - ter praise, that we're gift - ed with song, Our lips with de - vo - tion the
smiles give us cheer, We take with re - luctance our place on the stage, And claim your for-bear-ance, in

anthem pro - long; We whisper thy love to the soft evening breeze, Like flute-not - ed zephyrs, that
view of our age, We boast not of prac-tice, we boast not of skill, But meet eve - ry du - ty with

glide thro' the trees, We chant it with awe in the midst of our glee, With bosoms that swell with the joy of the free:
hearty good will, With "*Onward*" our motto, and *upward* our aim, We yet may wear wreaths from the bright mount of fame.

Chorus. Lively.

No hap - pier band in all the land, Nor yet be - yond the
No hap - pier band in all the land, Nor yet be - yond the

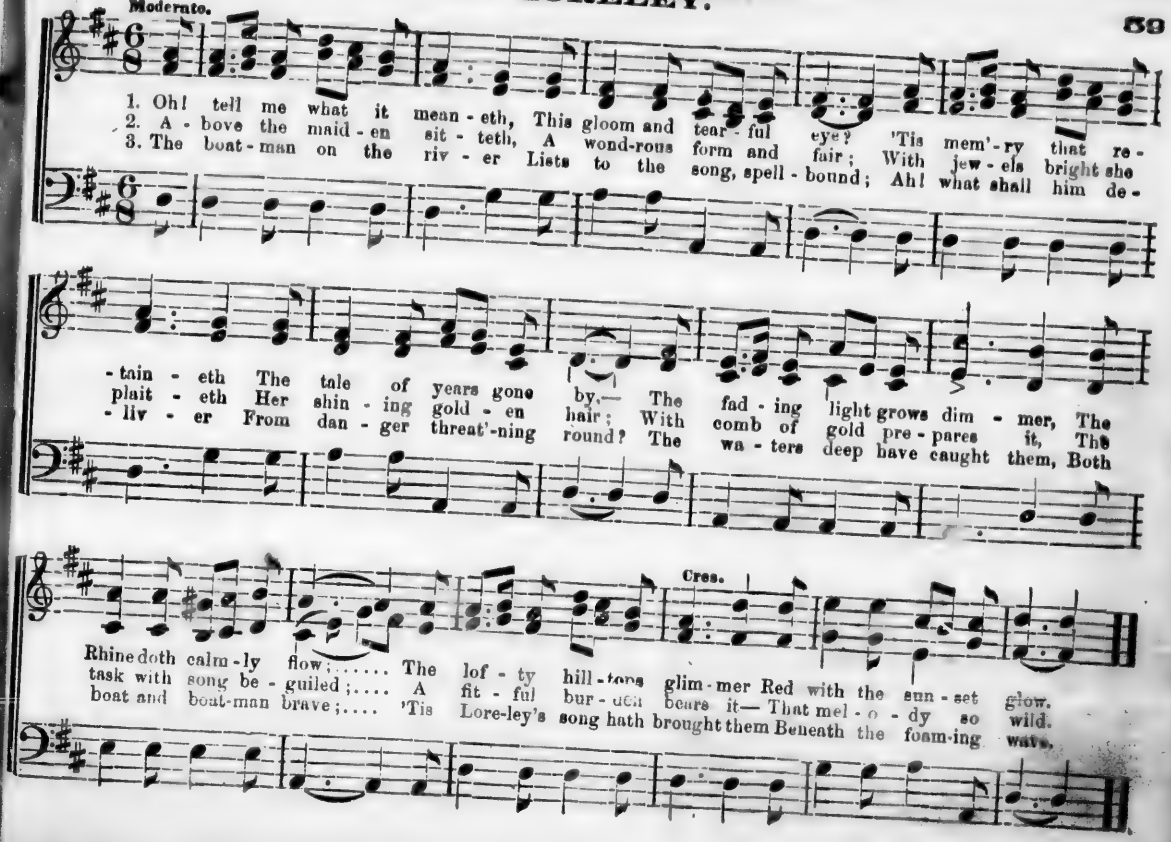
sea, Our flag floats high, 'neath free - dom's sky, The flag of lib - er - ty.
wave, Our flag is bright in free - dom's light, The em - blem of the brave.

LET ME BE FREE.

1. Let me be free! free as the air, Free as the bird on the wildwood spray; Swinging with mu-sic and rap - ture there, Hav - ing its own sweet will and way. Free as a bird! let me be free, Let me but fly then, where'er I will; Now to the loft - y, strong oak tree, Now to the flow'r that lights the rill.

2. Free as a bird! let me be free, Sing-ing my song out so clear all day; Then with sweet mu-sic our hearts shall be, Joy - ous and hap - py, light and gay. Let me be free! free as a bird, Then shall my carol un - ceas - ing rise, Then shall my song with joy be heard, Fill-ing the heart with glad surprise.

3. Let me be free! free as the air, Light as the flee - cy and float- ing cloud, Gath- er - ing mel - o - dy eve - ry - where, Weav - ing the day a gold - en shroud. Yes, I'll be free! free as the air, Free as a bird on the wildwood spray; Sing- ing its song with rapture there, Hav-ing its own wild will and way.


Moderato.
1. Oh! tell me what it mean - eth, This gloom and tear - ful eye? 'Tis mem'-ry that re-
2. A - bove the maid - en sit - teth, A wond-rous form and fair; With jew - els bright she
3. The boat - man on the riv - er Lists to the song, spell - bound; Ah! what shall him de-
- tain - eth The tale of years gone by,— The fad - ing light grows dim - mer, The
plait - eth Her shin - ing gold - en hair; With comb of gold pre - pares it, The
- liv - er From dan - ger threat'-ning round? The wa - ters deep have caught them, Both
Cres.
Rhine doth calm - ly flow;..... The lof - ty hill - tops glim - mer Red with the sun - set glow.
task with song be - guiled;.... A fit - ful bur - den bears it— That mel - o - dy so wild.
boat and boat-man brave;.... 'Tis Lore-ley's song hath brought them Beneath the foam-ing waves.

Moderate.

1. Fare - well to the home-stead, the place of my birth, The sweet - est, and
2. 'Tis thus with us ev - er when sad thoughts re - turn To scenes we have
3. The spring - time is past, and the sum - mer is gone, The chill - winds of

fair - est of all the green earth, My heart clings to thee with a love that's sin
lov'd, but may not meet a - gain; Though hum - ble and low is the cot that we
win - ter are fast com - ing on, The lil - ies and ros - es have gone to de

- cere; The home of my child - hood, of all I hold dear, The thought that for -
leave, Yet still to that spot fond - est mem'- ries will cleave; And as the time
- cay, The for - est is robed in its bright - est ar - ,ray, Yet still how I

- ev - er from thee I must go, Has fill'd me with sor - row, with an - guish and wo.
has - tens, the mo - ment to part, How fond rec - ol - lec - tions come thronging the heart.
love thee no lan - guage can tell, Dear home of my childhood! for - ev - er—fare - well!

Chorus. mf

U - val - le - rah, u - val - le - rah, u - val - le - val - le - val - le - rah, U -

Repeat PP.

- val - le - rah, u - val - le - rah, u - val - le - val - le - val - le - rah

ALL HANDS STUDY

*

Allegretto.

1. Come schoolmates, let us take our books, And think no more of play; With cheerful hearts and sober looks, We'll study while we
2. We come to seek from week to week, What knowledge we may gain; And ev'-ry day we hope to say, We do not come in
3. Now let us seize like bu-sy bees, The moments as they fly; For he who tries, may win a prize That money cannot

may. We'll shun the wrong, pursue the right, And work with might and main; And when the record's made at night, The leaf shall show no stain.
vain. There's time for work, there's time for mirth But none for strife or broil; We'll bend our minds to things of worth, And strengthen them with toil.
buy; And ev-er cheerful on our way, We'll work with might and main; And when the sun looks in each day, He'll find no i-dle brain.

Chorus.

So all hands stud-y, And throw no time a-way: Youth will not last, It hurries past, Then study while we may.

p *mf*

1. O'er the sea, o'er the sea, Swells the sound of mel - o - dy, Where the lay
2. Soft and low, soft and low, From a - far their voi - ces flow, Now more near,
3. From the main, safe a - gain, Wel - come to the fish - er - men, Friends most dear,

f *mf*

floats a - way, Fair - y ech - oes play; 'Tis the fish - ers of the main,
loud and clear, Swell - ing on the ear; While a - cross the wave they sweep,
ban - ish fear, When their barques are near; Pray'r went with them on the brine,

f

Sail - ing to their homes a gain, Hope and cheer wait them then, Wel-come warm and dear.
Bear - ing treas - ures from the deep, Joy - ous - ly, shout re - ply, O'er the swell - ing sea.
Grate-ful thoughts with tears en - twine, Cease to roam, cease to roam, Wel-come, wel-come home.

SONG OF LIBERTY.

H. F. WIGHT.

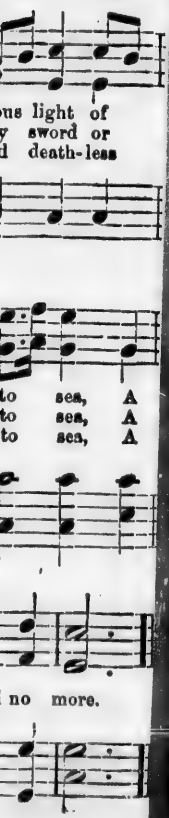
Allegretto.

1. A shout, a shout, the night is gone, The clouds have passed a - way, The glo - rious light of
2. A shout, a shout, of tri - umph now, The vic - to - ry is ours; Not gained by sword or
3. A shout, a shout, from sea to sea, A song from shore to shore; Ten thousand death-less

Free - dom's sun Pours forth in floods of day. A shout, a shout, from sea to sea, A
bat - tle bow, But love's su - pe - rior powers. A shout, a shout, from sea to sea, A
souls are free— Free to be bound no more. A shout, a shout, from sea to sea, A

Chorus.

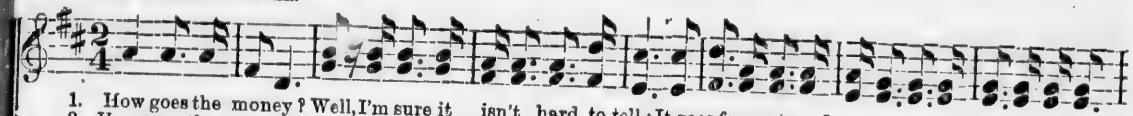
song from shore to shore; The chain is riven, the slave is free, Free to be bound no more.



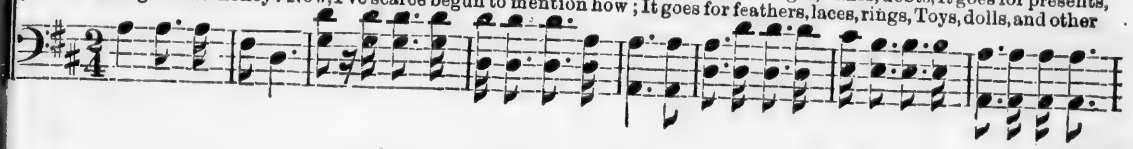
HOW THE MONEY GOES.

The time and style should vary so as to give proper declamatory force and expression to the words.

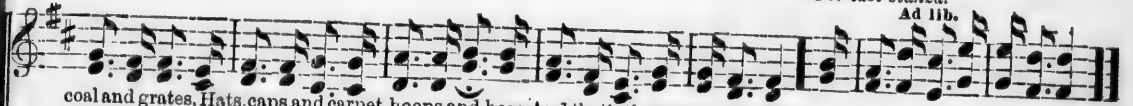
WORDS BY JOHN G. SAXE.



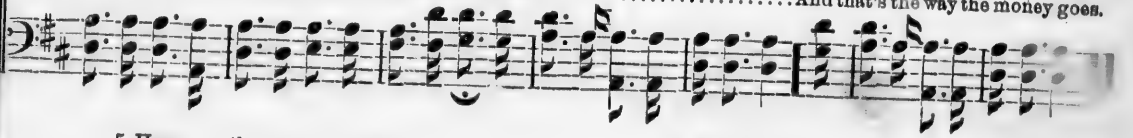
1. How goes the money? Well, I'm sure it isn't hard to tell; It goes for rents and water rates, For bread and butter,
2. How goes the money? Nay, don't every body know the way? It goes for bonnets, coats, and capes, Silks, satins, muslins,
3. How goes the money? Sure, I wish the ways were somewhat fewer, It goes for wages, taxes, debts, It goes for presents,
4. How goes the money? Now, I've scarce begun to mention how; It goes for feathers, laces, rings, Toys, dolls, and other



For last stanza.
Ad lib.



coal and grates, Hats, caps and carpet, hoops and hose, And that's the way the money goes.
velvets, crapes, Shawls, ribbons, furs and furbelows, And that's the way the money goes.
goes for bets, For paints, pomade, and *eau de rose*, And that's the way the money goes.
baby's things, Whips, whistles, candles, bells and bows.....And that's the way the money goes.



5 How goes the money?—Come,
I know it did'nt go for rum;
It goes for schools and sabbath chimes,
It goes for charity sometimes,
For missions, and such things as those,
And that's the way the money goes.

6 How goes the money?—There,
I'm out of patience, I declare!
It goes for plays, for diamond pins
For public alms and private sins,
For hollow shames and silly shows,
And that's the way the money goes.

LET US SING.

Allegretto. HOHMANN.

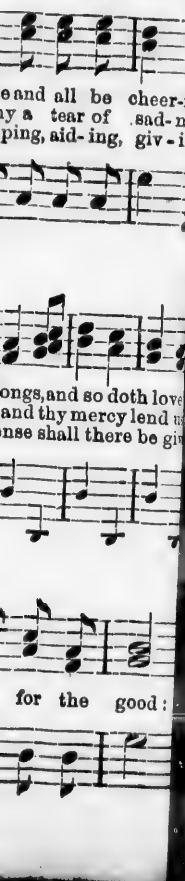
1. Let us sing! brothers, sing! Let us not be fear-ful, Joy is for the good; One and all be cheer-fu
2. Earth is fair, pass-ing fair! True, our life of glad-ness Mingles oft with woe; Many a tear of sad-ne
3. Let us sing! brothers, sing! Let us be, while liv-ing, Gen'rous as we can; Helping, aid-ing, giv-in

Soli.

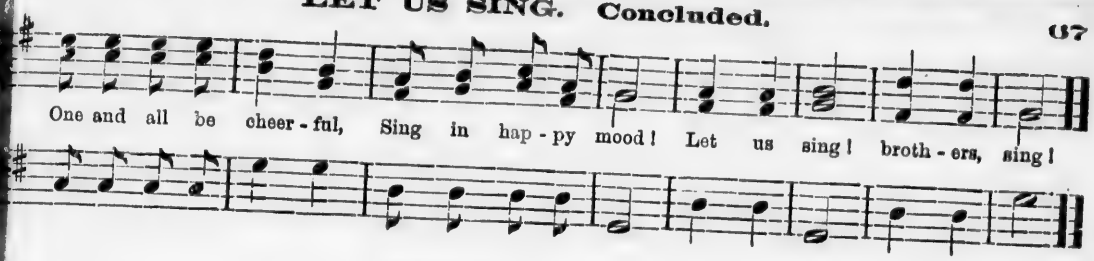
Sing in happy mood! Let us sing! brothers, sing! God looks down from heav'n above us, Hears our songs, and so doth love
From the eye must flow. Yet 'tis here passing fair! When we mourn, O Father, send us Comfort, and thy mercy lend u
Loving fel-low man! Let us sing! brothers, sing! When we reach our home in heaven, Recompense shall there be giv

Chorus.

Let us sing! broth-ers, sing! Let us not be fear-ful, Joy is for the good:

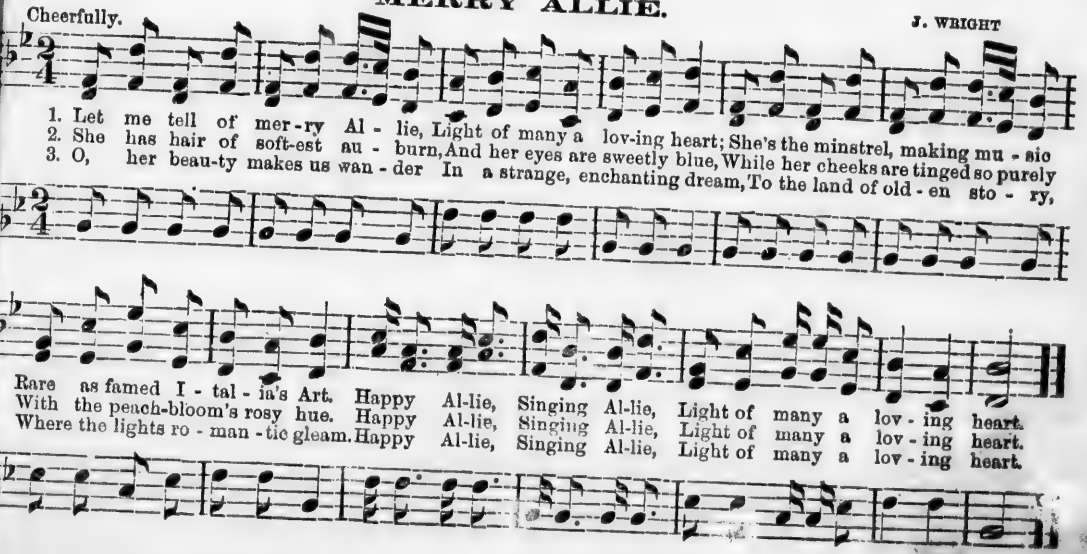


LET US SING. Concluded.



MERRY ALLIE.

Cheerfully. J. WRIGHT



THE BOATMAN'S RETURN.

M. J. SPOHLE.

1. Row! row! homeward we steer, Twilight falls o'er us; Hark! hark! soft music is near, Friends glide before us!
2. Row! row! sing as we go, Na-ture re-joic-es; Hark! how the hills as we flow Ech-o our voi-ces;
3. Row! row! lo, in the west, Lights dimly burning; Friends in yon har-bor of rest Wait our re-turn-ing!

Rall.

Song lightens our la-bor. Sing as onward we go, Keep each with his neighbor Time as we flow.
Still o'er the dark wa-ters, Far a-way we must roam, Ere I-ta-ly's daughters Wel-come us home.
See, now they burn clear-er, Keep time with the oar; Now, now, we are near-er That hap-py shore.

A tempo. *Rall.*

Row! row! homeward we go, Twilight falls o'er us; Row! row! Sing as we flow, Day flies be-fore us.

WORDS BY L. J. WING.

GOOD MORNING.

Solo or Semi-chorus.

1. Day is breaking clear and bright, Flooding earth with gold - en light, All things clad in fair - est suit,
2. While we breathe this morning air, And of na - ture's boun - ty share, In this por - tal of the day,
3. Beauteous morn! thy her-ald light, Danc-ing o - ver vale and height, Bids all nature's great do-main,

Chorus.

Prompt in each this kind sa - lute. Good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning, good
Pause we here a - while to say, Good, &c.
Join to swell the glad re-frain. Good, &c.

morn - - ing, good morn - - ing,

morning, Good morning, good morning, good morning, good morning, good morn-ing, good morning.

morn - ing, good morn - - ing,

COLD WINTER IS DYING. WORDS BY MRS. MARY B. C. SLA

Cheerfully.

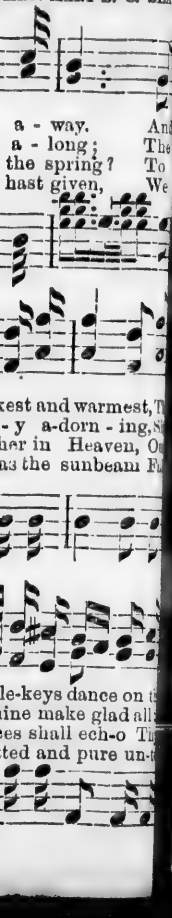
1. Oh! the win - ter, cold win - ter is dy - ing; The snow-king has fled far a - way. An
2. Now the brook-lets go mer - ri - ly sing - ing In joy as they hur - ry a - long; The
3. Un - to whom shall we come with thanksgiv - ing And praise for the gift of the spring? To
4. In our spring-time, Oh! Fath - er all ho - ly, Bright spring of the life Thou hast given, We

warm, gentle sunbeams are lying, On hill-side and plain, all the day;
blue-birds and swallows are winging, To gladden our hearts with their song.
whom, while our hearts are rejoicing, Their greatfulest songs shall we sing?
bring Thee an of-fer-ing low - ly, Of hearts growing upward to heaven.

Where oak-leaves lie thickest and warmest, T
The for-ests, their leaf - y a-dorn - ing, S
To Thee, Oh! our Father in Heaven, O
Shine Thou in our souls as the sunbeam F

May-flowers' sweet buds you shall find
wave o'er earth's mantle of green.
song of thanksgiving we raise.
soft on the flower and the tree.

While vi - o-lets smile in the sunshine, And maple-keys dance on t
The birds shall rejoice in the morning, And sunshine make glad all
The beau-ti-ful spring Thou hast given; Our voi-ces shall ech-o T
And may we grow up thro' life's seasons Un - spotted and pure un-



COLD WINTER IS DYING. Concluded.

p

wind. Oh! the win - ter, cold win - ter is dy - ing; The snow-king has fled far a - way. And
scene. Oh! the win - ter, etc.
praise. Oh! the win - ter, etc.
Thee. Oh! the win - ter, etc.

warm, gentle sunbeams are ly - ing On hill-side and plain all the day, On hill-side, on hillside and

plain all the day. On hill-side, on hill-side and plain all the day, On hill-side, on hill-side and plain all the day.

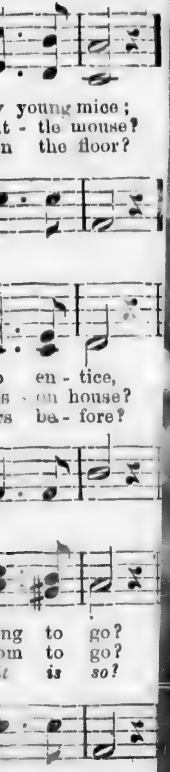
WORDS BY MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. **MOUSE-TRAPS.** H. J. WHYMARK.

Lively. (*Waltz movement.*) *The melody may be sung as a Solo, or as a Unison Chorus.*

1. Say, did you ev - er a mouse-trap be - hold? Fram'd to en - trap all the sil - ly young mice;
2. Say, did you ev - er a mouse-trap be - hold? When it had snapp'd on some poor, lit - tle mouse?
3. Say, did you ev - er a mouse-trap be - hold? Lit - tle brown mouse ly - ing dead on the floor?

Tempting them, lur - ing them on to be bold;—Sweet-est of mor - sels with - in to en - tice,
Hold-ing him, keep-ing him there, in the cold, Shut-ting him up in a dark pris - on house?
Did not you wish that some - bod - y had told Mous - ie to seek oth - er quar - ters be - fore?

Did not you think, if a mous - ie were you, *You* would know bet - ter than nib-bling to go?
Did not you think, though the mor - sels were nice, Bet - ter with crusts and with free - dom to go?
Sure - ly, the way of transgress - ors is hard: Al - ways re - mem-ber, my boys, *it is so!*



Then, if *you're* tempted some wrong thing to do, Just think of the mouse-trap, and wise - ly say *no!*
Then, if the wick - ed try *you* to en - tice Just think of the mouse-trap, and wise - ly say *no!*
All of the wiles of the tempt-er dis - card, Just think of the mouse-trap, and wise - ly say *no!*

Chorus.

Mouse - traps! mouse-traps! be - ware! Mouse - traps! of these have a care! Temp - ta - tion

shun, and say, when you see Sly, cun ning mouse-traps,— You shall not catch me!

WORDS BY M. B. C. S.

May be sung as a Solo or Duet.

BIRDS AND ROSES.

W. O. P.

8va.

1. Last Spring, two loving lit - tle birds Built in our white-rose tree; And thro' the live-long summer
2. And moth-er dear, you know you gave The rose-tree all to me; And hap - py was I, mother
3. "My child, my child," the mother said, "With - in our heavenly home No thing or love shall perish

time, They sang sweet songs for me. And soon some ti - ny lit - tle ones Came
dear, Its snow - white blooms to see. I watched each lit - tle budding spray Un -
there, No chil - ly Au - tumn come! And bright - er flow'rs may blossom there. And

from each pret - ty shell. And so till chil - ly Au-tumn came, I loved them all full well
- til the last had blown, But when I looked one Autumn day, I found they all had gone
gen - tler birds for thee May sing, and thou an an - gel fair, As bright as they shall be.

BIRDS AND ROSES. Concluded.

Chorus.

Then my birdlings wander'd far a - way. Why, oh! why could not my dear birds stay? Why, oh! why could not my darlings stay
For my ro - ses wither'd all a - way! Why, oh, why could not my sweet flow'rs stay? Why, oh! why could not my darlings stay
Thou, my darling, thro' e - ter-nal day,..... Thou among un-fad-ing joys shalt stray, Shall forevermore, my dar-ling, stray.

far a - way,
all a - way!
thro' the day,

WORDS FURNISHED BY MISS C. F.

SPRING SONG.

W. O. P.

1. How brightly the sun shines, How cool is the breeze; Come and ramble with me Down beneath the green trees. The
2. O, soft is the mus-ic Of streamlet and rill, And so green is the grass on the side of the hill. The

trees and the flow-ers Are blooming so gay, And we hear the birds sing - ing, To welcome sweet May.
cat - tle re-joic - ing That win - ter is o'er, Now are joy - ful - ly feed - ing In green fields once more.

Moderato.

1. The mar - i-ner loves o'er the wa - ters to roam, o'er the waters to roam, While he thinks on the groves of his
2. The moonlight he loves, shining o-ver the deep, shin-ing o-ver the deep, When the land's out of sight, and the

p

own na - tive home, of his own na - tive home. Hark, hark, hark! The ves-per bells stealing so
world is a - sleep, and the world is a - sleep. Hark, hark, hark! How sweet-ly is stealing the

p

m *A little faster.* *Dim.* *p*

soft - ly a-long! The mar-i-ner's song, the mar-i-ner's song, The winds are now bringing the mar-i-ner's song. The
mar - i-ner's song! The, &c.

song.....

THE MARINER'S SONG. Concluded.

Dim. Rit.

mar - i - ner's song, the mar - i - ner's song, The winds are now bring-ing the mar - i - ner's song.

TAKE CARE OF THE MINUTES.

Words from "Forrester's Playmate."

1. Take care of the minutes, They're priceless you know! Will you val-ue them less That so quick-ly they go? "It
2. Take care of the minutes; They come and are gone; Yet in each there is space For some good to be done, Our

is but a min-ute," The tri-fler will say; But the min-utes make hours, And the hours make the day.
time is a tal-ent We hold from a-bove. May each hour leave us rich-er In wis-dom and love.

ROBIN RED BREAST.

J. M. HUBBARD.

Andante.

1. Good bye, good bye to Sum - mer, For Summer's near - ly done, The gar - den smil-ing
2. Bright yel - low, red and or - ange, The leaves come down in hosts, The trees are In - dian
3. The fire - side for the crick - et, The wheat stack for the mouse, When trembling night winds

faint - ly, Cool breez - es in the sun: [illegible] brush - es now are si - lent, Our
Prin - ces, But soon they'll turn to ghos[illegible] [illegible]th - 'ry pears and ap - ples hang
whis - tle And moan all round the ho[illegible] [illegible] frost - y ways like i - ron, The

swallows flown a - way, But ro - bin's here in coat of brown, And scar - let breast-not gay.
rus - set on the bough, 'Tis Au-tumn, Au-tumn Au-tumn late, 'Twill soon be win - ter now.
branches plumed with snow, A - las! in win - ter dead and dark, Where can poor rob - in go?

ROBIN RED BREAST. Concluded.

Chorus.

Rob - in, rob - in red breast, O rob - in dear! Rob - in sings so
Rob - in, rob - in red breast, O rob - in dear! And what will this poor
Rob - in, rob - in red breast, O rob - in dear! A crumb of bread for

sweet - ly in The fall - ing of the year. Rob - in, rob - in red - breast,
rob - in do? For pinch - ing days are near. Rob - in, rob - in red - breast,
rob - - in, His lit - tle heart to cheer. Rob - in, rob - in red - breast,

(Should this be thought too difficult, the first part of the chorus may be repeated in its stead.)

Rit.

O rob - in dear! Rob - in sings so sweetly in The com - ing of the year.
O rob - in dear! And what will this poor robin do? For pinching days are near.
O rob - in dear! A crumb of bread for rob - in, His lit - tle heart to cheer.

MERRY, MERRY ELVES ARE WE.

WORDS BY W. O. P.

Lively.

1st time. *p* 2d time. *f*

1. { Mer - ry, mer - ry Elves are we, As o'er the sea we glide; Sing-ing, sing-ing cheer - i - ly, While
When the moon is in the sky, And when the eve-ning lark Sings his cheer-ful mel - o - dy, We

2. { Hap - py, hap - py Elves are we, A-mong the greenwood bright; Dancing, danc-ing mer - ri - ly, Be -
See, the white and flee - cy clouds Like spectres o'er us creep, Veil-ing all in sil- v'ry shrouds While

p

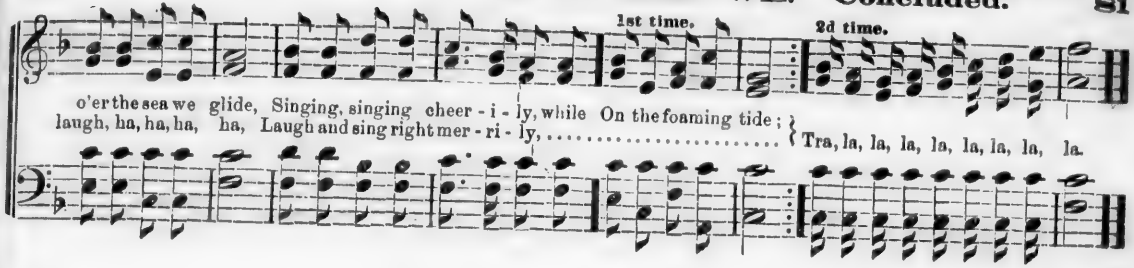
on the foam-ing tide. } La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
ride our fai - ry bark.
neath the pale moon's light.
na-ture's lost in sleep. } La, la, la, etc.

f

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

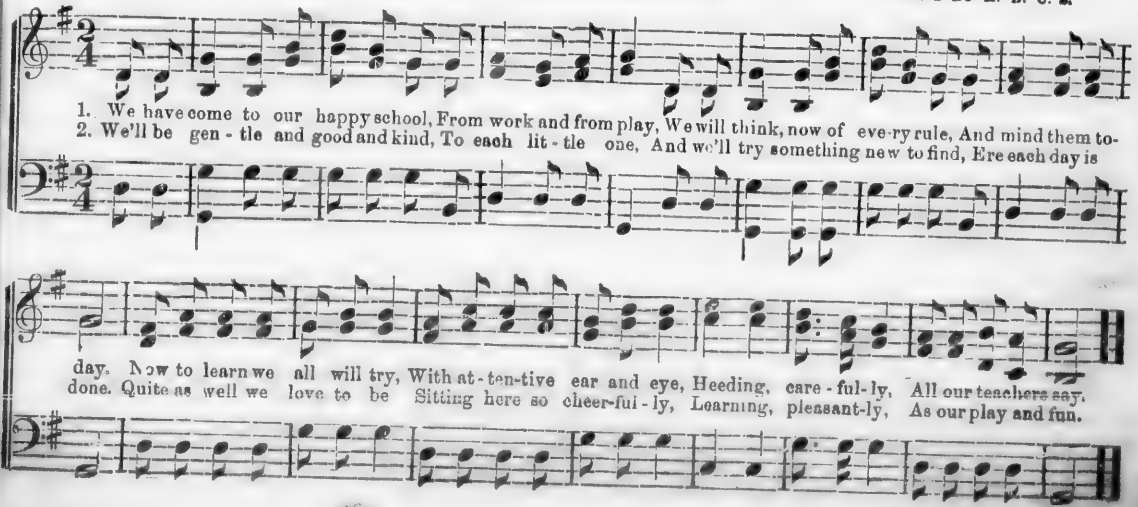
1st time. *p* 2d time. *f*

{ Mer - ry, mer - ry Elves are we, As
Tripping on so light and free, We



MORNING SONG.

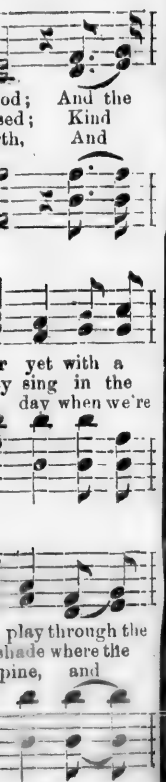
WORDS BY M. B. C. S.



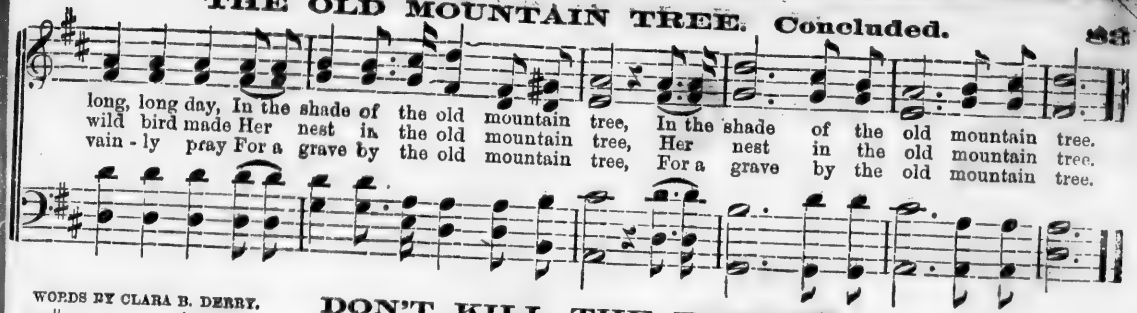
1. Oh! the home we loved by the bound-ing deep, Where the hills in glo-ry stood; And the
2. We are pil-grims now in a stran-ger land, And the joys of youth are passed; Kind
3. Oh! the time went by, like a tale that's told In a land of song and mirth, And

moss-grown graves where our fathers sleep, 'Neath the boughs of the wav-ing wood; We re-mem-ber yet with a
friends are gone, but the old tree stands, Still unharm'd by the warring blast; Oh the lark may sing in the
many a form in the church-yard cold, Finds a rest from the cares of earth; And for many a day when we're

fond re-gret For the rock and the flow-'ry lea, Where we once used to play through the
clouds of spring, And the swan on the sil-ver sea, But we mourn for the shade where the
far a-way; O'er the waves of the west-ern sea, There the heart will pine, and



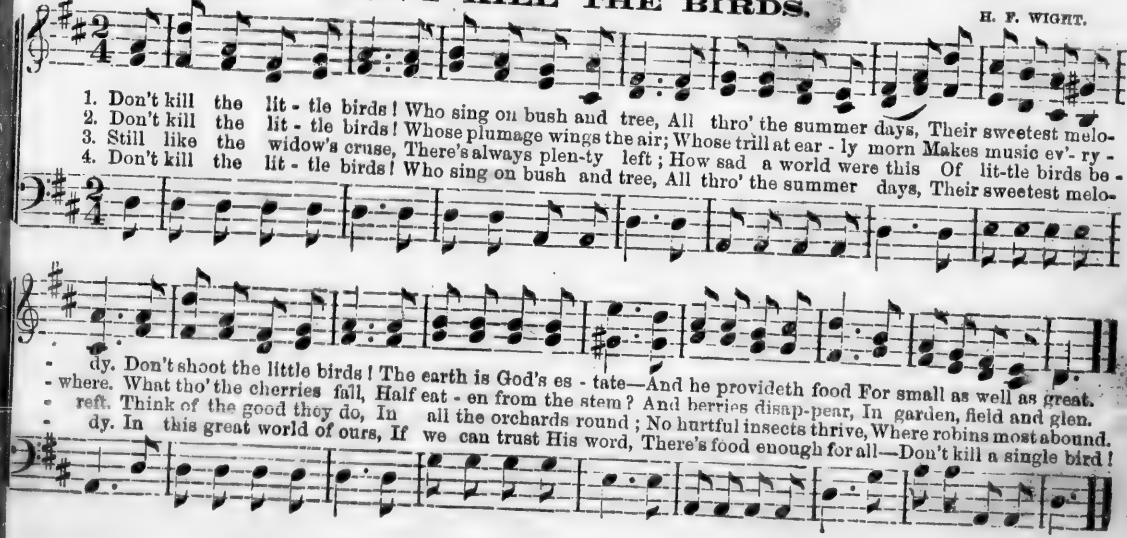
THE OLD MOUNTAIN TREE. Concluded.



WORDS BY CLARA B. DERBY.

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

H. F. WIGHT.



SLEEP, DARLING SLEEP.

Slow.

1. Be - neath the wav - ing wil - low We laid (her / him) down to rest; The earth is now her pil - low, The grass grows o'er her breast. Sleep, dar - ling, sleep! Sleep, dar - ling, sleep!

2. We mourn be - cause she's left us, So ear - ly thus in life; But he who hath be - -reft us, Hath freed from sin and strife. Sleep, &c.

3. She's with the an - gels sing - ing The Sav - iour's praise a - bove, Their ech - oes still are ring - ing Throughout that land of love. Sleep, &c.

4. We'll cease from all our weep - ing For her we dear - ly love, The lost one here lies sleep - ing. Her spir - it lives a - - bove. Sleep, &c.

Ad lib. *pp*

is now her

ho hath be -
es still are
ne here lies

- ling, sleep!

SEE, THE SETTING SUN.

G. H. ROHMANN.

p Moderato. *mf*

1. See, the set - ting sun is fir - ing, See, the set - ting sun is fir - ing With his
2. Still - ness reigns, and o'er the mead - ows, Stillness reigns, and o'er the mead - ows, Night a
3. Sweet re - pose, thy tran - quil pleas - ure, Sweet re - pose, thy tran - quil pleas - ure, Knows the

flame, ...

With his flame the pur - ple west; 'Mid the sha - dy boughs ex - pir - ing, Sinks the war - bler's song to
Night a veil of darkness throws; 'Mid the soften'd evening shadows Seek the hour... of sweet re -
Knows the bu - sy hand a - lone; On - ly he can right - ly measure Joys of rest,... when day is

p

Sinks the war - - - bler's

p *pp*

rest, Sinks the warbler's song to rest, it sinks to rest.....
- pose, Seek the hour of sweet re - pose, of sweet re - pose.....
gone, Joys of rest, when day is gone, when day is gone.....

to rest ..... it sinks to rest.

HERE'S WHERE SCHOLARS DO THEIR BEST.

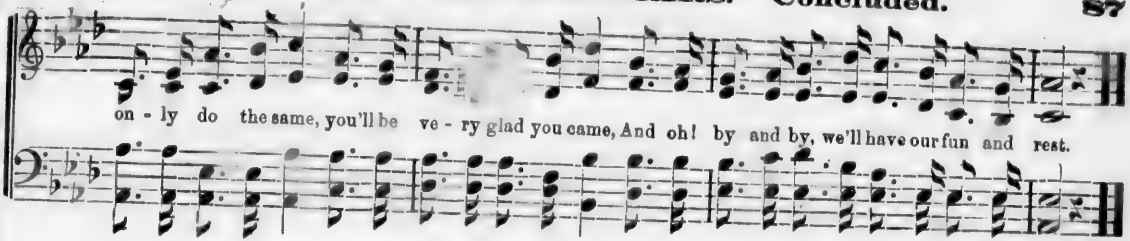
WORDS BY MARY B. C. SLADE.

Solo, or a few voices.

1. In the school-room here we sit, hour by hour, and day by day; can you tell me, schoolmates, why we hither come? Why not glad and free, and gay, spend the tim[illegible] sport and play, On the street, or in each happy, happy home?
2. In the school-room here you come, teachers, as the weeks go by, Would you never like to stay at home awhile? As the sun - ny sea - sons fly, for their [illegible] do you sigh? How can we, your loving scholars make you smile?
3. In the school-room now we see friendly faces, strange and new, We will sing you welcome, kindly, one and all, We will glad - ly show to you, ev' - ry thing that we can do, And we sound once more, our cheery, happy call;

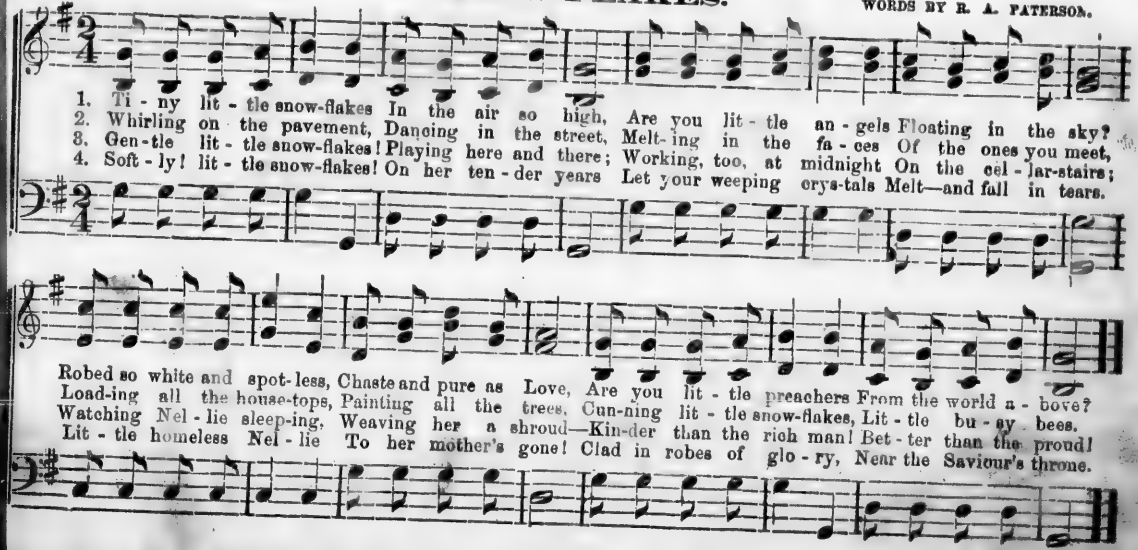
Chorus.

Come, oh! come and we will tell you; Here's where scholars do their best; If you best, do their best.



SNOW-FLAKES.

WORDS BY R. A. PATERSON.



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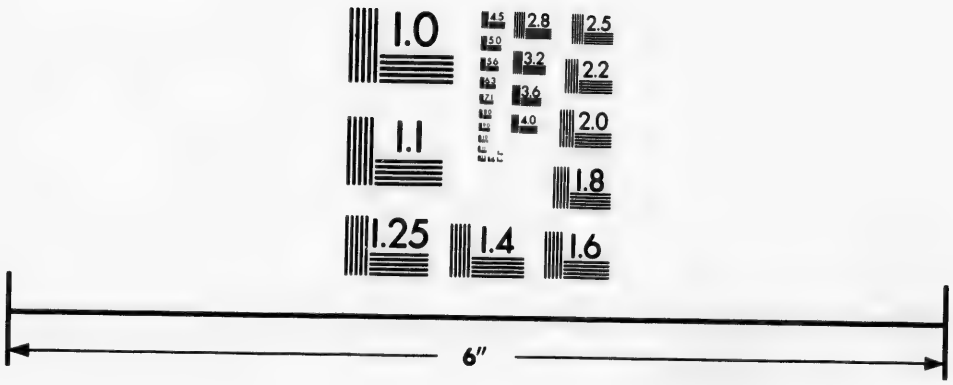

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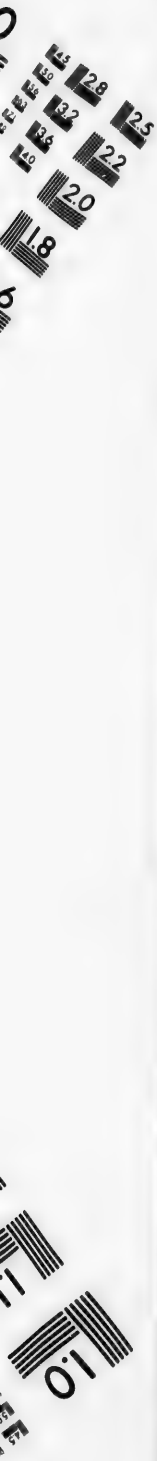
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2.5
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'TIS MAY-DAY MORN.

Lively.

1. How glad - ly wakes this joy - ful morn, To us so full of pleas - ure; We'll place the pole, and
2. Who should be gay but schol-ars true, The lov - ing and the youth - ful, As forth they come, this
3. Let oth - ers sigh in ci - ty haunts, We'll soon a - way be hie - ing, A - cross the vale, and

crown our queen, And dance a fai - ry measure, Come, school-mates, sing the mer - ri - est song, Come forth with joy to -
bright May morn, With words and spirits truthful, Come, school-mates, sing the mer - ri - est song, Come forth with joy to -
o'er the mead, Each fai - ry footstep fly-ing, Come, school-mates, sing the mer - ri - est song, Come forth with joy to -

Chorus.

- day; 'Tis May-day morn, 'tis May-day morn. 'Tis mer - ry, mer - ry May. Oh, schoolmates, sing the

'TIS MAY-DAY MORN. Concluded.

mer - ri - est song, tra, la, la, la, la, la, Voi - ces ringing all day long, tra, la, la, la, la.

NOW GOOD NIGHT.

Moderato.

1. Now good night! now good night! Work is end-ed with the light, Gold-en stars a - gain are beam-ing
2. Gen - tle night! gen-tle night! Tasks are end-ed with the light. Night too, soon will quickly leave us,
3. Peace-ful night! peaceful night! Joys, that made the day so bright, Shall in dreams not all for - sake us,

From the arch of heav - en gleaming, And the moon is smiling bright, Now good night! now good night! good night!
Dreams, that God's bright angels give us, Hasten on the longest night. Now, &c.
Till a new day shall a - wake us In the realms of pure delight. Now, &c.

1. Tin-kle! tin - kle! soft - ly flow - ing Thro' the meadows green and fair, By the reed - y marshes go - ing,
2. Thro' the woodland's fair-y pla - ces, Glid - ing onward still and lone, Well mine eye thy current tra - ces,

Bear - ing glad - ness eve - ry - where. Tones of sil - ver laugh-ter fling - ing, Tin - kle! tin - kle!
By the rich - er depth of tone; For the trees a - bove me lift - ing Fan - like branch-es

All the day; Sum - mer winds their ech - oes bring - ing, Charm the si - lence far a - way.
spreading wide, To the breez - es past them drift - ing, Whis - per of the se - cret tide!

THE BROOK. Concluded.

Chorus.

Tinkle, tin - kle, *tinkle, tinkle,* tin - kle all the day, Tin-kle, tin - kle, *tinkle, tinkle,* tin-kle far a - way.

These notes may be sung when there is no instrument.

THE HERDSMAN'S HOME.

mf Moderato.

ARR. FROM ABT.

1. On the mountain steep and hoa - ry, Sounds the Herdsman's ev'ning song; Where the clouds in gold - en glo - ry, Float the ambient tide a - long, Where the clouds in gold-en glo-ry, Float the ambient tide a - long.
2. Where the Al - pine rose is blow-ing, There the Herdsman builds his home; From his couch at morning go - ing, With the lark he loves to roam, From his couch at morning going, With the lark he loves to roam.
3. When the mountain dark and drea - ry, Frowns up - on the world be - low; Rest - ing there the Herdsman wea-ry, None such sweet repose can know, Rest - ing there the Herdsman weary, None such sweet repose can know.

La, la, la, la.....

Solo.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

p *Chorus.*

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

p

la..... la.....

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Repeat pp

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

BUY MY FLOWERS.*

1. Grace-ful wreaths of Cy - press-vine; Sweet-est pinks, and Col - um - bine; Ros - es, lil - ies, I - ris blue,
2. If the wild-flow'rs meek you love, Than the proud - er blooms, a - bove; Vi - o - lets I have, you La - dy, fair, I bring to you. 'Neath your windows hear me cry, Buy my flow'rs, sweet see,
3. Vel - vet moss - es, soft and light; Scar - let ber - ries, fresh and bright; Creeping - Jen - ny, Prin-cess - And the pale a - nem - o - ne. 'Neath your windows hear me cry, Buy my flow'rs, sweet pine, 'Mong my fair - er treas - ures shine. 'Neath your windows hear me cry, Buy my flow'rs, sweet

Sung or spoken.

la - dy, buy! Buy my flow - ers, Buy my flow'rs, sweet la - dy buy!

* *May be sung by one or two girls with flower baskets, making appropriate gestures.*

1. The pleas-ant sun is in the sky, The day is bright and clear, Now let our hearts be
2. We'll mind our les-sons through the day, We'll mind our teach-ers' rule, Then all will pass so

full of joy, And all be hap-py here. Good res-o-lu-tions let us make; We'll
pleas-ant-ly, In this, our hap-py school; And when the hours for school are o'er, And

make them firm and strong, And watch them that they may not break, Or wa-ver, all day long.
all our work is done, Our hearts shall be as light and free, As birds at morning's sun.

GOOD BYE, OLD SCHOOL-ROOM.

WORDS BY M. B. C. S.

1. Good bye, be - lov - ed school-room, The time is draw - ing near,
When we no more may en - ter Thy doors, to us so dear.
2. New ties perchance may bind us To brighter scenes than this;
But something left be - hind us Our hearts will al - ways miss.
3. Oh, scene of child-hood's pleas - ure, Of toil and stud - y, too,
Re - ech - o now the meas - ure That sings good bye to you.
4. And when we go, pos - sess - ing The house that for us waits,
May God's a - bun - dant bless - ing Pass with us through its gates.

All o'er thy walls are written, Sweet thoughts of school-days bright, When school-mates kind came here to find Instruction and de - light.
The old fa - mil - iar pla - ces Seem, si - lent - ly, to say, In scenes more fair, remem - ber there, The house you leave to - day.
Where-ev - er learn - ing calls us, Tho' neath some fairer dome, This house shall be, in mem - o - ry, Our childhood's hap - py home.
We know whose hand hath kept us, In learning, truth, and love; And may his care still fit us there, For higher schools a - bove.

Chorus.

Farewell, our dear old school-room, The hour is drawing nigh When we to you must whisper, With a saddened tone, good-bye!

BEAUTIFUL SILVER SEA

J. G. CLARK

Solo, or Semi-Chorus.

Allegretto. *mf*

1. The moonlight rides the bounding tides Of the beau-ti - ful sil - ver sea; Then come to - night Where all is bright And ride the wa - ters with me. Soft stars are glanc - ing, Deep waves are danc - ing Down by the dis - tant shore..... Bright eyes are
2. We'll wan - der there, As free from care As the winds of the beautiful night; With fa - ces gay As waves that play, And break in glimmer - ing light. Moon - light will meet thee, Sweet voi - ces greet thee Un - - der the calm blue sky,..... Warm hearts will

p *mf*

beam - ing, Fond hearts are dream - ing, Dream-ing their love scenes o'er.....
love thee, An - gels a - bove thee, Smile from their homes on high.....

Chorus.

The moon-light rides the bounding tides Of the beau - ti - ful sil - ver sea, Then come to-night where

all is bright, And ride the wa - ters with me. O! come to - night where

O! come to-night where all is bright, O!

BEAUTIFUL SILVER SEA. Concluded.

Repeat *pp*

all..... is bright, And ride the wa - ters.... with me.....

come to-night where all is bright, And ride the wa - ters.... with me.....

LITTLE MAGGIE MAY.

C. BLAMPHIN,
Permission of C. W. A. TRUMPLER.

1. The spring had come, the flow'rs in bloom, The birds sung out their lay, Down by a lit - tle
2. The' years roll'd on, yet still I lov'd With heart so light and gay, And nev - er will this
3. May Heav'n pro - tect me for her sake, I pray both night and day, That I ere long may

running brook, I first saw Mag - gie May; She had a rogu - ish jet black eye, Was
heart de - ceive My own dear Mag - gie May; When oth - ers thought that life was gone, And
call her mine, My own dear Mag - gie May; For she is all the world to me, Al -

sing-ing all the day, And how I lov'd her none can tell, My lit-tle Mag-gie
death would take a-way, Still by my side did lin-ger one, And that was Mag-gie
tho' I'm far a-way, I oft-times think of the run-ning brook, And lit-tle Mag-gie

p *Chorus.* *f*

My lit-tle witch-ing Mag-gie, Mag-gie, sing-ing all the

p *f*

day: Oh! how I love her none can tell, My lit-tle Mag-gie May.

FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS.

May be sung as a Solo or Duet to "Chorus."

Arr. from E. J. B. HOLDER.

1. I miss them now—those lit - tle feet, That used to come so oft; The lit - tle voice that used to speak, So sweet, so silv - 'ry soft, And now, when I am all a - lone, Engrossed in dai - ly cares, I list - en, but 'tis all in vain, For the "foot - steps on the stairs."
2. For when I read, or sing, or play, Or join in pleas - ures sweet, I seem to see her glad and gay, And miss those lit - tle feet, Oh, it is hard to think she's gone, With all her win - ning airs - To think I nev - er more shall hear, Her "foot - steps on the stairs."
3. Her gold - en curls still clus - ter round Her brow so white and clear; And on her face now pale and cold, I've shed full many a tear; The lids have droop'd o'er those blue eyes, Death's i-cy seal is theirs; 'Tis He that has for - ev - er hushed, Those "foot - steps on the stairs."
4. I know her feet are walk-ing now, The shin-ing streets of Heaven; I know that to the dear one's brow, A gold - en crown is given; I'm thankful that she is at rest, Safe from earth's sin - ful snares; Yet still I weep and pause to hear, The "foot - steps on the stairs."

p *Chorus.* *Ad lib.*

The footsteps on the stairs, The footsteps on the stairs, I listen, but 'tis all in vain, For the footsteps on the stairs;

LITTLE THINGS.

1. Who dares to scorn the meanest thing, The humblest weed that grows, While pleasure spreads its joyous wing On ev'ry breeze that blows!
2. From germs too small for mortal sight, Grow all things that are seen, Their floating par-ti-cles of light Weave nature's robe of green;
3. Small duties grow to mighty deeds, Small words to tho'ts of pow'r; Great forests spring from tiny seeds, As moments make the hour,

The simplest flow'r that hidden blooms, The lowest on the ground, Is lavish of its rare perfumes, And scatters sweetness round.
The motes that fill the sunny rays, Build ocean, earth and sky—The wondrous orbs that round us blaze, Are motes to Deity.
And life—howe'er it lowly grows, The essence to it giv'n, Like odor from the breathing rose, Floats evermore to heav'n.

THE TEMPEST.

For Bass or Alto voice.

From "Continental Vocalist's Glee Book."

1. We were crowded in the cab-in, Not a soul would dare to sleep; It was midnight on the
2. So we gathered there in silence, For the stout - est held his breath, While the angry waves were
3. But his lit-tle daugh - ter whispered, As she took his i - cy hand, "Isn't God up - on the

Ad lib. *A tempo.*

waters, And a storm was on the deep; 'Tis a fear - ful thing in win-ter, To be
rolling, And the break - - ers talked of death; And as thus we sat in darkness, Each one
o-cean, Just the same as on the land?" Then we kissed the lit - tle maiden, And we

Colla voce. *A tempo.*

shattered by the blast, And to hear the rattling trumpet thunder, Cut a - way the
bu-sy in his prayers, We are lost, the Captain shouted, As he staggered down the
spoke in bet-ter cheer,—And we an - - chored safe in harbor, When the morn was shin - ing

f

mast, And to hear the rat - tling trum - pet thun - der, Cut a - way the mast.
stairs, We are lost, the Cap - tain shout - ed, As he staggered down the stairs.
clear, And we an - chored safe in har - bor, When the morn was shin - ing clear.

May be sung as a Solo to "Chorus."

1. Why chime the bells so merrily, Why are we all so gay? It is because the New Year's come, The old has pass'd a - way.
2. The a-ged gaze up-on our mirth, And smile not like the rest; They sit in silence by the hearth, And seem with grief oppress'd.
3. Sing on, sing on then while we may, But pause to think the while, That, ere this year has passed away, We too may cease to smile;

Oh, can we look up - on the past, And feel no sor-row now; That thus we sing so joy-ous - ly, And smiles light every brow?
But we may now be blithe and gay, And still sing gai-ly on; The song shall be, the New Year's come, The Old Year's past and gone.
Yet we'll be hap-py as we go, And still keep singing on; The song shall be, &c.

Chorus.

Hail to the New Year! Hail to the New Year! Hail to the New Year! Hur - rah, hur-rah hur - rah!

AWAKE THE TUNEFUL SONG.

Lively. *Solo or Semi-Chorus.*

WORDS BY W. O. P.

1. A-wake the tune-ful song, And strike the joy-ful strings, We'll pour the notes a - long, Till heav'n with music rings.
2. With heart as light and gay As birds up-on the wing, We hail this mer-ry day, While cheer-i-ly we sing.
3. And when the gladsome time Shall come to meet a-gain, Our voi- ces all shall chime This hap-py, hap-py strain.

Chorus. 1st time *f*, 2d time *p*.

Bold - ly we chant the mer - ry cho - rus, Loud - ly in har-mo - ny our voi - ces ring.
Fond - ly we greet our friends be - fore us, Glad - ly our cheer-ful songs to them we bring.

1st time *f*, 2d time *pp*

Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,.... la la.

WELCOME TO MORNING.

WORDS BY M. B. C. SLADE.

From La Grande Duchesse.

1. The sun is ris - ing o'er the o - cean, The smil - ing wa - ters greet the day; And joy - ous winds, to danc - ing mo - tion, Wake the bil - lows of the bay. See where the clouds roll up the moun - tains; Night has her mist - y ban - ner furled; And, Rocked on the wa - ter's plac - id bos - om, Pure - ly the wa - ter lil - ies gleam. While Bright flow'rs, and streams, and birds of heav - en, In - cense and prais - es waft a - bove. From

2. The birds flit o'er the dew - y mead - ows, Or car - ol sweet, in branches high; While down the vales, the fright - ed sha - dows Has - ten from the dawn to fly.

3. Oh come! let clouds of grief and sad - ness Fly swift as shades of night a - way. Let all our hearts, like birds of glad - ness, Wel - come in the glad new day.

spring - ing from a thous - and foun - tains, Light and joy o'er - flow the world.
wil - low branch and bend - ing blos - som, Bid good - mor - row to the stream.
hearts and voi - ces now be giv - en Songs of praise, and joy, and love.

Chorus. A good effect may be produced by singing the melody of the chorus in unison.

m *fz* *fz* *fz*

Sunbeams of splendor the world are a - dorn-ing, Join in the cho - rus, the earth and o - cean sing

z *fz* *fz* Ritard.

Welcome the glo - ry, the sun-light, the morning; And make the joy - ous, joy - ous ech - oes ring

THE WORLD IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

Allegro.

1. Oh, call not this a vale of tears, A world of gloom and sor - row; One half the grief that
2. Did we but strive to make the best Of troub - les that be - fall us, In - stead of meet-ing
3. If truth and love and gen - tle words, We took the pains to nour-ish, The seeds of dis - con -

o'er us comes, From self we oft - en borrow. The earth is beau - ti - ful and good, How long will men mis -
cares half way, They would not so ap - pal us. Earth has a spell for loving hearts; Why should we seek to
- tent would die, And peace and comfort flourish. Oh, has not each some kind-ly tho't? Then let's at once a -

- take it? The fol - ly is with - in our-selves, The world is what we make it.
break it? Let's scat - ter flow'rs in - stead of thorns—The world is what we make it.
- wake it; Be - liev - ing that, for good or ill, The world is what we make it.

PARTING SONG.

Words by CYNTHIA E. MARSH.

1. At length the parting hour has come; For "Sixty-Eight"* the last. To this dear place we bid adieu, Where
2. But, as the closing hour draws near, The tho't that we must part With Teachers, Schoolmates, friends most dear, Makes
3. With Schoolmates dear no more we'll meet In this ac - customed place, But memory's tab - lets still will keep Each
4. We'll cher - ish long, O, teachers kind, Your efforts to im-part True knowledge that shall fill each mind, And

Chorus.

happy days have pass'd. Farewell, dear Schoolmates, friends, to you We say farewell, the last, To this dear place we
many a sorrowing heart. Farewell, dear Schoolmates, friends, to you We say farewell, the last, To this dear place we
bright and hap - py face. Farewell, dear Schoolmates, friends, to you We say farewell, the last, To this dear place we
bless with joy each heart. Farewell, dear Schoolmates, friends, to you We say farewell, the last, To this dear place we

bid a - dieu, Where hap - py days have pass'd.

* *Any other year may be substituted*

5. Oh! may the lessons gathered here
As years draw on, become
True Wisdom's crown upon the brow.
As o'er the world we roam. CHORUS.

6. And when life's lessons all are o'er,
Oh, may we meet to dwell
Around our Father's throne, no more
In heav'n to say "farewell."

(CHORUS FOR LAST VERSE.)

No more to say "farewell," dear friends,
No more to say "farewell,"
Around our Father's throne, no more
In heav'n to say "farewell."

Words by M. B. C. S.

VACATION SONG.

S. C. Foster.

1. Now a - gain, sound the strain, Raise a mer - ry song; For dancing o'er the sun - ny plain, Va - ca - tion comes a - long.
2. Oh! 'tis best, thus to rest, Working, now, no more; And we shall come with new-er zest, When hol - i - days are o'er,
3. Sha - dy nooks, hills and brooks, Call, with merry shout; They bid us put a - side our books. And gai - ly has - ten out.
4. When 'tis o'er, here, once more, Glad we'll hasten back. We'll stud - y hard - er than be-fore, For zeal we will not lack.

Toil is sweet, and stud - y dear, But don't you sure - ly know, That, if they last - ed all the year, We nev - er could think so?
Bright are learning's pleasant ways, But don't you sure - ly know, That, if we trod them all our days, We nev - er could think so?
Dear is this fa - mil - iar spot, But don't you sure - ly know, That, if va - cation cheered us not, We nev - er could think so?
Glad to greet our school we'll be; But don't you sure - ly know, But for va - cation's hours of glee, We nev - er could think so?

Chorus.

Come, scholars! come, teachers! join the mer-ry glee; Va - ca - tion-week is coming, now, the gay - est time for me!
Come, scholars! come, teachers join the mer-ry glee; Va - ca - tion-time is coming, now, the week of ju - bi - lee!

NOW COMES VACATION.

1. Fare - well to stud - y and to books, How fast the time is wing - ing; We soon shall to the
2. We hail a - gain this joy - ous day, For we are tired and wea - ry, The school-room with its
3. We'll roam a-mong the bright green fields, Where woods and flow'rs are springing, And where the stur - dy
4. And when va - ca - tion shall be o'er. We'll have a joy - ous meet - ing, Our teachers, schoolmates

Chorus.

woods a - way, And with the birds be sing - ing. Come let us haste a - way, Come let us
dai - ly toil, Is get - ting dull and drear - y. Come let us, etc.
hus-bandman, The "Har-vest Home" is bring - ing. Come let us, etc.
all shall meet, With each a hap - py greet - ing. Come let us, etc.

Repeat chorus for last stanza.

haste a - way; Sing - ing this fes - tal day, Now comes our glad va - ca - tion.

AWAY TO THE HILLS.

F. H. BROWN.

Cheerfully.

1. Come a - way to my home, my mountain home, Come a - way to the hills with me; In the wildwood green we'll free -ly roam, With our spir - its light and free. As light as the w[illegible]s we'll dance along, And gay shall our mu - sic be; Its tones shall ri -val the bird's sweet song, With its tune-ful mel - o - dy.

2. Oh! how sweet, and how clear the mountain air, While the morn - ing bree[illegible]es rise, And the ro - sy flush so bright and fair, That is spread o'e[illegible] eastern skies. The scene shall all [illegible]e like fair -y land; We'll rest by a sil - v'ry lake; Where fays are waiting for thy command, When the ro - sy morn shall break.

m

1 We'll garlands twine, of ros - es fine, That grow on the gen-tle hills ;
With thirst-y lip, the nec - tar sip From moun - tain's sparkling rills.
2 All day we'll dwell in gladsome dell, And joy shall un - ceasing be ;
When stars shine bright, by pale moonlight, I'll seek thy home with thee.

Hark ! hark ! 'tis the woods that
Hark ! hark ! 'tis the woods that

ff *p* *Cres.* *f*

shout ! rejoice ! Will you come, O, come to - day? And list ! 'tis the sound of their mer-ry voice, To the

To the hills, ... to the hills, ... to the hills, to the hills a - way.
Hil-li - ho ! ..... hil-li - ho ! ..... hil-li - ho ! hil-li - ho ! hil-li - ho !

hills, the hills a - way.

Yes, to the hills, yes, to the hills, yes, to the hills a - way.
Ho ! hil-li - ho ! ho ! hil-li - ho ! ho ! hil-li - ho ! hil-li - ho !

I'LL PADDLE MY OWN CANOE.

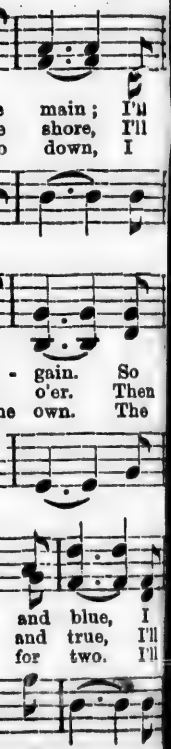
WORDS BY M. B. C. SLADE. M. CLIFTON.

May be sung as a Solo to "Chorus."

1. I'll tra - vel a - bout a deal in my time Down the riv - er, and o'er the main; I'll
2. I'll call to the lads a - sail - ing a - long, And the maidens that stray the shore, I'll
3. But oh! in the storm the hur - ri - cane's roar, Should the bark of my friend go down, I

see the glo - ry of ev - e - ry clime, And then I'll come home a - gain. So
sing the bil - lows an ech - o - ing song, When beau - ti - ful day is o'er. Then
al - ways, glad-ly, will reach him an oar, And draw him with - in mine own. The

gay is the sea, and the wind is so free, The sky is so clear and blue, I
gaz - ing a - far, to the won - der - ful star That stead - i - ly shines, and true, I'll
strength that will serve in the sun - shine for one, Shall serve in the storm for two. I'll

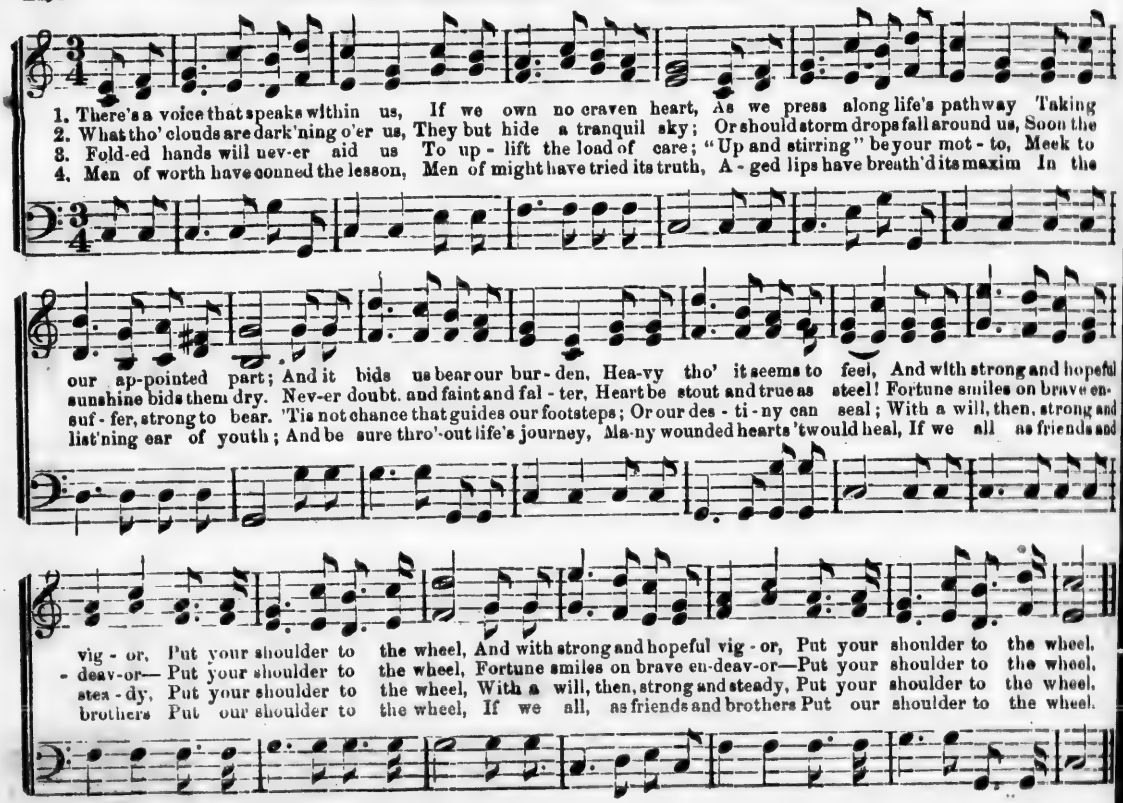


know if I try, o'er the wave I shall fly, And pad - dle my own ca - noe.
peace - ful - ly float, rocked a - sleep in my boat, Or, pad - dle my own ca - noe.
lend him a hand, and I'll bring him to land, Then,—pad - dle my own ca - noe.

Chorus.

I'll love my neigh - bor as my - self, As the world I go trav - el - ing through; But

nev - er de - pend on the arm of a friend To pad - dle my own ca - noe.


1. There's a voice that speaks within us, If we own no craven heart, As we press along life's pathway Taking
2. What tho' clouds are dark'ning o'er us, They but hide a tranquil sky; Or should storm drops fall around us, Soon the
3. Fold-ed hands will nev-er aid us To up - lift the load of care; "Up and stirring" be your mot - to, Meek to
4. Men of worth have conned the lesson, Men of might have tried its truth, A - ged lips have breath'd its maxim In the
our ap-pointed part; And it bids us bear our bur - den, Hea-vy tho' it seems to feel, And with strong and hopeful
sunshine bids them dry. Nev-er doubt, and faint and fal - ter, Heart be stout and true as steel! Fortune smiles on brave en-
suf - fer, strong to bear. 'Tis not chance that guides our footsteps; Or our des - ti - ny can seal; With a will, then, strong and
list'ning ear of youth; And be sure thro'-out life's journey, Ma-ny wounded hearts 'twould heal, If we all as friends and
vig - or, Put your shoulder to the wheel, And with strong and hopeful vig - or, Put your shoulder to the wheel.
- deav-or— Put your shoulder to the wheel, Fortune smiles on brave en-deav-or—Put your shoulder to the wheel.
stea - dy, Put your shoulder to the wheel, With a will, then, strong and steady, Put your shoulder to the wheel.
brothers Put our shoulder to the wheel, If we all, as friends and brothers Put our shoulder to the wheel.

1. 'Tis sweet at ear - ly morn, When balm-y breez - es play, And toss the pearl - y dew From
2. At noon-tide hour 'tis sweet, When weighty cares sur - round, To shun the bu - sy world, And
3. Not less at e - ven - tide, In syl - van sha - ded bow'rs, Where zeph-yrs gen - tly waft The
4. So in our hap - py homes, Hath mu - sic charms for all, In childhood, or in youth, Or

Sweet strains to hear, From voi - ces clear,
Of those we love, Who gen - tly move
Sweet peace and love, O'er dear ones move,
A ho - ly calm, A heav'n - ly balm,

spark - ling leaf - y spray; Sweet strains to hear, From voi - ces clear, To
hear the hap - py sound Of those we love, Who gen - tly move The
por - fume of the flow'rs; Sweet peace and love, O'er dear ones move, By
when the gray hairs fall; A ho - ly calm, A heav'n-ly balm, A -

ush - er in the day: Sweet strains to hear, From voi - ces clear, To ush - er in the day.
chords where peace is found: Of those we love, Who gen - tly move The chords where peace is found.
mus - ic's mag - ic pow'r: Sweet peace and love, O'er dear ones move, By mus - ic's mag - ic pow'r.
- like for great and small: A ho - ly calm, A heav'n-ly balm, A - like for great and small.

1. Hail to thee, queen of the si - lent night, Shine clear, shine bright, yield thy pen - sive light;
2. Dart thy pure beams from thy throne on high, Beam on through sky, robed in a - zure dye,

Blithe - ly we'll dance in thy sil - ver ray, Hap - pi - ly pass - ing the hours a - way;
We'll laugh and sport while the night - bird sings, Flap - ping the dew from his sa - ble wings;

Must we not love the still - y night, Dressed in her robes of blue and white? Heaven's arches ring,
Sprites love to sport in still moonlight, Play with the pearls of sha-dowy night; Then let us sing.

Stars wink and sing, Hail, si - lent night. Fair - y moon - light, fair - y
Time's on the wing, Hail, si - lent night. Fair - y moon - light, fair - y

moon - light. Fair - y, fair - y, fair - y moon - light, Fair - y

Fair - y moon - - - - - light,

Ritard.

moon - light, fair - y moon - light, Fair - y, fair - y, fair - y moon - light.

Fair - y moon - light, Fair - y moon - - - - - light.

1. I love the bright, the beau - ti - ful, Where - ev - er it is found, The beau - ti - ful is
2. I find it in the vi - o - let That lifts its ti - ny, head Where fall - en twigs and
3. I hear it in the mu - sic soft That floats from hill and dale, Which ech - oes from the
4. I feel it when with care I trace Minds soar - ing wisdom's steep, Where fair - est buds of

eve - ry-where, We find it all a - round. It cov - ers all the broad, broad earth; It
dew - y grass Yield to the rab - bit's tread. I see it in the sum - mer's pride, The
bird's sweet notes, And floats on eve - ry gale. And in the streamlet's danc - ing tide It
ge - nius blow For earn - est hearts to reap. Yes! beau-ties vast, un - search - a - ble Are

spar-kles in the sky; It flut - ters in the fall - ing leaf, And breathes in autumn's sigh.
rose of crim - son hue, That wild - ly spreads its pet - als, fraught With per-fume, to our view.
murmurs ceaseless - ly, Ah! eve - ry - thing that mu - sic breathes Is beau - ti - ful to me.
tossed on Life's great sea; And ma - ny, ma - ny price - less gems Float to the shore for me.

THE LITTLE FAIRIES.*

Words from the "Corporal," by M. B. C. Slade.

1. Do you think there are no fair - ies? Do you think the Fair - y Queen On mid-sum - mer night no - where is In the moonlight to be seen? Hear the sto - ry we are telling, Ten with us are al - ways dwell - ing, Ere our song has ceased its swell - ing, You shall see them,—by and by.
2. In sweet sum - mer when the air is Full of fra - grance of th'flowers, Then our bu - sy lit - tle fair - ies Seek the sha - dy dells and bow'rs, And they bring us pret - ty po-sies, Li - lies, vi - o - lets, and ros - es, Ere our fair - y sto - ry clos - es, You shall see them,—by and by.
3. When the au - tumn days of glo - ry Ripened fruits in clus-ters fling, Then the fair - ies of our sto - ry Grapes and ap - ples to us bring. And when soft, white snows are falling, At the mer-ry children's call - ing, They will join the gay snow - ball - ing, You shall see them,—by and by.
4. That kind works of love and du - ty, In the home and in the school, Are the on - ly way of beau - ty, Is our fair - ies' gold-en rule. In what - ev - er work their share is, More and more we hope their care is, To be faith - ful lit - tle fair - ies,—You shall see them,—by and by.
5. Soft - ly sound our tune - ful num-bers, For they now are drawing near, Wak-ing up from qui - et slumbers, Soon our fair - ies shall ap - pear. Now each queen will forward bring hers, Not a sin - gle fair - y lin - gers! They are—just our ten white fing - ers! Don't you see them danc - ing by?

* At the closing couplet let all the hands unclasp, and all the fingers twirl about, raised high above the head.

Duett.
Vivace.

1. We are merry, mer - ry mountain maids, Roaming gai - ly thro' the glades, 'Neath the pine trees,
2. We are loved, and we love too, (Just as youths and maidens do,) Mothers you have

by the stream, Life to us a hap - py dream; Sweet notes from the woodland sound,
done the same, So 'tis useless now to blame, Hark! a foot - step,— some one's near—

pp

Gold - en sunbeams fall a - round, Play - ful breezes as we go, Thro' our waving
Yes! 'tis he— what brought him here? Strange it is where'er we stray, Sure 'tis in each

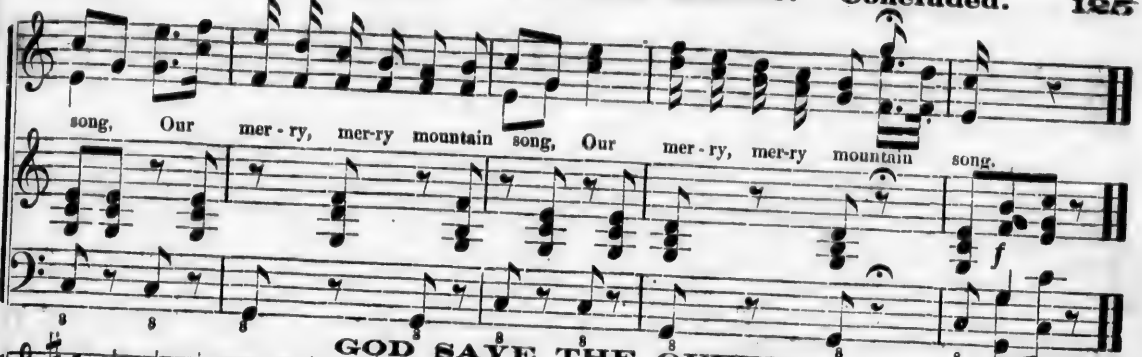
tress - es blow; In our hearts the sunbeams play, Light as air we take our way,
oth - er's way; Now a mer ry, mer-ry youth and maid, We are roam - ing though the glade,

rit. CHORUS.

Singing as we trip a - long, Our mer-ry, mer - ry, mountain song. Sing - ing,
Singing as we stroll a - long, Our mer-ry mer-ry mountain song.

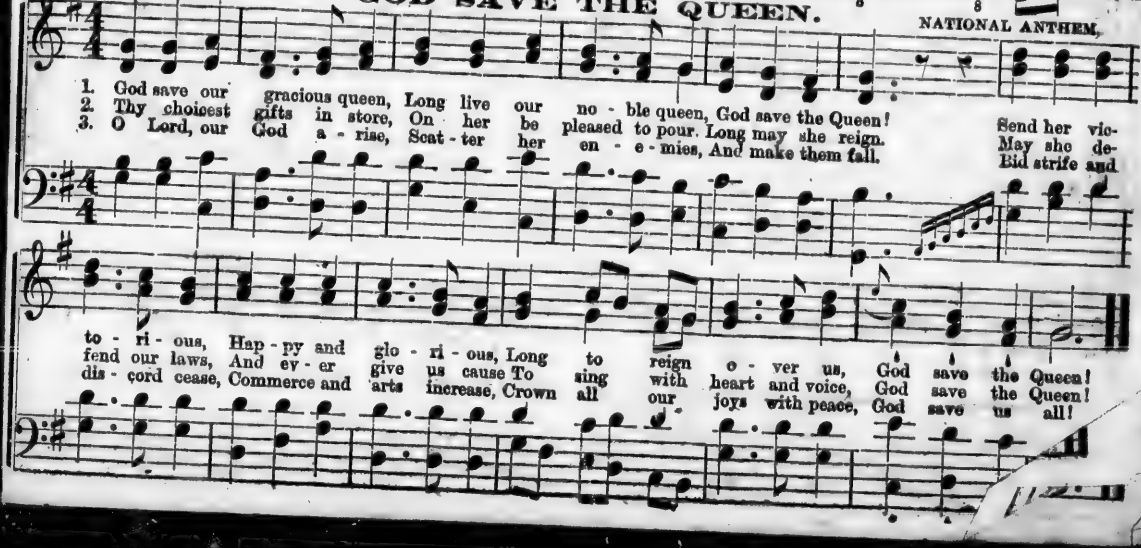
Sf

sing - ing our merry, merry mountain song, Sing - ing, sing - ing our merry, mer-ry mountain



GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.



RULE, BRITANNIA!

Words by JAMES THOMPSON. Music by Dr. ARNE.

1. When Bri - tain first at Heaven's command, A - rose ..... from out the a - zure main,
2. The na - tions not so blest as thee, Must In..... their turn to ty - rants fall,
3. The Mu - ses still with free - dom found, Shall to..... thy happy coast re - pair,

1. When Britain first at heaven's command, Arose from out the a - zure main,
2. The nations not so blest as thee, Must in their turn to ty - rants fall,
3. The Muses still with free - dom found Shall to thy happy coast re - pair,

A - rose, a - rose, a - rose from out the a - zure main, This was the charter, the charter of the land, And
Must in their turn to tyrants fall, to tyrants fall, Whilst thou shall flourish, shall flourish great and free, The
Shall to thy happy coast, shall to thy coast repair, Blest isle of beauty, with matchless beauty crowned, And

A - rose from out the a - zure main,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Thy hap-py, hap - py coast re - pair,

pp 1st time, ff 2d time.

guardian an - gels sang this strain: Rule, Britannia! Bri-tan - nia rule the waves! Britons nev - er shall be slaves!
dread and en - vy of them all. Rule, &c.
manly hearts to guard the fair. Rule, &c.

MY COUNTRY'S PLEASANT STREAMS.

Words by Hon. JOSEPH HOWE.

Music by W. B. NORTON.

1. In joy and gladness on ye go! My country's pleasant streams, And oft through scenes as fair ye flow, As bless the po - et's dreams, From hills where state - ly for - ests rear Their heads the breeze to brave, From dark morass or fountain clear, You roll to o - cean's wave.
2. The no - ble lakes your strength sup - ply, And now the crystal spring, Where, un - disturbed, the wild - birds fly, Or bathe the weary wing. Through nar - row gorg - es here you foam, There down the val - ley rove, Like youths who leave a quiet home, The world's delights to prove.
3. A thousand ceaseless hymns of praise, With mu - sic in each tone, In mys - tic har - mony you raise, And heard by God a - lone. But though to us it is not given The blend - ed song to know, Sweet sounds, that have the air of heaven, De - light us as ye go.
4. The gran - ite cliff its shadow flings Far down in - to the tide; To deck your banks the flow'r - et springs, And scents you as ye glide. As through the spreading in - ter - vales Your de - vious course you steer, The wav - ing grain your pas - sage hails, And flocks and herds ap - pear.
5. And there the graceful elms are found—Your own pe - cu - liar tree; And there stout hearted men a - bound—The hap - py and the free. And childhood's mer - ry laugh is heard, A - long the hills to float, As by the gen - tle breezes stirred, You waft his ti - ny boat.
6. Where youthful forms at eve re - pose, And tales of pas - sion tell, While beauty's cheek more beauteous grows, And snow - y bo - soms swell; In joy and gladness there ye go, My country's pleasant streams; And oft through scenes as fair ye flow As bless the po - et's dreams.

ALL HAIL TO THE DAY.

Words by Hon. JOSEPH HOWE.

J. B. NORTON.

Lively.

1. All hail to the day when the Britons came o - ver, And planted their standard with sea foam still wet; A - round and a - bove us their spir - its will hov - er, Re - joicing to mark how we honor it yet, Be - neath it the emblems they cherished are waving, The rose of old England the roadside perfumes, The
2. In the temples they founded, their faith is maintained, Ev'ry foot of the soil they bequeathed is still ours, The graves where they moulder, no foe has profaned: But we wreathe them with verdure, and strew them with flow'rs! The blood of no brother, in civ - il strife poured, In this hour of rejoicing, encumbers our souls! The
3. Then hail to the day! 'tis with memories crowded, De - lightful to trace thro' the mists of the past, Like features of beauty, be - witch - ing - ly shrouded, They shine thro' the shadows time o'er them has cast. As trav - el - lers track, to its source in the mountains, The stream, which, far swelling, expands o'er the plains, Our
4. And proudly we trace them: no war - ri - or fly - ing From cit - y as - saulted and fanes overthrown, With the last of his race on the bat - tlements dy - ing, And weary with wandering founded our own. From the Queen of the Islands, then famous in story, A cen - tu - ry since our brave fore-fathers came, Our
5. Ev'ry flash of her genius our pathway enlightens—Ev'ry field she explores, we are beckoned to tread, Each lau - rel she gath - ers, our fu - ture day brightens—We joy with her living, and mourn for her dead, Then hail to the day! when the Britons came o - ver, And planted their standard with sea-foam still wet! A -

shamrock and thistle the north winds are braving, Se - cure - ly the may-flow - er blushes and blooms.
frontier's the field for the pa - tri - ot's sword, And cursed is the weapon that faction con - trols!
hearts, on this day fondly turn to the fountains Whence flowed the warm current that bound in our veins.
kindred yet fill the wide world with her glory, En - larg - ing her empire, and spreading her name.
bove and around us their spirits shall hover, Re - joic - ing to mark how we hon - or it yet.

CHORUS.
Lively.

Hail to the day when the Bri - tons came o - ver, And planted their standard with sea - foam still wet. A-

round and a - bove us their spirits will hov - er, Re - joic - ing to mark how we honor it yet, Will hon - or it yet, will

ALL HAIL TO THE DAY. Concluded.

Rit.

ho - nor it yet, The flag of old England, The flag of old England, The flag of old England, We'll honor it yet.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

Words by J. A. BELL.
Allegro.

J. B. N.

1. In days of old when George was king on Briton's honored throne, Our fa - thers came to
2. From Al - bion's white-cliffed shores they came, and verdant E - rin's strand, From Sco - tia's, heathered
3. They came not forced by despots' acts, to leave a cherished home,— 'Twas en - terprise, or
4. We boast not of the deeds they wrought, to jus - ti - fy our pride; We know that in the
5. And England's Rose will bloom for us, by E - rin's Shamrock green, And Scotland weave her

seek the land we fond - ly call our own, A hundred years a - go and more, their
hills, and some from Ger - man fa - ther - land; A stalwart host of ar - ti - sans, and
love of change, that tempted them to roam; And still to Britain, weal or woe, as
land they chose, they lived, and toiled, and died; They left us all a her - it - age of
This - tle leaves, their friendly stems between; But for herself, A - ca - dia's sons, a

ships came o'er the sea, But we will keep a place for them a - lone in mem - o - ry.
vet' - rans fresh from war, With stur - dy limbs and hopeful hearts they sought their home a - far.
Brit - ons they were true; The old home kept one - half their love, and half they gave the new.
in - sti - tu - tions free, Time - honored laws and e - qual rights, the fruits of lib - er - ty.
gar - land shall pro - duce, En - twined of emblems all her own—the Mayflower and the Spruce.

And eve - ry year the day we claim more dear to us shall grow. In the month of June when our fathers came, A

long time a - go, In the month of June when our fathers came, A long time a - go.

THE BANNER OF THE SEA.

B. COVERT.

1. Of all the flags that float aloft O'er Neptune's gallant tars, That wave on high in victo-ry, Above the sons of Mars, Give us the flag, old England's flag, The emblem of the free, Whose flashing cross blaz'd thro' our wars, For Truth and Liberty.
2. Beneath its folds we fear no foe, Our hearts shall never quail, With bosoms bare the storm we'll dare, And brave the battle gale: And tho' the cannon plow our decks, The planks with gore run red, Still thro' the fray our flag alway, Shall gleam far over-head.
3. On ev'ry wave, to ev'ry shore, Old England's flag shall go, And thro' all time its fame sublime With brighter hues shall glow, For England's standard is our flag, Its guardians, Briton's sons, And woe betide th'insulter's pride, When we unloose our guns.
4. Its en-emies our own shall be, Upon the land or main; Its starry light shall gild the fight, And guide our iron rain, Nor foreign pow'r or treason's arts Shall shake our patriot love, While with our life, in peace or strife, We'll keep that flag above.

Ad lib.

Repeat Chorus for last stanza.

CHORUS.

Then dip it, lads, in ocean's brine, And give it three times three, And fling it out, 'mid song and shout, The Banner of the sea.

PARTING SONG

OF THE PUPILS AND TEACHERS OF THE PROV. NORMAL SCHOOL, FOR THE TERM ENDING, MARCH 1869.

Words by R. B. MACK.

J. B. NORTON.

1. Swiftly glide the happy days; Spent in wisdom's pleasant ways; Quick - ly pass like visions bright, These fond seasons of delight; But tho' past, they do not fade, Far too deep the impress made, Time's rude hand can ne'er efface, Lines such skilfull sculptor's trace.
2. Here with earn - est hearts we came, Aim and motives all the same; Soon, ah, soon we must a - way, Du - ty will not brook de - lay, Sad - ly here we bid a - dieu Their advice was heeded well. kind and true; Oh, that com - ing time may tell
3. Fel - low students we must part, But we'll go with cheerful heart, Buckling on our ar - mor bright, Hence to bat - tle for the right. No - bly let us la - bor on, Till life's latest hour is gone, Then may all u - nite once more, On the blest e - ter - nal shore.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Words by THOMAS MOORE.

Andante.

cres.

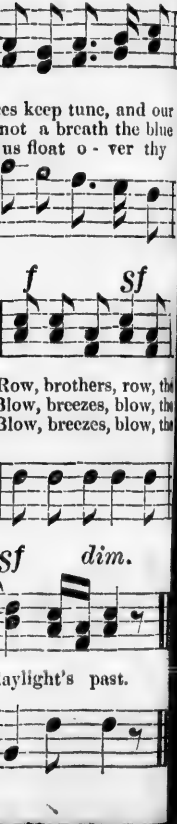
1. Faintly as tolls the evening chime, Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time, Our voices keep tune, and our
2. Why should we yet our sail unfurl? There is not a breath the blue wave to curl, There is not a breath the blue
3. Ut - a-wa's tide! this trembling moon Shall see us float o - ver thy surges soon, Shall see us float o - ver thy

Dim. *Cres.* *dim.* *f* *Sf*

oars keep time. Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at Saint Ann's our parting hymn. Row, brothers, row, the
wave to curl! But, when the wind blows off the shore, Oh! sweetly we'll rest our wea - ry oar. Blow, breezes, blow, the
surg - es soon, Saint of this green Isle! hear our pray'rs, O, grant us cool heav'ns and fav'ring airs! Blow, breezes, blow, the

Sf *f* *dim* *Sf* *dim.*

stream runs fast, the Rapids are near, and the daylight's past, The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.



1. First of May, clear the way, Bas - kets, bar - rows, trundles,
Take good care, mind the ware, Bet - ty, where's the bundles? } Pots and kettles,
2. Now we start, mind the cart, Shov - els, Bed - clothes, bedding;
On we go, soft and slow, Like a beg - gar's wedding; } Jointed stools, do-
3. Now we've got to the spot, Bel - lows, bu - reau, set - tee,
Rope un - tie, mind your eye, Pray be care - ful, Bet - ty; } Look, what's there,
4. Hark! what noise, girls and boys, Haul - ing all things o - ver,
All a - stounded, head con - founded, Sav - age as a rov - er; } Such a clashing,

broken victuals, feather beds, plaster heads, Looking glasses, two matrasses, Spoons and ladles, babies' cradles,
mes-tic tools, chairs unbacked, cradles cracked, Gridiron black, spit and jack, Trammel hooks, musty books,
broken ware, decanters smashed, china crashed, Pickles spoiled, carpets soiled, Sideboards scratched, cups unmatched,
and a smashing, ripping, splitting, pulling, hitting, Babies crying, women flying, All a - bout in the rout.

Cups and saucers, salts and castors, Hur - ry, scurry, grave and gay, All must trudge the first of May.
Old po - tatoes, ven - ti lators, Hur - ry, scurry, grave and gay, All must trudge the first of May.
Emp - ty casks, broken flasks, Hur - ry, scurry, grave and gay, Get you gone the first of May.
Wits quite hazy, raving, crazy, Hur - ry, scurry, grave and gay, Such a bedlam first of May.

Words by J. E. CARPENTER.

IN THE STARLIGHT. Duet.

Music by STEPHEN GLOVER.

1. In the starlight, in the starlight, Let us wan - der, gay and free, For there's nothing in the woods w
2. In the starlight, in the starlight, At the day-light's dew - y close, When the nightin - gale is breez -

p Decres.

day - light half so dear to you and me; Like the fai - ries, in the shad - ow of the song;
sing - ing his last love song to the rose, In the calm clear night of sum - mer, when the way;

p rit.

s nothing in the
nightin-gale is

- ow of the
- mer, when the

woods we'll steal a - long, And our sweetest lays we'll war-ble, for the night was made for
breez - es soft - ly play, From the glit - ter of our dwelling, we will gen - tly steal a -

Dim.

Cres.

song;.....When none are by to list - en, or to chide us in our glee. In the
way; Where the silv'-ry wa - ters mur-mur, by the mar - gin of the sea. In the

A tempo.

rit.

IN THE STARLIGHT. Concluded.

Decres.

star - light, in the star - light, let us wan - der gay and free, In the starlight, In the starlight— let us
star - light, in the star - light, we will wan-der gay and free. In the starlight, In the starlight— we will

Cres. *sf*

wander, let us wander— In the star - light, In the starlight, let us wander gay and free.
wander, in the starlight, In the star - light, In the starlight, we will wander gay and free.

A tempo.

Cres.

A tempo.

SING ME AN ENGLISH SONG.

W. T. WRIGHTON.

1. Sing me an English song, With words kind, sweet and true; For on - ly such as you would speak Should e'er be sung by you. For on - ly such as you would speak Should e'er be sung by you. Your voice has al- - ways charm'd me, What e'er its tones express'd, But when you sing an English song; I love its accents best.
2. What tho' the lay be old, And often heard be - fore. If mem'ry echo to its tones, 'Twill only please me more, If mem'ry ech - o to its tones. 'Twill on - ly please me more. Then keep all fi - ner mu - sic, To charm some bril - liant throng; But when you sing for me alone, Give me an English song.

Fine.

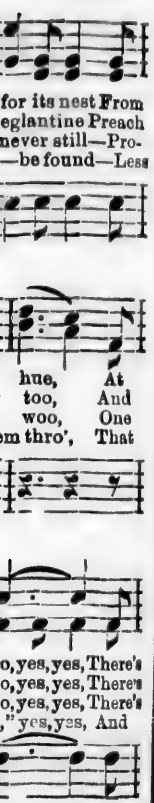
D.C.

D.C.

1. The blackbird ear - ly leaves its nest To meet the smil-ing morn, And gath er fragments for its nest From
2. The cow-slip and the spreading vine, The dai - sy in the grass The snow-drop and the eglantine Preach
3. The plan - ets, at their Mak-er's will, Move on -ward in their cars, For nature's wheel is never still—Pro-
4. Who then can sleep, when all around Is ac - tive, fresh, and free? Shall man—cre-ation's lord—be found—Less

up - land, wood, and lawn. The bu - sy bee that wings its way 'Mid sweets of va - ried hue, At
ser- mons as we pass, The ant, deep hid - den in the ground, Would bid us la - bor too, And
- gress - ive as the stars! The leaves that flut - ter in the air, And summer's bree-zes woo, One
bu - sy than the bee? Our courts and al - leys are the field, If men would search them thro', That

ev' - ry flow'r would seem to say—"There's work enough to do," There's work e - nough to do, yes, yes, There's
writes up - on its tiny mound—"There's work enough to do," There's work e - nough to do, yes, yes, There's
sol-emn truth to man declare—"There's work enough to do," There's work e - nough to do, yes, yes, There's
best, the sweets of la - bor yield, And "work e - nough to do," And "work e - nough to do," yes, yes, And



work e - nough to do, yes, yes, At ev' - ry flow'r would seem to say—"There's work e-nough to do."
work e - nough to do, yes, yes, And writes up-on its tiny mound, "There's work e-nough to do."
work e - nough to do, yes, yes, One solemn truth to all declare—"There's work e-nough to do."
work e - nough to do, yes, yes, That best, the sweets of la - bor yield, And "work e-nough to do."

BRIGHT, BRIGHT WATER.

H. F. WIGHT.

1. Bright, bright wa - ter, Sparkling and free; Dancing and leaping So joy-ous - ly. Bright, pure wa-ter.
2. Laugh- ing wa - ter! Bursting to light. In the pure fountain—Beau-ti-ful sight! Gurgling in coolness
3. Soft its rippling O'er mossy stones; Making sweet music 'Neath the pine cones, Now it grows colder,
4. Health in its coolness—Nerve in its light; Brain clear and tranquil, True, steady sight, Sound mind to reason,

Foaming in glee, That is the best drink For you and for me, That is the best drink For you and for me.
Down in the glen, Best drink of all drinks—Drink, drink a- gain, Best drink of all drinks—Drink, drink a - gain.
Dash-ing a - long,—Best drink of all drinks—Praise it in song, Best drink of all drinks—Praise it in song.
Men-tal pow'rs strong, Best drink of all drinks—Pass it a- long, Best drink of all drinks—Pass it a - long.

Allegro.

WELCOME TO SPRING.

Words by L. J. W. & M. B. C. A.

f *p*

1. Bright Spring is now ap - pear - ing, The earth with beauty cheer- ing, While sweet - ly falls the gen-
Stern Winter's thrall is bro - ken, All things on earth be - to - ken That flow'r - y spring has come
2. Sweet buds and flow'rs are springing, Their wealth of fragrance fling-ing O'er hill and vale and shi-
With all her thousand voi - ces, The wakened earth re- joi - ces That flow'r - y Spring has come

1st time. 2d time. *f*

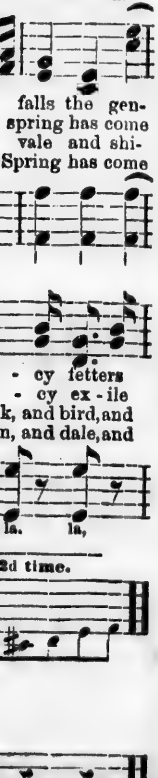
- - - - - - tle rain; } { The brooks with joy are bounding From i - - cy fetters
..... a - - gain; } { The birds a-gain re - turn - ing, Their i - - cy ex - ile
- - - - - - ning shore, } { And sweet - ly swelling o'er us, From brook, and bird, and
..... once more; } { In grand triumphant cho - rus, Fair stream, and dale, and

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

p

1st time. 2d time.

free, While flowing on with cheerful song, To mingle with the sea;
o'er, On sprightly wing they gai - ly sing, As high a - bove they soar.
bee, Har - monious sound is floating round, Of wondrous mel - o - dy;
glen With one glad voice, all sing re-joice! Glad Spring has come a - - - - - gain!



WELCOME TO SPRING. Concluded.

These eight measures may be omitted, if thought best.

m

In the dark clouds still hid - ing,
With the loud thun - der roar - ing,
Na - ture's new gifts are teem - ing,
Tho' fast thy days are fleet - ing,

On the wild tem - pest rid - ing,—
Down the fresh rain is pour - ing;
New joy and beau - ty bring - ing;
Take now our joy - ous greet - ing.

f *p*

Ah!..... A - gain the sun ap - pear - ing,
From graceful post-ure bend - ing,
Ah!..... Oh! fair and joy - ous com - et,
When o'er the southern mountains,

Thro' flee - cy clouds ca - reer - ing,
The flow'rs their fragrance send - ing,
Bright herald of the Summer,
To wake the slumb'ring fountains

Cheers all the
A - rise a -
Our hearts shall
The love - ly

earth with gold - - en light;
- gain in beau - - ty bright.
sing a wel - - come song,
Spring flies swift..... a - long.

ff Rit.

Hail, joy - ous Spring! all hail to thee!
Hail, joy - ous Spring! all hail to thee!

1. A lit - tle boy went out to shoot, one day, And carried his arrows and bow, For guns are dan-ger - ous
2. "Just wait," said the boy, "till I'm near enough, And see if I don't shoot you thro'," "D'ye think," said th' bird, "that I'm
3. The lit - tle boy drew up his bow to his eye, And aim'd it right straight for a - while! The lit - tle bird laugh'd, and

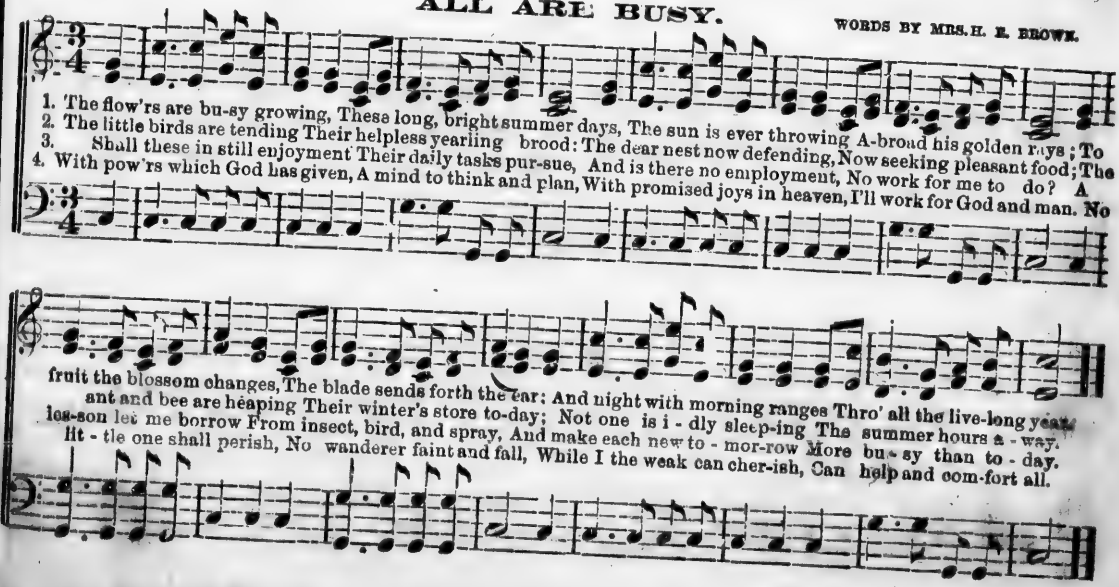
playthings, they say, In th' hands of small children, you know; A lit - tle bird sat on a cher - ry tree, And
not up to snuff, To sit and be shot at by you? I think you are real - ly too kind, dear sir, An
away he did fly, "A miss is as good as a mile." The lit - tle boy threw down his bow and cried, The

whis - tled and said, "no, you cant shoot me," Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuck-
ar - row is not to my mind, dear sir." Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuck-
lit - tle bird laugh'd 'till it al - most died. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuck-

THE BOY AND CUCKOO. Concluded.

ALL ARE BUSY.

WORDS BY MRS. H. E. BROWN.



MAKING HAY.

WORDS BY EMILY H. MILLER.
From "Our Young Folks," by permission.

Allegretto.

1. The east is ro - sy with the day, The mist-y shad-ows float a-way, And down among the corn, I hear The
2. With steady stroke, and clanging peal, The mowers whet the gleaming steel, And fast before the swing-ing blade, In
3. Red li - lies in the grass a-blow, Among the clo - vers dropping low; And children run with ea - ger feet, To
4. No speck is on the shin-ing blue, The thirsty sun drinks up the dew; While far and wide with lusty shout, The

Chorus.

quails are pip - ing loud and clear, so loud and clear. Tra, la, la, tra, la, la, tra, la, la, Tra, la
fragrant swaths the grass is laid, the grass is laid.
bind them in a gar-land sweet, a gar - land sweet.
mow-ers toss the hay a - bout, the hay a - bout.

la, tra, la, la, tra, la, la, O who will go with us to - day. To the mead-ows mak - ing hay?

THE GOLDEN RULE.

I. J. ZIMMERMAN.

1. The gold - en rule, the gold - en rule, O that's the law for me! Were this the law for all the world, How hap - py we should be!
2. We love our fa - thers,—moth-ers, too, Whose love our life at - tends; We love our broth - ers, sis - ters, too, Our teach-ers and our friends,
3. The gold - en rule! then would no war Be known in an - y land, If each one sought the oth - er's good, And loved the Lord's com - mand.
4. Were this the rule, in har - mo - ny, Our lives would pass a - way, And none would suf - fer, none be poor, And none their trust be - tray.

Chorus.

The gold - en rule, the gold - en rule, O that's the law for me! To do to oth - ers as I would That they should do to me.

Repeat chorus for the last stanza.

From the "Sabbath School Trumpet."

HOW BEAUTIFUL IS THE SEA.

p Allegretto.

1. How beau - ti - ful is the sea When the sun is shin - ing bright And
2. How beau - ti - ful is the sea At night,, when Cyn - thi - a's beam Re -

p

ev - e - ry wave that bounds, Is spark - ling in the light! How
- flects far o'er the waves, A glitt' - ring sil - ver stream! How

Fine.

beau - ti - ful is the sea,... When the sun is shin - ing bright, And
beau - ti - ful is the sea,... At night, when Cyn - thi - a's beam Re -

ev - e - ry wave that bounds, Is spark - ling in the light! When
- flects far o'er the waves, A glitt' - ring sil - ver stream! 'Tis

eve - ry breeze that blows Up - on the peb - bly strand, Comes
then that I would glide Up - on thy tran - quil breast, While

bound - ing o'er the deep, From ma - ny a dis - tant land.
all thy storms are hush'd So peace - ful - ly to rest.

D. C.

GEOGRAPHY SONG.

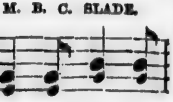
WORDS BY M. B. C. SLADE.

1. Oh! have you heard Ge - og - ra - phy sung? For if you've not, it's on my tongue; A-bout the Earth in
2. All o'er the earth are wa - ter and land; Beneath the ships, or where we stand; And far be - yond the
3. All o'er the globe some cir - cles are found; From east to west they stretch a-round, Some go from north to
4. Oh! don't you think 'tis pleasant to know A - bout the sea and land just so? And how the lines the

Chorus.

air that's hung, All cov-ered with green, lit - tle is - lands. Oceans, gulfs, and bays, and seas; Channels and straits,
o - cean strand Are thousands of green, lit - tle is - lands. Con - tinents and capes there are, Isthmus and then
southern bound, Right o - ver the green, lit - tle is - lands. Great e-qua-tor, trop-ics two, Lat-itude lines.
cir - cles go, Right o - ver the green, lit - tle is - lands. Now you hear how we can sing; This is, to-day

sounds, if you please; Great Ar - chi - pel - a - goes, too, and all these Are covered with green, lit-tle is - lands.
pe - nin - su - la, Mountain and val - ley, and shore, stretching far, And thousands of green, lit-tle is - lands.
lon - gi - tude, too, Cold po - lar cir - cles, and all these go thro' The thousands of green, lit-tle is - lands.
all we can bring. Come a - gain soon, and then you shall hear sung The names of the green, lit- tle is - lands.



out the Earth in
far be - yond the
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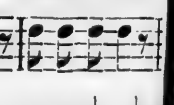
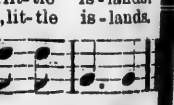
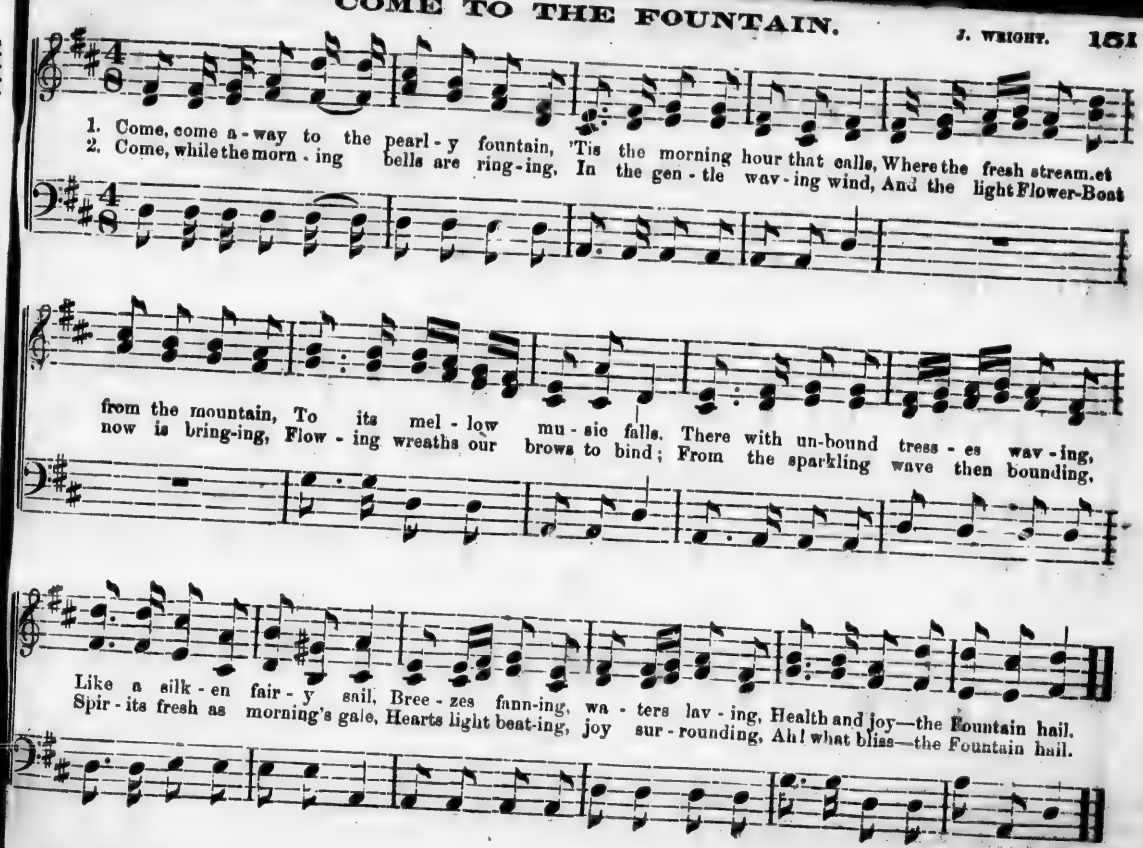
Channels and straits,
e, Isthmus and then
Lat - itude lines.
; This is, to-day



, lit-tle is - lands.
, lit-tle is - lands.
lit-tle is - lands.
, lit-tle is - lands.



COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.



SUMMER EVENING.

ARR. FROM ABT.

1. Swans with proud wings sail light - ly O'er the blue rippling tide; While the glad waves shin - ing
2. In the bright glow of e - ven, Flow'rs their beau - ties out - pour; Sil - ver shells ra - diant as
3. Calm thro' life let us wan - der, Blest in each oth - er's sight; May storms ne'er part us a -

bright - ly, In foam break and smil - ing sub - side, Let us lend songs, yes, lend songs of re - joic - ing, At
heav - en, Like earth-stars a - dorn the green shore. Let us lend songs, yes, lend songs of re - joic - ing, At
- sun - der, And may we in blossoms de - light. Let us lend songs, yes, lend songs of re - joic - ing, At

na- ture's calm re - pose; Let us give praise, yes, give praise and glad voicing, 'Till star-light the dy - ing day close.

WILLIE AND BIRDIE.

1. I wish I war a bird - ie, How quickly would I fly Away from school and study, Up to the bright blue
2. The stars I first would vis - it, That twinkle in the night; And then I'd find what is it That makes them shine so
3. O, no, says lit - tle bird - ie, You can-not fly with me Away from school and study, The twinkling stars to
4. Be pa- tient in well - do - ing, And mind what el-ders say; Faithful each task pur-su - ing, This is the bet-ter

sky. I'd stop to ask no questions, If it were right, or wrong, But bid good bye to lessons, And mount with merry song.
bright, They look like mama's diamonds That sparkle in her ring: And if they are as good ones, A few of them I'll bring.
see. You never would be hap- py With duties left undone: Let all your tasks be finished, Before from work you run.
way, When for life's close you're ready, And lessons all are o'er, Then far beyond poor birdie, Your spirit free will soar.

Chorus.

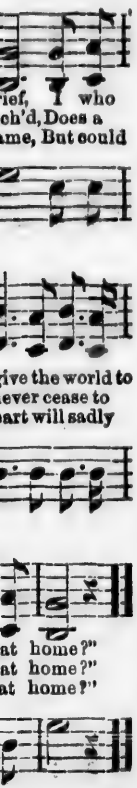
Repeat pp

Wait, lit - tle bird - ie! Wait, lit - tle bird - ie! Wait, lit - tle bird - ie, And let me fly with thee.
Wait, lit - tle bird - ie! Wait, lit - tle bird - ie! Wait, lit - tle bird - ie, And let me fly with thee.
Wait, lit - tle Wil - lie! Wait, lit - tle Wil - lie! Wait, lit - tle Wil - lie, Fly not a - way with me.
Wait, lit - tle Wil - lie! Wait, lit - tle Wil - lie! Wait, lit - tle Wil - lie, Fly not a - way with me.

1. Do they think of me at home, Do they ev - er think of me? I who shared their ev'-ry grief, I who
2. Do they think of me at eve, Of the songs I used to sing? Is the harp I struck untouch'd, Does a
3. Do they think of how I loved In my hap-py, ear-ly days? Do they think of him who came, But could

mingled in their glee; Have their hearts grown cold and strange To the one now doom'd to roam? I would give the world to
stranger wake the string? Will no kind, forgiv-ing word Come a - cross the raging foam? Shall I never cease to
nev - er win their praise? I am hap-py by his side, And from mine he'll nev-er roam. But my heart will sadly

know, "Do they think of me at home?" I would give the world to know, "Do they think of me at home?"
sigh, "Do they think of me at home?" Shall I nev - er cease to sigh, "Do they think of me at home?"
ask, "Do they think of me at home?" But my heart will sad-ly ask, "Do they think of me at home?"



THE WOOD CONCERT.

1. A con-cert now gives Mister Spring; His room's the blooming wood; In - vited there are young and old, By
2. There nev - er was a so - lo yet, Such as Sir Cuckoo sings; But Le's too modest far to leave The
3. Then comes a sport - ive Quad-li - bet, "Tis ti - tled "lovely May;" The artist Lapwing, and some more, Will
4. Now fol - lows a con-cert-ed piece, Sung by Miss Nightingale; And she will be ac - com-panied By

him in mer - ry mood; Miss Lark will sing the first of all, A song of love - li - ness, And as she much in
bushes' shelt'-ring wings: The Black-bird will soon after that Show that for our own sake He'll charm the hearers,
sing, I've heard them say. Miss Throstle too, will active be, Miss Magpie and young Finch; Ladies unnam'd, and
echoes in the vale; And if you should some pleasure find In listening longer here, By Frog and Cricket,

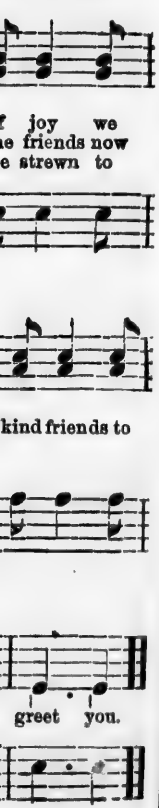
silence hopes, With all her old suc-cess, And as she much in silence hopes, With all her old suc - cess.
one and all, With clear and ring-ing shake, He'll charm the hearers, one and all, With clear and ringing shake.
gen-tle-men, Will sing too, at a pinch, Ladies un-nam'd. and gen-tle-men, Will sing too, at a pinch
a du - ett Will much re-joice your ear, By Frog and Crick-et, a du-ett Will much re - joice your ear.

1. Dear friends, we're glad to meet you, With-in these walls to - night; With songs of joy we
2. 'Tis tru - ly good and pleas - ant, As thus we pass a - long, To meet the friends now
2. Thus may our path - way bright - en, As thro' the world we stray, And flow'rs be strewn to

We come,.....we come.....

greet you, Our hearts are happy and light. We come, we come, We come, kind friends to
pres - ent, And sing our greet - ing song.
light - en Each sad and gloom - y way.

greet you; Our hearts are free, and hap - py are we; Yes, hap - py are we to greet you.



GENTLY, YE BILLOWS.

May be sung as a Duett.

Andante.

1. Gen - tly, ye billows, come cra - dle our boat, On its bright pathway in peace let it float,
2. Gen - tly, ye billows, by mead and hill - side, Soft thro' the re - gion of blue let us glide,
3. Gen - tly, ye billows, a - round us you play, Bear us in safe - ty, nor lead us a - stray,

Light - ly the breezes be - stir the broad flood, Warm thro' our bo - som is bound-ing the blood,
Heav'n is a - bove, its re - flec - tion be - low, Heav'n is a - round us as on - ward we go,
Life and a riv - er, in this are as one, Scarce - ly we greet them be - fore they are gone,

Soft - ly are whisp'ring the reeds as they shake, Songs of the gay in the dis - tance a - wake.
Lips that can war - ble, and hearts that can swell, Prove there's a heav'n in our bo - soms as well.
Mo - ments, like bil - lows, are swift in their flight, Mo - ments, like bil - lows, some dark, and some bright.

WORDS BY M. B. C. S.

THE HAPPY SINGER.

Arr. from the GERMAN.

Animated.

1. The birds, with song, at ro - y dawning, Fill all the air from east to west; And when the noon succeeds the morning, As
2. The laughing brook, adown the mountain, Makes music 'neath the forest shade; But far away from singing fountains, It
3. Oh! si - lent birds among the bowers, Your hearts are not so gay as mine! Oh! silent stream, among the flowers, My

si - lent 'neath the shade they rest, But all the while my notes are ringing; From morn till noon, and all day long;
si - lent flows a - long the glade; But I, wherev - er I am go - ing, The fount of mu - sic bear a - long;
heart is light - er, far, than thine! I sing, the joys of mu - sic, tell - ing! My hap - py lips with praises throng;

And so I'm singing, gaily singing! My happy heart is full of song! is full of song! My happy heart is full of song!
And gay the strains are ever flowing! My happy heart is full of song! is full of song! My happy heart is full of so
My joyous tones are loudly swelling! My happy heart is full of song! is full of song! My happy heart is full of so

WORDS BY M. B. C. S.

SOLDIER'S MEMORIAL DAY.

Moderato. *May 30th, the day set apart for strewing flowers over the graves of fallen soldiers.*

1. When flowery Summer is at hand, And Spring has gemm'd the earth with bloom, We hither bring, with loving hand, Bright flow'rs to deck our soldier's tomb.
2. They died our country to re - deem, And from the loving earth we bring The wealth of hill, and vale, and stream, Our grate-ful land's best of - fer - ing.
3. With snow - y hawthorn, clusters white, Fair vi - o - lets of heav'nly blue, And ear - ly roses, fresh and bright, We wreathe the red, and white, and blue.
4. But pur - er than the fair-est flow'rs, We strew above the honored dead, The tender changeless love of ours, That decks the sol-dier's low - ly bed.
5. We bend and kiss the precious sod, Swift fall our tears the graves a - bove, Oh! Brothers! from the hills of God, Look down and see our changeless love.

Chorus.

Gen - tle birds above are sweetly singing, O'er the graves of heroes brave and true; While the sweetest flow'rs we are bringing, Wreath'd in garlands of red, white and blue.

Gen - tle birds, etc.
Gen - tle birds, etc.
Gen - tle birds, etc.
Gen - tle birds, etc.

Repeat pp

brave and true,

160 WORDS BY EMILY H. MILLER. **BEAUTIFUL SUMMER.** J. R. THOMAS.

From "Our Young Folks;" by permission.

Moderato.

1. Fair is the morning, Yet from its light Something has van-ished, Dew-y, and bright!
2. When the young dai-sies Whi-ten the plain, When the red ro-ses Blos-som a-gain,
3. Beau-ti-ful Sum-mer, Bright was thy stay, Soft-ly thy beau-ty Fad-ed a-way;

Blue are the skies, But their laughter is dead; Beau-ti-ful Summer, Where hast thou fled?
Then to our val-leys, Ten-der and sweet, Beau-ti-ful Summer, Say, shall we greet?
Still on thy sweet-ness Fond-ly we dwell, Sad-ly we whisper Words of fare-well.

A little faster.

In-to the re-gions whose mag-ic-al light Keeps the heart's treas-ures E-
Ma-ny a sum-mer shall bright-en the earth, Ma-ny a blos-som To
Gath-er the ro-ses of youth as they bloom, Treas-ure their bright-ness, And

BEAUTIFUL SUMMER. Concluded.

- ter - nal - ly bright; There, with their glo - ry un - touch'd by de - cay, Wait the sweet
beau - ty have birth, Nev - er, O nev - er on val - ley and plain, Dawn the sweet
breathe their per - fume; Life hath new mornings to glad-den thy way, Sweet as the

years that have vanished a - way— Wait the sweet years that have vanished a - way.
years that have vanished a - gain,— Dawn the sweet years that have vanished a - gain.
years that have vanished a - way,— Sweet as the years that have vanished a - way.

THE SUMMER DELL.

1. That summer dell, that summer dell. My heart has ne'er for - got; In fan - cy now, I love full well To
2. The mu - sic of the warbling bird Was ev - er in the air; And sweeter notes were nev - er heard, Than
3. There let me rest in sweet re-pose, When dead, as die I must; For I would feel when life shall close, To

view the sa - cred spot; To sit be-neath the sha - dy trees, And dream a - way the hours, In
float - ed round me there; I love the rob - in's joy - ous strains, The lin - net's melt - ing lays, And
flow'rs has turned my dust; That still is sung a - bove my head The bird's mel - li - fluous song, And

list'-ning to the whisp'ring breeze A - mong the leaf - y bowers; While murmurs low, The brooklet's flow, A
in that dell would hear a - gain Those notes of oth - er days: While murmurs low, The brooklet's flow, Those
sigh - ing o'er my low - ly bed The zeph - yr sweeps a - long; While murmurs low, The brooklet's flow, The

mong the leaf - y bow'rs, While mur-murs low, The brooklet's flow, A - mong the leaf - y bow'rs.
notes of oth - er days: While mur-murs low, The brooklet's flow, Those notes of oth - er days.
zeph - yr sweeps a - long: While mur-murs low, The brooklet's flow, The zeph - yr floats a - long.

MAYING. *

1. Come a - way! the ro - sy morning Breaks a - bove the hill; Hap-py birds with mer-ry mu - sic
2. Come a - way! the wa - ters whis- per, Sing - ing as they pass, Where the cow-slip buds are shin - ing,
3. Come a - way! when spring is wak - ing Bird and flow'r and bee; Earth is full of hap - py voi - ces,

All the si - lence fill, Down the lane the winds are call - ing, Where the pop-lars lean,
In the mead - ow grass, In the woods the May-flow'rs clus - ter Round our rov - ing feet,
Call - ing you and me; Heart be glad! when storms are o - ver Comes a bright-er day,

All their slen - der tops to - geth - er, Robed in faint - est green,—.... Robed in faint-est green.
Deep in leaf - y hollows hid - ing Half their dain - ties sweet,—.... Half their dain-ties sweet.
And the drear - y hours of win - ter Blos - som in - to May,—.... Blos - som in - to May!

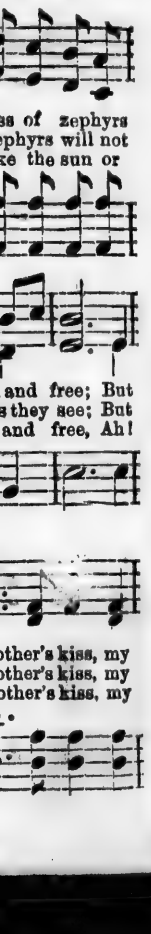
* From "Our Young Folks," by permission of TICKNOR & FIELDS.

1. 'Tis sweet when morning breezes kiss My brow with gen-tle grace; And soft the kiss of zephyrs
2. The morn-ing breezes fly a - way Ere sul - try noon is come, And eve-ning zephyrs will not
3. My gen - tle mother's kiss - es kind, I feel the live-long day, For nev - er, like the sun or

is, At eve up - on my face, And dear the lov- ing kiss-es are Of sunbeams warm and free; But
stay To meet the gath'ring gloom. And mer-ry sunbeams leave the flow'rs, When stormy clouds they see; But
wind, Fly they from me a - way. So dear tho' summer zephyrs are, And sun-shine soft and free, Ah!

Chorus.

sweet - er, soft - er, dear-er far, My mother's kiss to me! My mother's kiss, my mother's kiss, my
near - est in the darkest - hours, My mother's kiss to me! My mother's kiss, my mother's kiss, my
sweet - er, soft - er, dear-er far, My mother's kiss to me! My mother's kiss, my mother's kiss, my



MY MOTHER'S KISS. Concluded.

At lib.

mother's kiss to me; But sweet - er, soft - er, dear - er far, My mother's kiss to me.

ENOCH ARDEN

By permission of Sep. Winner, Esq.

1. Cheer up, Annie, darling, With hopeful emotion; To-morrow our parting must be: . . . . I'll sail the seas o-ver, I'll
2. I go, Annie, darling, But leave thee in sorrow, I go, for thy sake, far a - way, ... Then bid me good-bye, With a
3. Out, out on the ocean, A-way o'er the billow, My heart on its purpose still bent, ... My brow shall find rest, When I

cross the wide ocean, I'll sail the seas o-ver for thee. I will not forget thee, Ah, never! no, never! I
smile on the morrow, And cheer me with blessings, I pray. I'll think of thee, ev-er, And pray for thee only, As
seek my lone pillow, In knowing that thou art content. Cheer up, Annie, darling, B. . ak forth from thy sorrow, "Tis

cannot forget thee I know;..... Thy smile, like a phantom, Shall haunt me forever, And cheer me where'er I may go...
o-ver the waters I roam;..... I'll tar-ry not, darling, And leave thee all lonely, But hasten again to my home.....
sad that our parting must be;.... But give me thy smile When I leave thee to-morrow, To sail the seas over for thee....

Chorus.

Good-bye, An-nie, dar-ling; Break off from thy sor-row: 'Tis sad that our part-ing must

be: I'll sail the seas o-ver, I'll cross the wide o-cean, I'll sail the seas o-ver for thee.

Allegro.

1. Ho! for the storm-y cold March days, Aye, there is noth-ing like them. Loud let us shout and
2. Ho! for the field! ye farm-ers now, Cheer on your pa-tient ox-en; Deep in the fur-row
3. Hark, how the warn-ing E-qui-nox Calls from the east-ern o-cean; Stand to your arms, ye

FINE.

sing their praise, March is so proud and free! Snow-y, blow-y, whee-zy, bree-zy, Sweeping up the
drive the plow, Strive for the har-vest fair! Winging, sing-ing, springing, clinging, On the spray sweet
time-worn rocks, Onward the mad waves pour. Rushing, splashing, surg-ing, crushing, Thund'ring on the

D. C.

win-ter's snow, Freezing, pleasing, teas-ing, un-ceas-ing, How do the March winds blow.
birds are seen, Driv-ing, fly-ing, win-ter de-fy-ing, Winds sweep the mead-ow green.
coast so strong, Boil-ing, toil-ing, fierce-ly re-coil-ing, Wild dash the waves a-long.

1. Up - on the smoothly shav - en lawn, Be - neath the skies of May, Oh, boys and girls, this
2. Now Black and White the game shall start, Come Blue and Or - ange, on; And let us play with
3. So one by one in mer - ry line, Go seek your start - ing stake; If Black's my chief, his
4. Oh! ne'er o'er all the world, be - fore, Was such a mer - ry game. We, dai - ly, play it

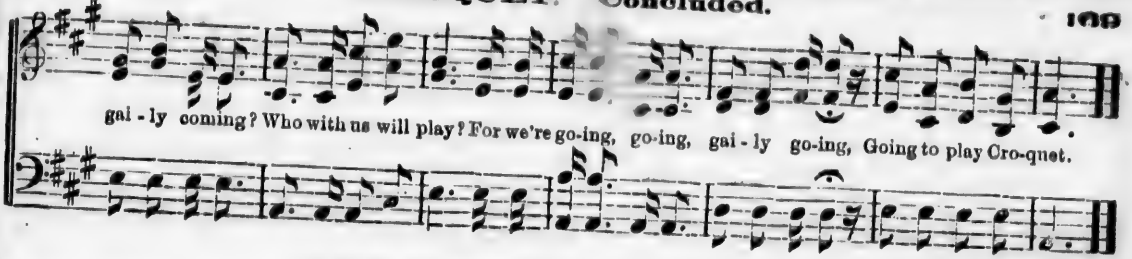
mer- ry morn. Come out and play Cro -quet. The stakes are set, the arch- es in; Now balls and mal -lets
all our heart, Un - til the game is won. Ah! Red's a boo - by! nev - er mind; Now see if Brown will
cause is mine, And we our points will make. Come White and Blue, do not be slow, For you, and all the
o'er and o'er, And like it, just the same. All thro' the hap - py Summer-time, Its live - ly tune we

bring, And let us see which chief will win The game with rea - dy swing, Are you coming, coming,
flinch. Come Greenie if you lag be- hind, You'll nev - er gain an inch. Are you coming, coming,
rest, Shall sail - ing up Salt Riv - er go, Un - less you do your best. Are you coming, coming,
play; For what is sweet-er than the chime Of jol - ly, gay Cro - quet? Are you coming, coming,

nd girls, this
s play with
my chief, his
y, play it

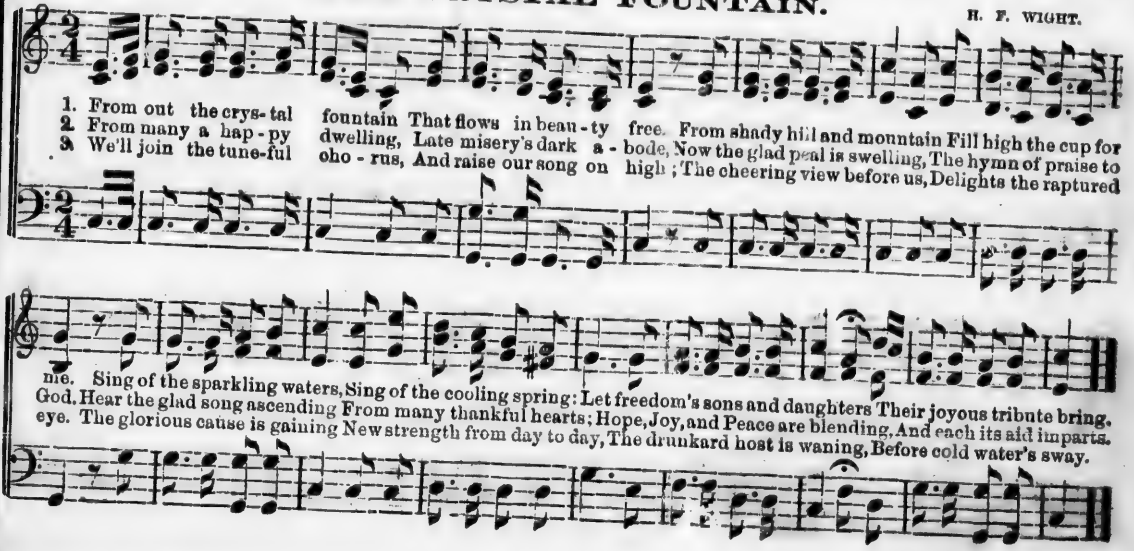
and mal-lets
if Brown will
and all the
ly tune we

ng, coming,
ng, coming,
ng, coming,
ng, coming,



THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN.

H. F. WIGHT.



THE GIPSIES' FESTIVAL.

Allegretto con spirito.

p

1. Come to the old oak - tree, By the light of the pale moon's glance; Come with a foot- step free, And join in the gip- sies' dance. Come to the old oak - tree, By the light of the pale moon's glance; Come with a foot-step free, And join in the gipsies' dance. A
2. Spring with its ear - ly leaves, And sum-mer with all its flowers, Here art in its beau - ty weaves, . . . O - ver fair nature's bowers. Come to the old oak - tree, By the light of the pale moon's glance; Come with a foot-step free, And join in the gipsies' dance. No

f

f

p

round us, a - bove us, Pure mel - o - dy floats; And voi - ces that love us Re-
storm - clouds are dark'ning The haunt of the free; But all is here sparkling, In

f

- peat the soft notes, Then come to the old oak - tree, Where the brightest of bright eyes
beau - ty for thee. Then come, &c.

f

glance; Come to the old oak - tree, Where the light - est of light feet dance.

A SONG OF THE ROSES.*

WORDS BY EMILY H. MILLER. J. R. THOMAS.

1. No beau - ti - ful pal-ace have I on the hill, No pictures to hang in my halls, But
2. When down my green valley in purple and gold, The morning comes dew - y and bright, I
3. And when at the ev'ning my la - bor is o'er, And shadows grow long on the lea, The

nev - er a painter could match with his skill, The ro - ses a-bloom on my walls. Then sing me a song of the
look from my window to see them unfold Their buds at the kiss of the light, Then sing me a song of the
breath of the ro - ses floats in at the door, As if they were talking to me, Then sing me a song of the

rose, A song that is tender and true! She wears her red robes like the daintiest queen, All gleaming with jewels of dew:

* From "Our Young Folks," by permission of TICKNOR & FIELDS.

A SONG OF THE ROSES. Concluded.

Chorus.

Then sing we a song of the rose, A song that is ten-der and true! She wears her red robes like the dain-ti-est queen, All gleam-ing with jew-els of dew.

WORDS BY LIEUT. H. L. FRISBIE.

THE MORNING LAND.*

H. S. PERKINS.

1. These ma-ny days 'mid storm and rain, We've striven a-gainst the tide; But now the har-bor
2. We've wild-ly tossed up-on the deep, Our hope a sin-gle ray; But see! the star of
3. A heaven-ly calm shall soothe the waves, And bid them hush to sleep; E-ter-nal sun-beams
4. Earth's pil-grims walk thy gol-den streets, In robes of shin-ing white; Thy ci-ty gates are

* From "Sabbath School Trumpet."

is in view, Where we may safe - ly ride, With an - chor weighed, With can - vass spread, A
morn - ing beams, The har - bin - ger of day, We soon shall furl our tat - tered sail, And
ev - er - more Shall rest up - on the deep. Our bark no more by temp-ests tossed, Shall
built of pearl, And God is all the light. We've looked from far up - on thy shores, Our

wea - ry toil - ing band, We hail the breeze that speeds us to The glo - rious morn - ing land.
press the wished-for land, Our bark will moor be - side thy shore, O glo - rious morn - ing land.
bear a hap - py band, Who rest for - ev - er 'mid thy groves, O glo - rious morn - ing land.
friends have reached the strand; We soon shall join thy hap - py throng! O glo - rious morn - ing land.

Chorus.

The morning land, bright morning land, O glorious morning land! We soon shall reach thy blissful shore, O glorious &c.

1. See, dear lit - tle, dar - ling E - va! Mark the pure and tran-quil brow; Nothing more can harm or
2. From the fa-ther's breast un - bend - ing, Bursts the sob of an-guish, low; And the ne-gro's tones are
3. See that gen - tle hand, whose bless- ing Smoothed so oft their toil-some way, With a mute and soft ca -
4. She so soft - ly, sweet- ly tell - ing Of their Father's home a - bove; Of that fair and glorious

grieve her, She has done with sor - row now; Gent - ly on the soft couch ly - ing,
blend - ing, With the mourn-ful notes of woe. From their lips, (poor faith - ful crea - tures,)
ress - ing, Strives their an - guish to al - lay, On the snow - y pil - low flow - ing.
dwell - ing, In the land of light and love; Where her voice a - gain will greet them,

Rests the fair and beauteous head, Lo! the love-ly child is dy - ing, Move with soft and gen - tle tread!
Wild the wails of sor - row rise; Gaz - ing on her death-struck features, Tears of sadness fill their eyes.
Soft the gold-en ring- lets shine, While the upturned eye is glow- ing With a he - ly faith di - vine.
Glad as in the days of yore, Where in joy she hopes to meet them, When life's toils and pains are o'er.

1. There's a sweet little spot away down by Cape Clear, Sure its Ireland herself to all Irish-men dear; Where the
2. In his hat, good Saint Patrick used always to wear The Shamrock when-ev - er he went to the fair, And
3. When far, far away, a sweet blossom I've seen, I've dreamt of shillelaghs and shamrocks so green, That

white praties blossom like il - le gant flow'rs, And the wild birds sing sweetly a - bove the round tow'rs, And the
Ne - bu - chad - nezza, no doubt high - ly prized, A bit of the blossom when he went disguis'd; For the
grow like two twins on the bogs and the hills, With a drop in my eye that with joy my heart fills; And I've

A tempo.

dear lit - tle shamrock that none can withstand, Is the beau-ti - ful emblem of old Ireland; There's a
bo - som of beauty it - self might expand, When bedeck'd by the shamrock of old Ireland; There's a
bless'd the dear sod from a far distant strand, And the beau-ti - ful shamrock of old Ireland; There's a

dim. *rall.*

charm that no I - rishman's heart can withstand In the beau - ti - ful shamrock of old Ireland.

colla voce.

Moderato.

1. The pride of the village, and the fairest in the dell, Is the queen of my song, and her name is Fairy-Belle: The
2. She sings to the meadows, and she carols to the streams, She laughs in the sunlight, and smiles while in her dreams; Her
3. Her soft notes of melo-dy around me sweetly fall; Her eye full of love, is now beaming on my soul; The

sound of her light step may be heard upon the hill, Like the fall of the snow-drop, or the dripping of the rill.
hair, like the this-tle-down, is borne up-on the air, And her heart, like the humming-bird's, is free from ev'ry care.
sound of that gen-tle voice, the glances of that eye, Sur - round me with rapture that no other heart could sigh.

Chorus.

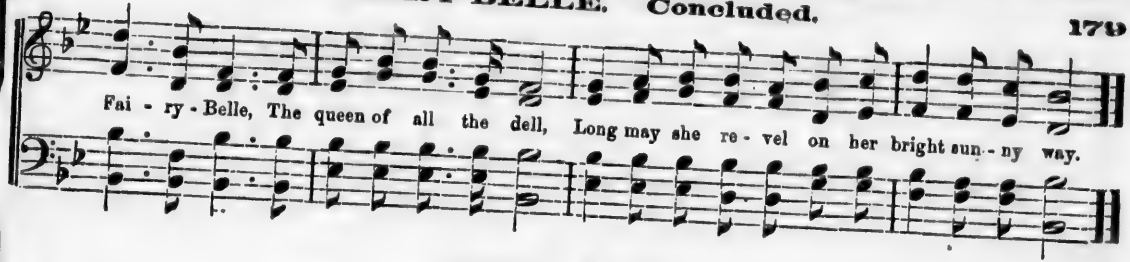
Fai - ry - Belle, gen - tle Fai - ry - Belle, The star of the night and the li - ly of the day,

Fairy-Belle: The
n her dreams; Her
g on my soul; The

pping of the rill.
ee from ev'ry care.
heart could sigh.

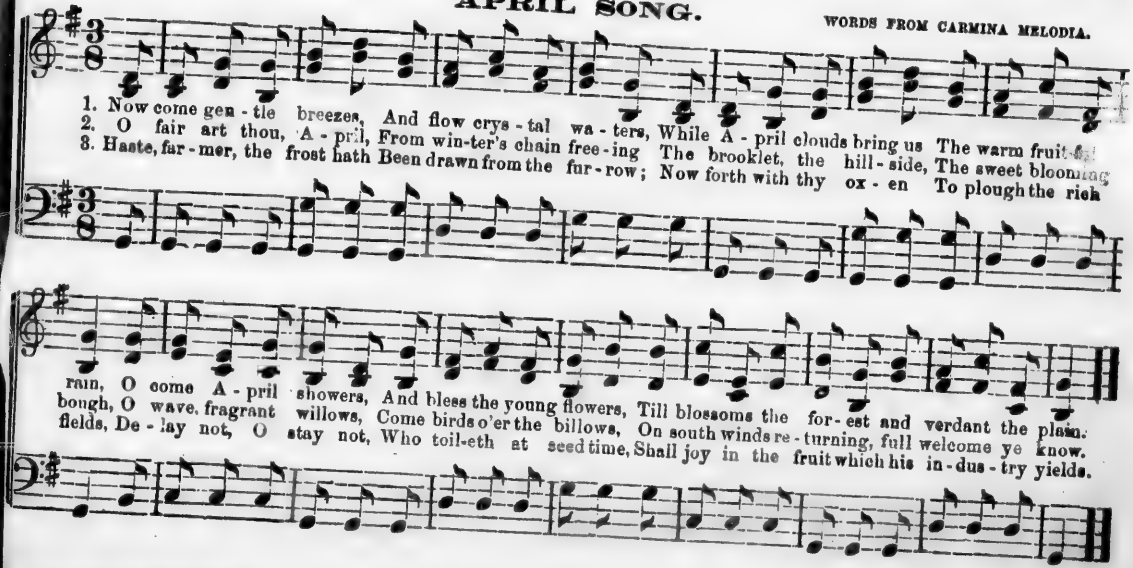
of the day,

FAIRY-BELLE. Concluded.



APRIL SONG.

WORDS FROM CARMINA MELODIA.



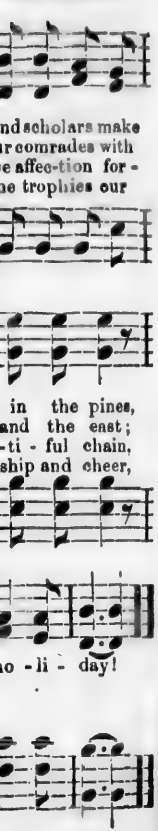
Solo or Chorus.

1. The morning is bright and the [illegible]s are fair; Haste to the woods a - way! Oh! Teachers and scholars make
2. The swift fly - ing sea-son has [illegible]us a-long,—Haste to the woods a - way! We'll greet all our comrades with
3. We'll tell of the present, and talk of the past, Haste to the woods a - way! With those whose affec-tion for -
4. Whil[illegible] na-ture is smiling our pleasure up - on, Haste to the woods a - way! We'll hear of the trophies our

Chorus.

haste to pre - pare; Gath - er - ing here to - day. For sweetly the birds car - ol, up in the pines,
mirth and with song; Gath - er - ing here to - day. Oh! come from the north, and the west and the east;
ev - er will last; Gath - er - ing here to - day. And twining a - new friendship's beau-ti - ful chain,
comrades have won! Gath - er - ing here to - day. And may this glad hour of true friendship and cheer,

Brightly the sun down the green arch - es shines, Joyful-ly come! joyful-ly come! Keeping our ho - li - day!
Glad - ly we welcome you home to the feast; Joyful-ly, &c.
Stronger we'll bind it a - gain and a - gain, Joyful ly, &c.
Crown all the seasons that gla-den the year, Joyful-ly, &c.



BEFORE RECESS.

WORDS BY M. B. C. S. 181

1. When the school was just be-gin-ning, We were fresh and bright and gay; And we all went
2. March-ing up the hill of sci-ence, We re-new each day our strength, And we climb with
3. And 'tis well, in climb-ing mountains, When the ta-ble-lands are won, There to rest by
4. First our toil, and then our pleas-ure; That's the schol-ar's gold-en rule. Hours of work, then

Chorus.

in for the winning, Though we stud-ied the live-long day, Oh! but we own we now are wea-ry!
chee-ry de-fi-ance, Till we pass all the rocks at length. Oh! but we own we now are wea-ry!
mur-mur-ing fountains, E're we trav-el our jour-ney on. Oh! but we own we now are wea-ry!
sea-sons of leis-ure, Make the hap-pi-est time at school. Oh! but we own we now are wea-ry!

Oh! but we glad-ly now confess, Happiest hours of school were drea-ry, Heigh-ho! if we had no re-cess!
Oh! but we glad-ly now confess, Happiest hours of school were drea-ry, Heigh-ho! if we had no re-cess!
Oh! but we glad-ly now confess, Happiest hours of school are drea-ry, Heigh-ho! if we had no re-cess!
Oh! but we glad-ly now confess, Happiest hours of school are drea-ry, Heigh-ho! if we had no re-cess!

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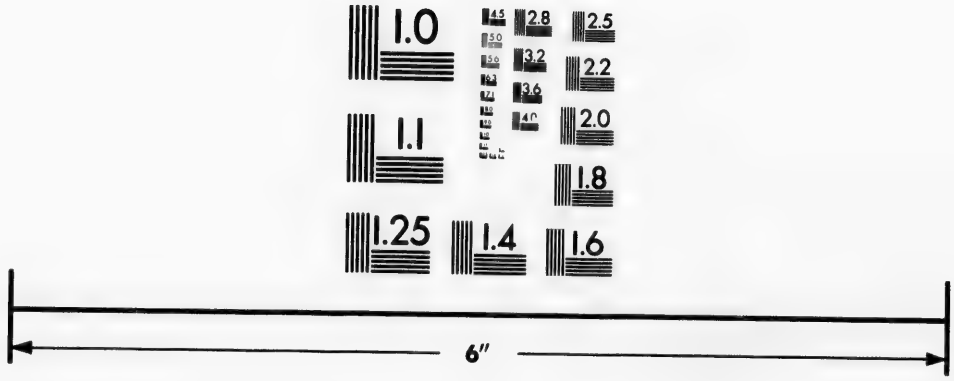

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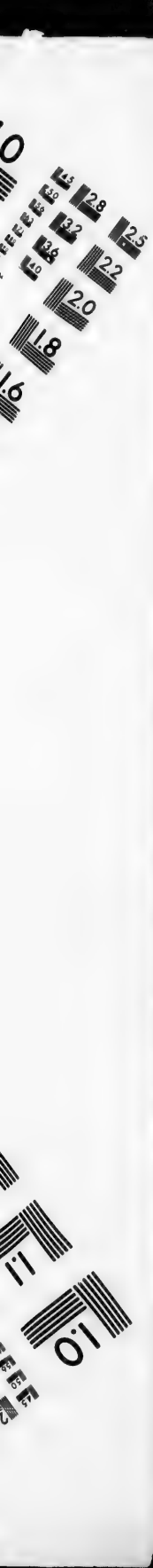
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WORDS BY M. E. C. S.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

FOSTER.

Solo or unison chorus.

1. { 'Way out up-on the storm-y o-cean, Far, far a-way; Down, 'mid the bil-low's
There ri-ses up the Light-house col-umn, Sin-gle and lone, While round it ev-er

2. { So let us when the storms of sor-row, Break o'er our night, Watch, while we wait the
No wave o'er all the wide cre-a-tion, Quen-ches its beam; No storm can rock its

wild com-mo-tion, Down where the mad waves play,
deep and so-lemn, Sad-ly the bil-lows moan.
com-ing mor-row, Watch for the bea-con light.
sure foun-da-tion, No bil-low dim its gleam.

Chorus.

Still in-creas-ing, nev-er fail-ing,

Ev'-ry-where we roam, Bright smiles are o'er the wa-ters playing, Lighting the wand'rer home.

Solo or duett.

THE SINGING SCHOOL.

WORDS BY M. B. C. S. 183

1. In this hap - py place, Mer-ry voi - ces join and sing, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
2. Here sweet mu - sic dwells; While her children ca - rol clear, La, la, la, etc.
3. Bird, and brook-let cool, Sing their mer - ry songs of glee, La, la, la, etc.

f *p* 1 2

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Loud and clear our notes are ring - ing, While our
Tones of love and peace we're rais - ing, Songs of
We will join glad na-ture's voi - ces, For our

hap - py call we're sing - ing, To the sing-ing school, with smiling face, A hap - py, cheerful spir-it bring!
joy, and hymns of prais - ing; Sweet-ly ring our peals, like chiming bells, To call the mer-ry children here.
heart, like her's re - joi - ces; To this hap-py place, our singing school, Oh! children hith-er haste with me!

SAILING BY THE LOWLANDS.

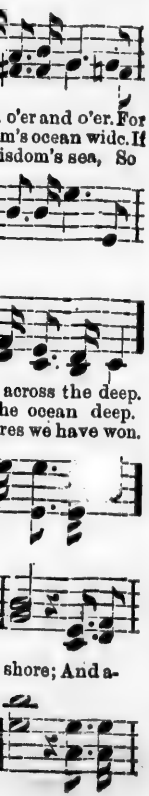
WORDS BY M. B. C. S.

1. We now are youthful sail -ors; We are not far from shore; But soon we mean to journey The ocean o'er and o'er. For
2. The stream whereon we're row-ing, Is learning's gen-tle tide; Before the breeze we're going, To wisdom's ocean wide. If
3. Then mind your captain's or-ders, And wor-thy sail-ors be; On learning's quiet borders, Or out on wisdom's sea, So

lit - tle ships they say, Close up to the land must keep, But soon we hope to launch a - way, And dash across the deep.
here, a - long the shore, We shall learn the helm to keep, We need not dread the breaker's war, Out on the ocean deep.
when life's voyage is o'er, And its du - ties all are done, We'll bear un - to the shining shore, The treasures we have won.

Chorus.

Now we sail a - long the low-lands, low-lands, low-lands, But we soon shall leave the peaceful shore; And a-



SAILING BY THE LOWLANDS. Concluded.

way from all the low - lands, low - lands, low - lands, We will roam the wondrous o - cean o'er.

AUREM PRÆBE MIHI.

1. Fe - lis se - dit by a hole, In - ten - ta she cum om - ni soul Prende-re rats, Mice cur - re - bant
2. Fe - lis saw them oc - u - lis; "I'll have them," inquit she, "I guess, Dum lu - dent," Tunc il - la crept to -
3. Mice con-tin-ued all lude - re, In - ten - ti in lu - dum ve-re, Gau - den - ter, Tunc rushed the felis

Moral.—Mu-res, om-nes mice be shy, Et au-rem præ - be mi - hi, Be - nig - ne; Si hoc fu - ges

o'er the floor, In nu - me - ro du - o, tres or' more, Ob - li - ti cats.
wards the group, "Ha - be - bo," dix - it, "good rat soup," Pin - gues sunt.
un - to them, Et tore them om - nes limb from limb, Vio - len - ter.
ver - bum sat, A - void a huge and hun - gry cat, Studi - o - se.

THE PACIFIC RAIL-ROAD.

WORDS BY M. B. C. S.

A SONG FOR 1870.

1. From east to west across the land, See, to - day, Where old primeval forests stand, Where mountains rear their summits grand, And rivers gleam o'er golden sand, Wide stretching far away. Hur-rah! hur - rah! hur- rah!
2. No longer, now, the forests sleep Lone and still, Glad echoes wake the silence deep; Here man shall plough and plant and reap; And sunny homes like magic leap, From woodland, vale and hill. Hur-rah! hur - rah! hur- rah!
3. It spreads rich blessings far and wide, O'er the west. And all its lev-el lines be - side Among the warlike foes they glide, Sweet peace shall bid her love abide, And build her downy nest. Hur-rah! hur - rah! hur- rah!
4. Oh! mighty engine speeding o'er, Greet- ing take, From where Atlantic's billows roar, To the broad blue Pa- ci - fic shore, The bond of union ev - ermore. And brother-hood to make. Hur-rah! hur - rah! hur- rah!

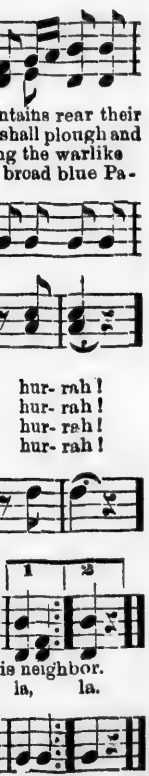
ff

Chorus. *mf*

See, far away, see, far away, The nation's proudest labor; The work is done, the triumph won, And east to west is neighbor.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la.

Repeat. pp

1 2



SWEET VALE OF REST.

Soprano Solo.

1. Beneath the shade the flow'rs were sleep - ing, The wea - ry breeze in si - lence creep - ing, The sil - ver dews their lamps were keep - ing, In shel-ter'd
2. I've wander'd far all chang-es view - ing, One dream of joy, in vain pur- su - ing, While vis-ions bright I've left in ru - in, Were gild-ed

Chorus.

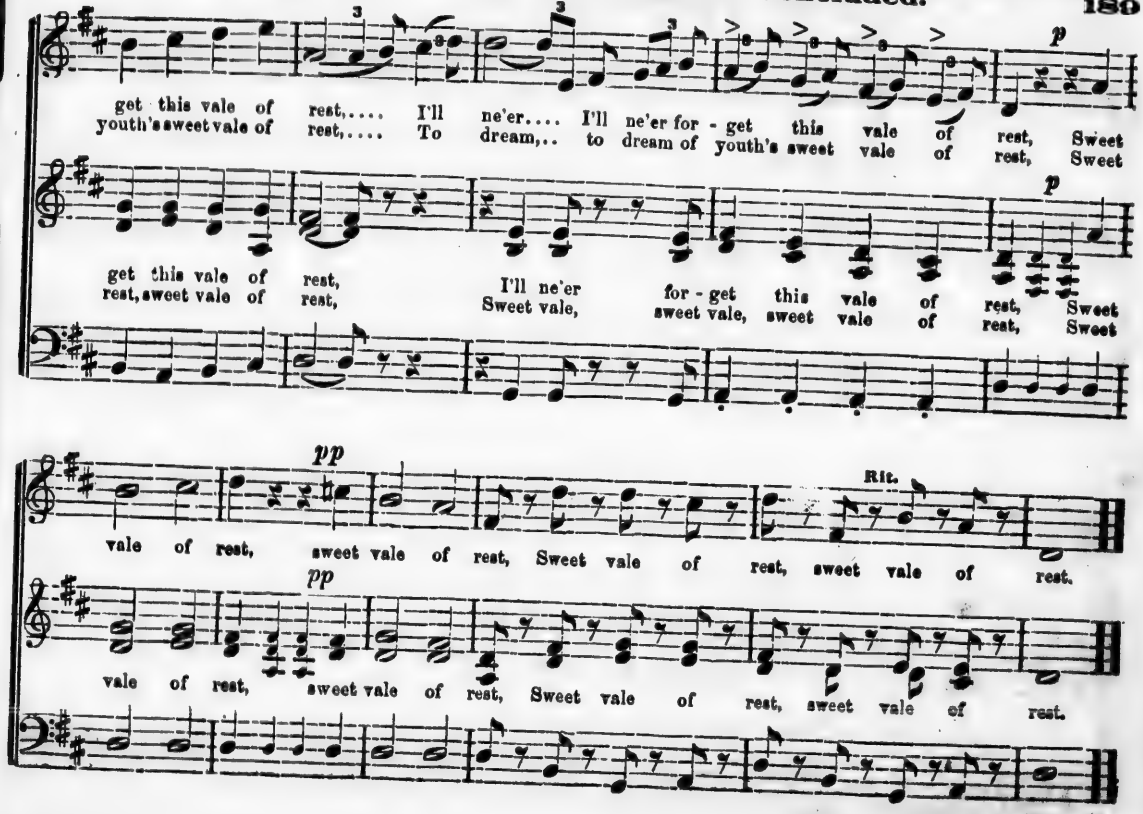
1. Beneath the shade where the flow'rs were sleeping, The wea - ry breez - es in si-lence creep - ing, The sil - ver dew - drops their lamps were keep - ing,
2. I've wander'd far, all life's chan-ges view - ing, One dream of joy, then in vain pur-su - ing, While vis-ions bright that I've left in ru - in,

nook or flow'ret's breast. I heard the stream, then onward stray - ing, It's ripples
barques that deck life's breast. Yet one soft voice a-gain is sing - ing, The wings of

In shelter'd nook, yes, or flow'ret's breast. I heard the streamlet, then onward stray-ing,
Were gilded barques, that bedeck life's breast. Yet one soft voice there, a-gain is sing - ing,

break in murmurs play - ing, While mem'ry sang with peals de-cay-ing, I'll ne'er for-
hope fresh o-dors bring - ing, While mem'ry back thro' tears is springing, To dream of

Its ripples breaking in murmurs play - ing, Ah! I'll ne'er for
The wings of hope, now fresh o - dors bringing, Ah! sweet vale of


p
get this vale of rest,.... I'll ne'er.... I'll ne'er for - get this vale of rest, Sweet
youth's sweet vale of rest,.... To dream,.. to dream of youth's sweet vale of rest, Sweet
p
get this vale of rest, I'll ne'er for - get this vale of rest, Sweet
rest, sweet vale of rest, Sweet vale, sweet vale, sweet vale of rest, Sweet
pp
Rit.
vale of rest, sweet vale of rest, Sweet vale of rest, sweet vale of rest.
pp
vale of rest, sweet vale of rest, Sweet vale of rest, sweet vale of rest.

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, with praise and thanks-giv - ing, While fad - eth the light of this day, We come with a song to thy presence, And still for thy blessing we pray, Thy father - ly care did preserve us, And gave us the sunshine so bright, O, by thy great mer-cy de - fend us, From per-ils and dangers this night.

2. May the an - gels of God be a - round us, Our souls from all dan - ger to keep, To ward off the powers of darkness, And thus may we peaceful - ly sleep, And rise in the bright early morning, With spir - its all grateful to thee, Who thro' the dark hours didst keep us, Who always our keeper will be.

3. So with peace in the depths of the spir - it, To - geth - er we're sing-ing our song, For peace was the leg - a - cy left us, By him un - to whom we be - long, Long nights in the lonely, cold mountains, He watched for the world of his love; But now, on the throne of his glo - ry, He watches o'er all from a - bove.

EVENING SONG.

TRIO FOR FEMALE VOICES.

Andante sostenuto.

pp

1. The ev'ning bells sound clear-ly, They call the vale to rest; A-round fall night's soft still-ness, The sun sinks in the west; A ho-ly si-lence keep-ing, The stars watch na-ture sleep-ing, She's come in soft red light, She's come in soft red light, The qui-et night! The qui-et night!

2. The moon roves softly glid-ing, Her heav'nly path a-long; The plan-ets pass her greet-ing, But hush-ed is their song; And as to se-raph num-bers, Be-low the sweet earth slumbers, She's

pp

ff *pp*

MEET ME BY THE RUNNING BROOK.

J. G. CLARK.

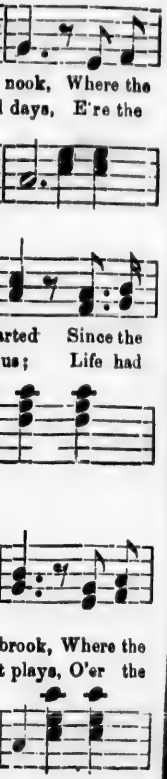
First voice *Second voice.*

1. Meet me by the running brook, Where the drooping willows grow, Meet me in the shady nook, Where the
2. Meet me when the starlight plays O'er the wavelets bright and low; Tell me of our youthful days, E're the

sil - ver wa - ters flow. Friends we lov'd are broken hearted, Smiles have flown and tears have started Since the
heart knew pain or woe. Joy will come to charm and leave us, Lingering hope will still deceive us; Life had

Ritard. *A tempo.*

time when last we part-ed, In the days of long a - go..... Meet me by the running brook, Where the
noth-ing dark to grieve us, In the days of long a - go..... Meet me when the starlight plays, O'er the



ad lib.

droop - ing willows grow, Meet me in the shady nook, Where the sil - ver wa-ters flow.
wave - lets bright and low; Tell me of our youthful days, E'er the heart knew pain or woe.

Andante.

FAREWELL, GOOD NIGHT.

1. Kind friends, we meet a- gain, Too soon to part; May friendship bless this hour, And warm each heart.
2. Then, friends, once more farewell, Time bids us part; Fond mem'ry long shall dwell A - round each heart.

Tones that we love to hear Shall dwell up-on the ear, As we in ac- cents clear Re- peat, Good night!
May heav'n its blessings send, And peace your paths attend, Un- til we meet again, Fare-well, Good night!

MUSIC ON THE WAVES.

GLOVER.

Andantino.

DUETT.

1. The winds soft-ly sigh in their mys-ti-cal caves, And the moon gilds the slum-bering sea;
D. C. 2. Oh! may the glad song of the waves, as they roam, Our blessings bear o-ver the seas,

Sounds of sweet mu-sic come o-ver the waves, Like a spir-it voice borne on the breeze,
Cheer-ing them on to their far dis-tant home, Like a spir-it voice borne on the breeze,

p

Faint-ly and low, soft-ly and slow, Heard o'er the waves as they rip-ple and flow;
Faint-ly and low, soft-ly and slow, Blend-ing our song with the waves as they flow;

m - bering sea;
- ver the seas,

on the breeze,
on the breeze,

and flow;
hey flow;

p *f* *Rii.* *Fine.*

Faint - ly and low, soft - ly and slow, Heard o'er the waves as they rip - ple and flow.
Faint - ly and low, soft - ly and slow, Blend - ing our song with the waves as they flow.

Solo.

It is the song of the sy - rens that keep, Rev - el be - low in their home o'er the deep? Or from

Ad lib *D.C.*

yon dis - tant ship, far, far from the foam, The voice of the a - bsent ones singing of home!

DUETT.

Andante. *mf* *p* *f*

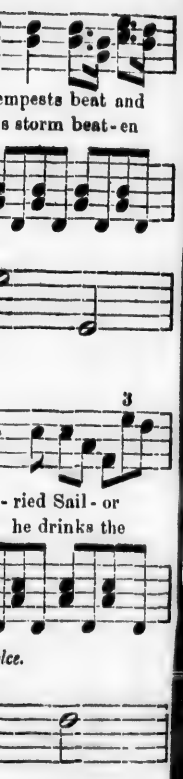
1. At drea-ry midnight's cheer-less hour, De-sert-ed e'en by Cyn-thia's beam, When tempests beat and
2. With anxious care he eyes each wave, That swell-ing threatens to o'verwhelm, And his storm beat-en

mf *p*

p *Soprano.* 3

tor-rents pour, And twinkling stars no long-er gleam; The wea-ried Sail-or
bark to save, Di-rects with skill the faith-ful helm, With joy he drinks the

p *p* *p* *e dolce.*



THE LARBOARD WATCH. Continued.

Alto. *Soprano.* *Alto.*

spent with toil Clings firm - ly to the weather shroud, And still the lengthened hour to guile. And
chee - ing grog 'Mid storms that bel-low loud and hoarse, With joy he heaves the reel - ing log, With

Soprano.

Still the lengthened hour to guile, Sings as he views the gath - 'ring clouds,
joy he heaves the reel - ing log, And marks the lee - way and the course,

dolce.

f *ad lib.*

Sings as he views the gath - 'ring clouds, Lar - board Watch, A -
And marks the lee - - way and the course, Lar - board Watch, A -

Poco Allegretto e Animato.

hoy! Lar - board Watch A - hoy! But who can speak the joy he
hoy! Lar - board Watch A - hoy! But who can speak, &c.

f *Animato.*

slower. *a tempo.*

feels, While o'er the foam his vessel reels, And his tried eye - lids slumb'ring fall he rouses at the welcome

ritard. *a tempo.*

f *p* *Adagio ad lib.*

call of Lar - board Watch, A - hoy! Lar-board Watch, Lar - board Watch! Lar- board Watch, A - hoy!

f *pp*

THE MERMAID'S EVENING SONG.

TRIO FOR FEMALE VOICES.

S. GLOVER.

Moderato.

Hark! what mys - tic sounds are those, Steal - ing soft - ly o'er the sea? Whence that mu - sic soft and low

D. C. List, a - gain the sound draws near, Fall - ing sweet - ly on the ear; Borne up - on the breeze a - long,

May be sung by a bass voice.

Cres. *Dolce.*

Sounding as the bil - lows flow; 'Tis the Mermaid's Song, 'Tis the Mermaid's Song, Borne upon the breeze a -

'Tis the Mermaid's evening Song, Hark! hark! Hark! hark! 'Tis the

Cres. *f* *2d time go to Soprano solo.*

long, 'Tis the Mer - maid's song, 'Tis the Mermaid's song, 'Tis the Mer - maid's evening song.

Mermaid's song, Hark, hark! Hark, hark! 'Tis the Mer - maid's evening song.

Alto Solo. Allegro.

Who would not a Mermaid be, Dwelling 'neath the restless sea! Down among its mystic forms, Cradled by the

Dim.

ris-ing storms, Where the Dolphins play and leap, In a co - ral cave to sleep! In a co - ral cave, In a

Cres. Rall. *D. C. Chorus.*

co-ral cave, In a co-ral cave to sleep! In a co - ral cave, In a co - ral cave, In a co-ral cave to sleep!....

Soprano Solo. **Allegro.**

I would be a Mer-maid fair, Wreathing pearls a - mid my hair; Pillow'd on the billow's crest.

Dim. **ad lib.** **a tempo.**

O-cean gems up - on my breast; Lull'd by ev' - ry wave that flows, Singing strains as sweet as those, Singing,

Rall.

sing - ing strains as sweet as those, Sing - ing, sing - ing strains as sweet, as sweet as those.

A tempo. *Cres.*

List! the sound now fainter grows, As the Mermaid seeks repose; On the night-wind borne along, Is the Mermaid's

Hark! hark! hark?

ev'nina song, 'Tis the Mermaid's ev'ning song, 'Tis the Mermaid's song, hark, hark! 'Tis the Mermaid's ev'ning song, 'Tis the Mermaid's

'Tis the Mermaid's song, Hark, hark, 'Tis the song.....'Tis the Mermaid's

Hark! hark! hark!

f *p*

song, Hark, hark! 'Tis the Mermaid's song, 'Tis the Mermaid's song, 'Tis the Mermaid's song, 'Tis the Mermaid's song.

song, Hark, hark! 'Tis the Mermaid's evening song, 'Tis the Mermaid's evening song, 'Tis the Mermaid's song, 'Tis the Mermaid's song.

WORDS BY EMILY H. MILLER.

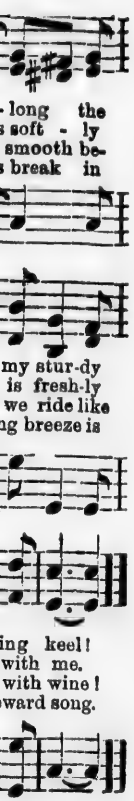
ROWING SONG.

J. R. THOMAS.

1. Be - yond the up - land reach - es, The sun is sink - ing low, The waves a - long the
2. A - cross the har - bor wav - ing, The sum - mer woods are green, And wa - ters soft - ly
3. Now pull, my stur - dy row - ers, With stead - dy strokes a - way! The track is smooth be-
4. Row light, we near the shadows,— Row light a - long the shore. The wa - ters break in

bea - ches Are pur - ple in its glow,— Are pur - ple in its glow. Come on, my stur-dy
curl - ing In small waves lie be - tween,— In small waves lie be - tween. The wind is fresh-ly
fore us, Our oars keep mer - ry play,— Our oars keep mer - ry play! Hur - rah, we ride like
sil - ver, From off the glanc - ing oar! From off the glanc - ing oar! The evening breeze is

row - ers! With sinews strong as steel; Come, grasp the bending oars, Push off the grating keel!
blow - ing, From leagues away at sea; Come on, my sturdy row - ers! And taste its joys with me.
sea - kings, A - cross the sparkling brine, And feel in all our pulses, The red blood leap with wine!
creep - ing, In spi - cy airs a - long, Now soft my stur - dy rowers! Take up the homeward song.



PART IV.

SACRED MUSIC.

MORNING AND EVENING.

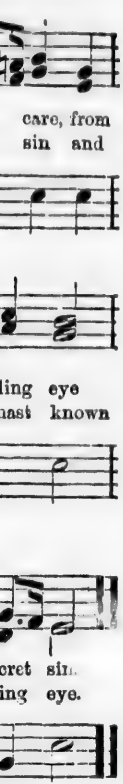
VON WEBER.

1. When the sun glo - rious -ly comes forth from the o - cean, Mak - ing earth beau - ti - ful, chas - ing shad -ows a - way; Thus do we of - fer thee our prayer of de - vo - tion, God of the fa - ther -less, guide us, guard us to - day.

2. Now the hills in the west, the sun's tints all blend - ing, Show us how quick - ly fades all that on earth seems bright, When to un - fad - ing realms our prayer is as - cend - ing, God of the fa - ther -less, guide us, guard us to - night.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord I would com - mune with thee. Thou, whose all per - va - ding eye Naught es - capes with-out, with-in, Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.

2. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty, Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pity - ing eye.



O PARADISE!

Solo or Semi-Chorus.

ARR. BY W. O. PERKINS.

1. O Par-a-dise! O Paradise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek that happy land, Where they that lov'd are blest?
2. O Par-a-dise! O Paradise! The world is growing old; Who would not be at rest and free, Where love is never cold?
3. O Par-a-dise! O Paradise! Wherefore doth death delay? Bright death that is the welcome dawn, Of our eternal day
4. O Par-a-dise! O Par-adise! 'Tis weary wait-ing here: I long to be where Je-sus is, To feel, to see him near.

Chorus.

Rall.

Where loyal hearts and true Stand ev-er in the light, All rapture thro' and thro' In God's most holy sight.

5.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more!
I want to be as pure on earth,
As on thy spotless shore.
Cho.—Where loyal, etc.

6.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see,
The special place my dearest Lord
Is furnishing for me.
Cho.—Where loyal, etc.

7.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I feel 'twill not be long;
Patience,—I almost think I hear,
Faint fragments of thy song.
Cho.—Where loyal, etc.

PRAISE THE LORD, O MY SOUL.

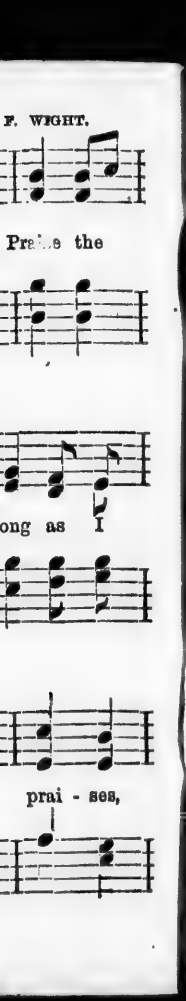
ARR. BY H. F. WIGHT.

Moderato.

Praise the Lord, O my soul, While I live will I praise the Lord, Praise the

Lord, O my soul, While I live will I praise the Lord. Yea, as long as I

have an - y be - ing, Will I sing prai - ses, will I sing prai - ses,



will I sing prai - ses un - to my God, Yea, as long as I have an - y be - ing,

pia. cres. f

will I sing prai - ses, will I sing prai - ses, will I sing prai - ses un - to my God,

Will I sing praises, will I sing praises, will I sing praises un - to my God, A - men, A - men.

1. When morning in love - li - ness shines o'er the earth, As fair as she woke on the morn of her birth; When
2. When evening spreads out her bright scenes to thy view, And stars shine a-bove thee, each night ev - er new, When
3. Re - member, life's mornings are fast fleet - ing by; Live so, thro' the hours, as they si - lent - ly fly, That

birds ca - rol joy - ful - ly up to the sky, And winds bear the thanks of the blossoms on high,
hushed is the mu - sic that rang through the day, To thee let the stillness of night sweet-ly say,
eve - ning shall bring thee to that per - fect day, When anthems of an - gels shall greet thee, and say,

Praise thou the Lord! Praise thou the Lord! Join the voi - ces of morn - ing, in prais-ing the Lord!
Praise thou the Lord! Praise thou the Lord! Join the voi - ces of eve - ning, in prais-ing the Lord!
Praise thou the Lord! Praise thou the Lord! Join the voi - ces of heav - en, in prais-ing the Lord!

f her birth; When
v - er new, When
nt - ly fly, That

oms on high,
sweet-ly say,
thee, and say,

ng the Lord!
ng the Lord!
ng the Lord!

WAKE THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

H. F. WIGHT, by permission.

Wake the song of Ju - bi - lee! Let it e - cho o'er the sea: Now is come the promised

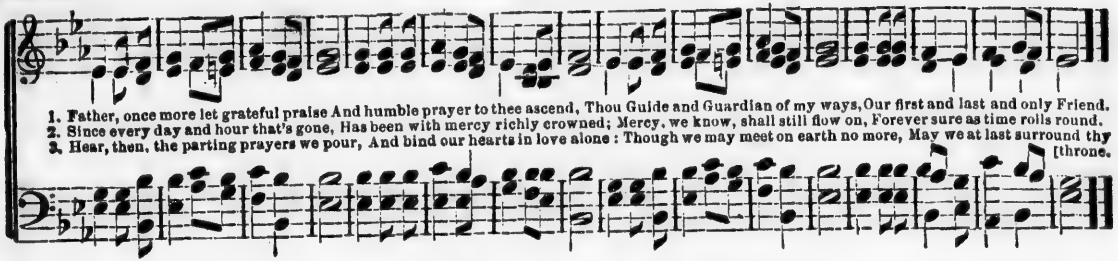
Fine. *Duett.*

hour; Je - sus reigns with sov'reign pow'r. { All ye na - tions join and sing, "Christ, of
{ Now the de - sert lands re - joice, And the

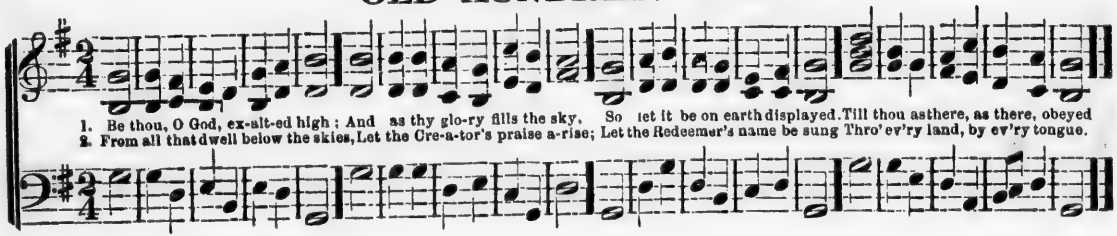
D. C.

lords and kings is King!" Let it sound from shore to shore, Je - sus reigns for ev - er - more.
is - lands join their voice; Joy! the whole cre - a - tion sings, "Je - sus is the King of kings!"

HAMBURG. L. M.

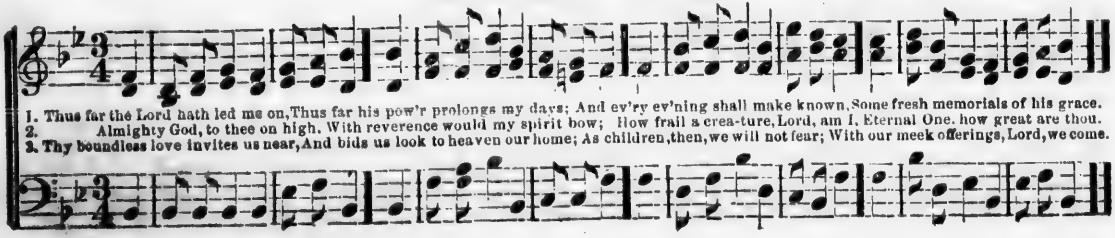


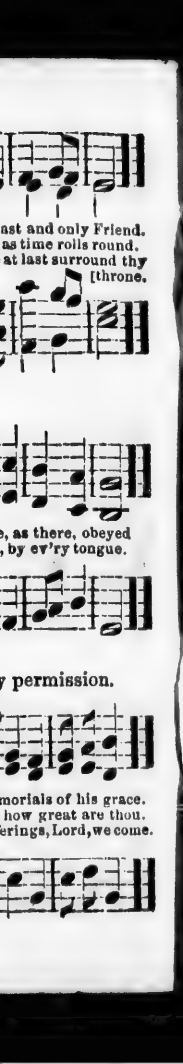
OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



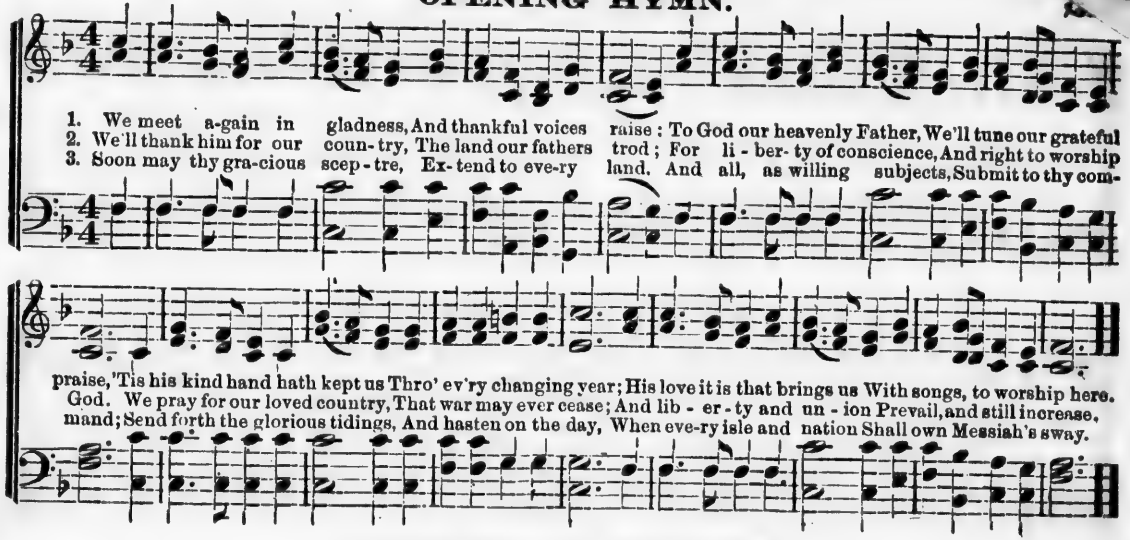
HEBRON. L. M.

DR. L. MASON, by permission.

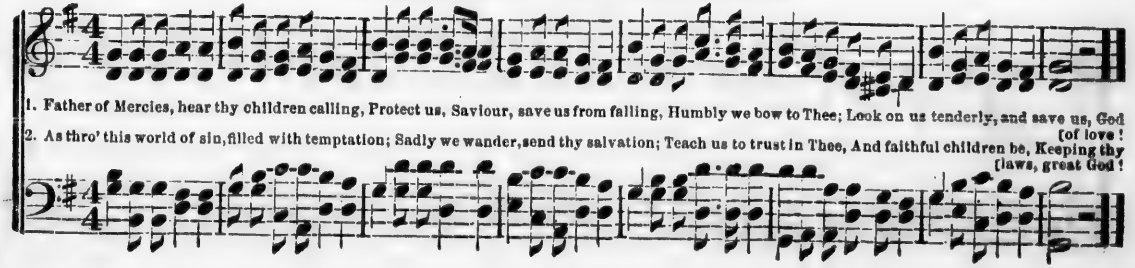




OPENING HYMN.

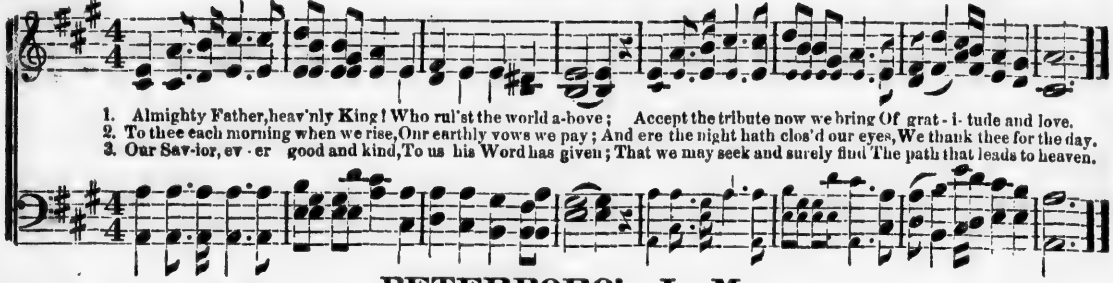


FATHER OF MERCIES.



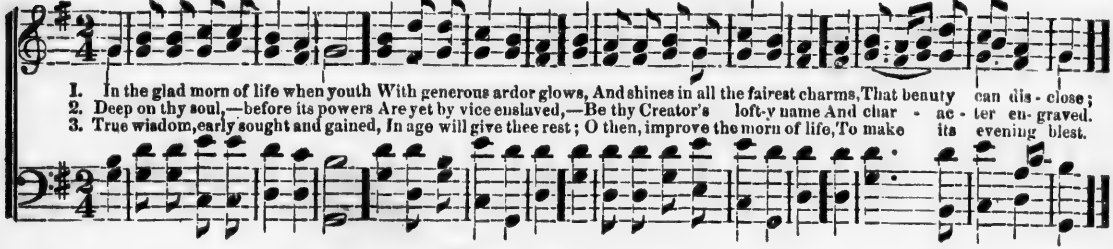
PRAISE. C. M.

FROM "MODERN HARP."



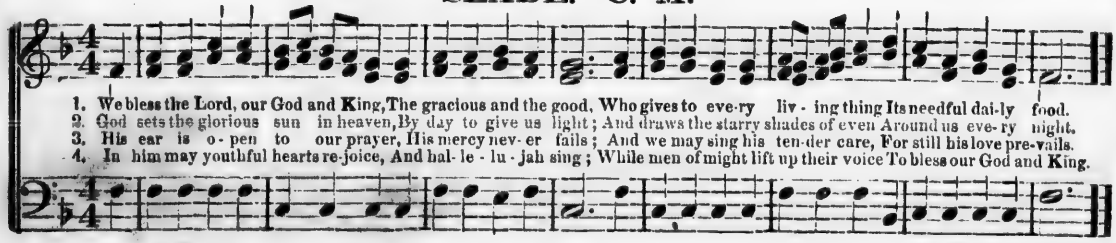
1. Almighty Father, heav'nly King! Who rul'st the world a-bove; Accept the tribute now we bring Of grat - i - tude and love.
2. To thee each morning when we rise, Our earthly vows we pay; And ere the night hath clos'd our eyes, We thank thee for the day.
3. Our Sav-ior, ev - er good and kind, To us his Word has given; That we may seek and surely find The path that leads to heaven.

PETERBORO'. L. M.

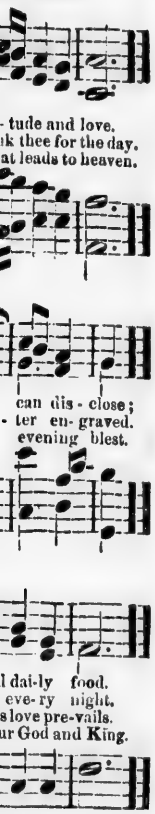


1. In the glad morn of life when youth With generous ardor glows, And shines in all the fairest charms, That beauty can dis - close;
2. Deep on thy soul,—before its powers Are yet by vice enslaved,—Be thy Creator's loft-y name And char - ac - ter en- graved.
3. True wisdom, early sought and gained, In age will give thee rest; O then, improve the morn of life, To make its evening blest.

SLADE. C. M.



1. We bless the Lord, our God and King, The gracious and the good, Who gives to eve-ry liv - ing thing Its needful dai-ly food.
2. God sets the glorious sun in heaven, By day to give us light; And draws the starry shades of even Around us eve-ry night.
3. His ear is o - pen to our prayer, His mercy nev- er fails; And we may sing his ten-der care, For still his love pre-vails.
4. In him may youthful hearts re-joice, And hal- le - lu - jah sing; While men of might lift up their voice To bless our God and King.



ORTONVILLE.

1. To thee my righteous King and Lord, My grateful soul I'll raise; From day to day thy works re-cord, And
2. Thy greatness, human tho't exceeds; Thy glo - ry knows no end; The last-ing re-cord of thy deeds Thro'
3. Thy wondrous acts, thy pow'r and might, My constant theme shall be; That song shall be my soul's delight, Which

ev - er sing thy praise, And ev - er sing thy praise.
a-ges shall des - cend, Thro' a-ges shall des-cend,
breathes in praise to thee, Which breathes in praise to thee.

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

1. Our Father in heaven, We hallow thy name, May thy kingdom
2. Forgive our transgressions, And teach us to know That humble

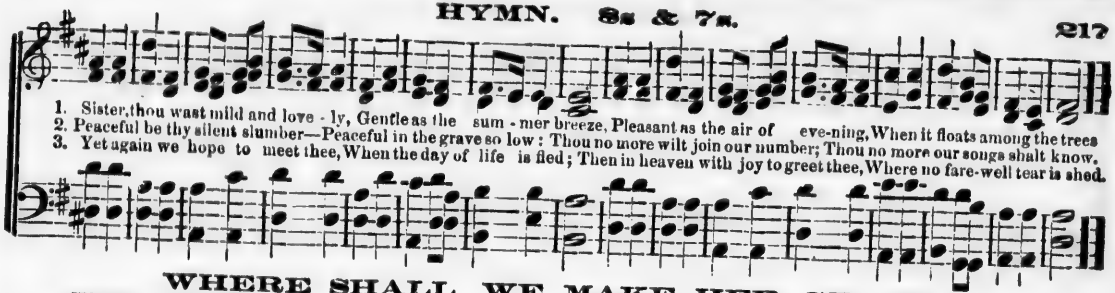
ho - ly on earth be the same; O. give to us dai-ly our portion of bread, For 'tis from thy bounty that all must be fed,
compassion that pardons each foe; Keep us from temptation, from weakness and sin, And thine be the glory, forever, Amen.

SCHOOL HYMN. 8s & 7s. Double.

1. Gra - cious God, our Heavenly Fa - ther! Meet and bless our school, we pray; As in hum - ble
2. Weak, im - per - fect, tempted, err - ing, From thy precepts, Lord, we stray; Let thy spir - it

trust we gath - er, Teachers, schol - ars, here to - day, Ev - 'ry joy, and ev - 'ry bless - ing,
keep from wand'ring, Keep us in thy per - fect way, Hum - ble, pen - i - tent, con - fid - ing,

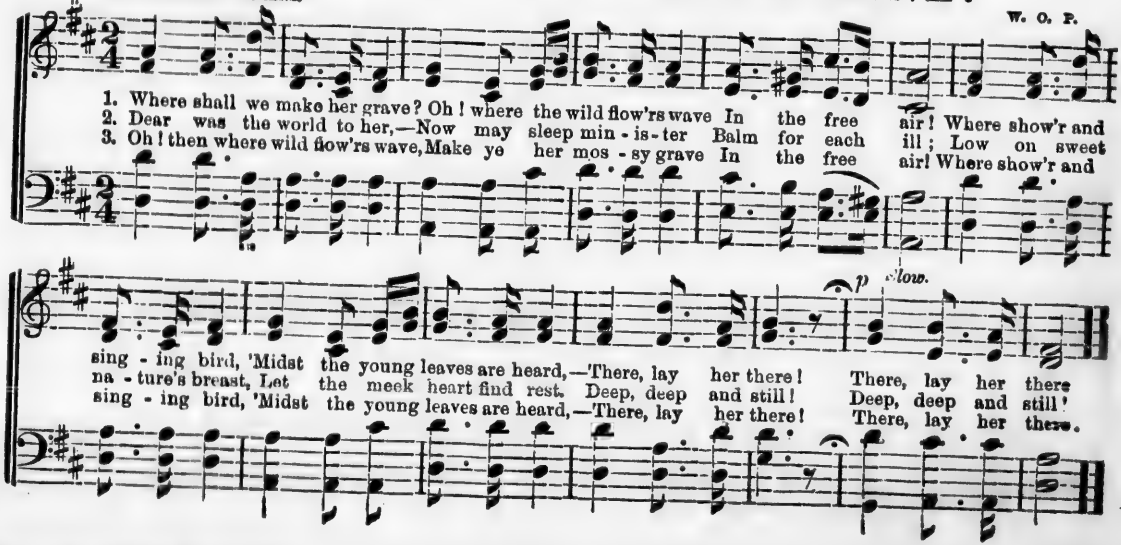
From thy bounteous hand we own; May thy love, our souls pos - sess-ing Draw us near - er to thy throne.
May we rest our hope in thee; In thy fa - vor, Lord, a - bid - ing, In thy peace and pu - ri - ty.



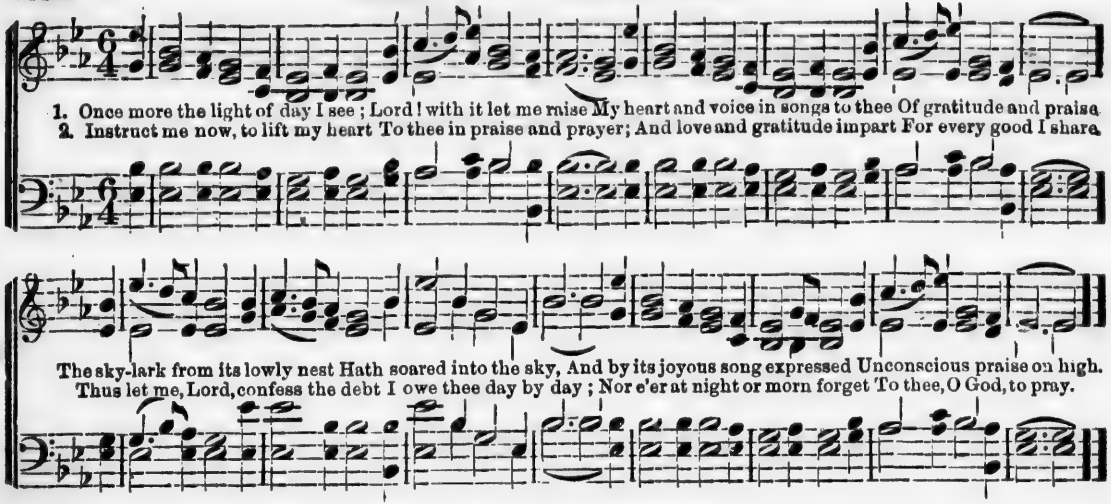
WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HER GRAVE?

WORDS BY MRS. HEMANS.

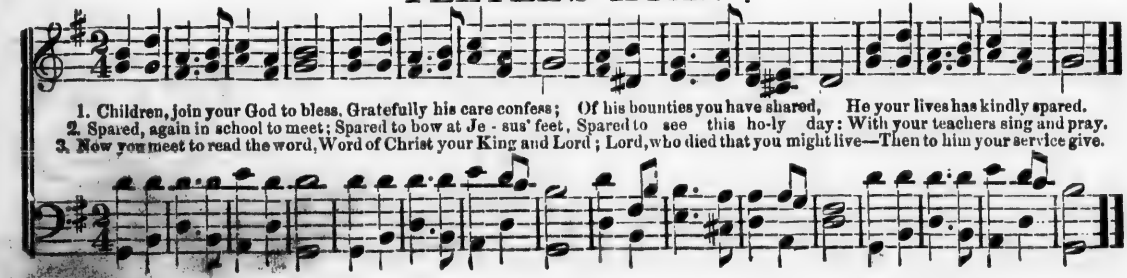
W. O. P.



ATHENS. C. M. Double.

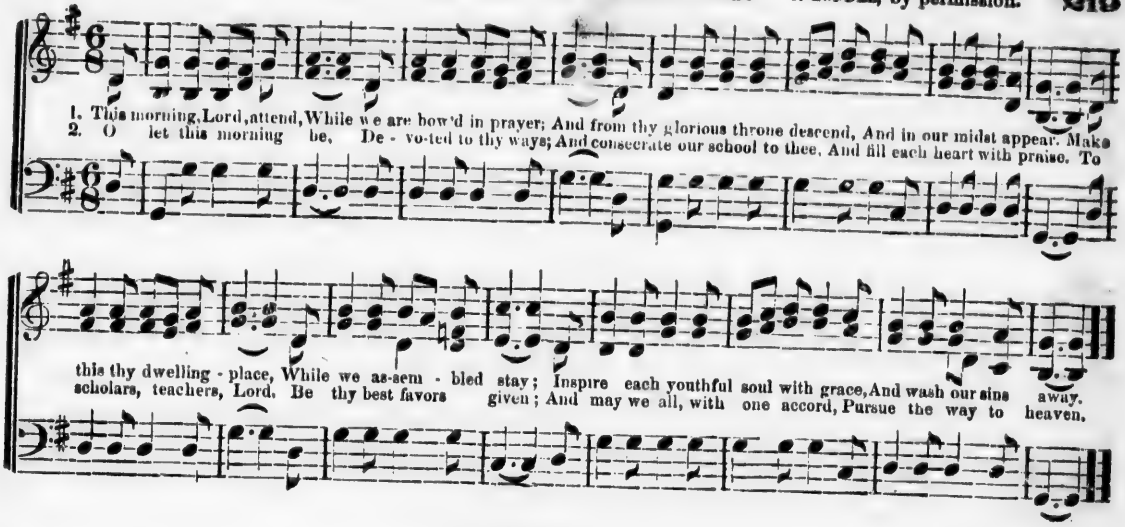


PLEYEL'S HYMN.



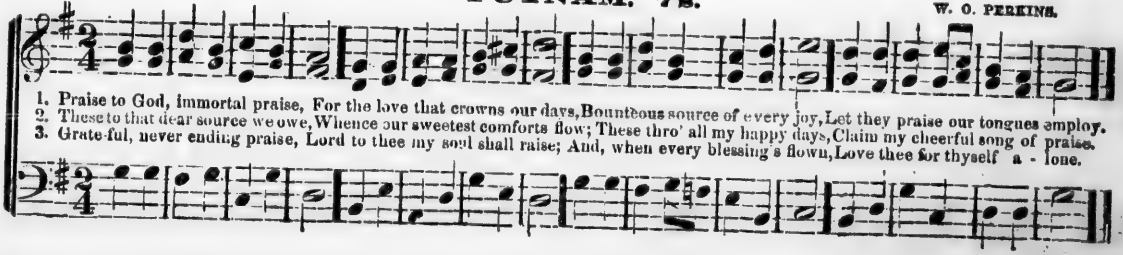
LEBANON. S. M. Double.

J. ZUNDEL, by permission.

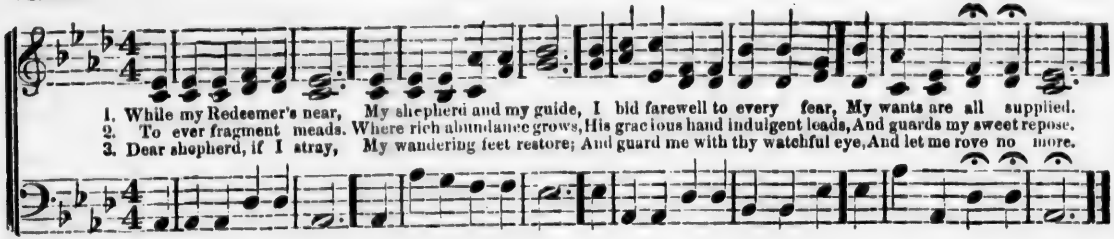


PUTNAM. 7s.

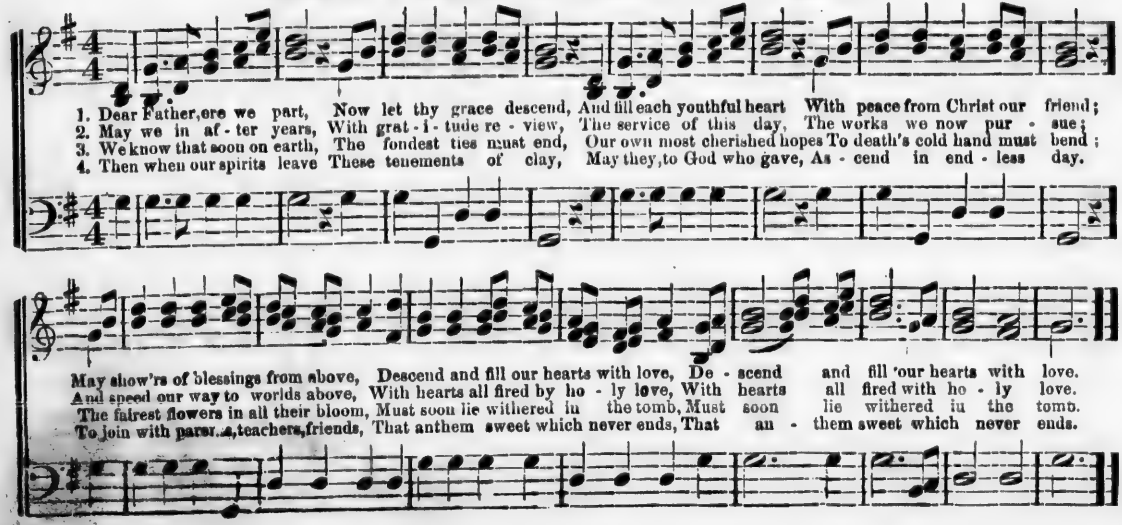
W. O. PERKINS.



SHEPHERD. S. M.



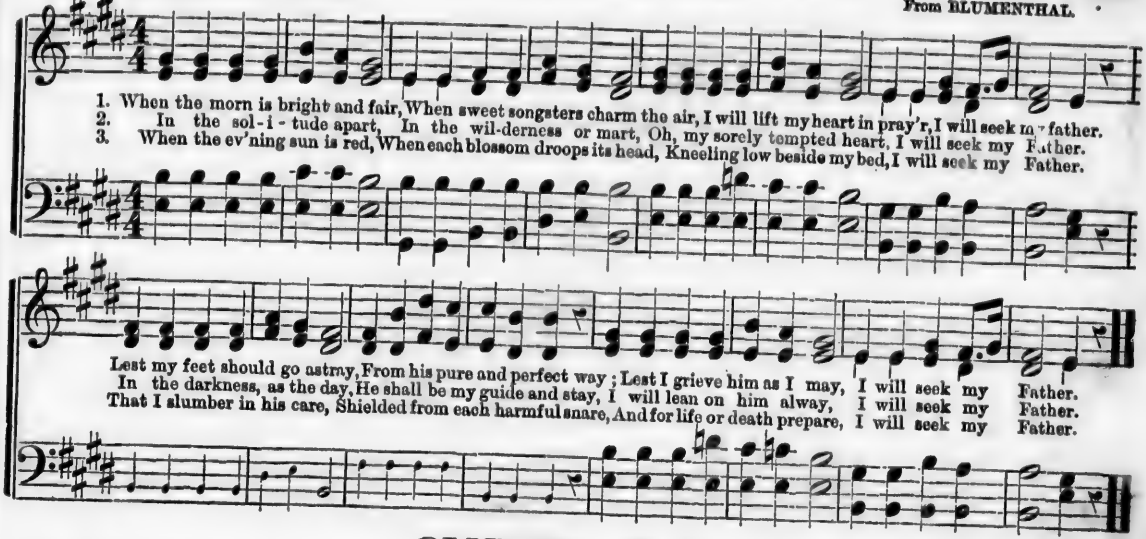
DEAR FATHER, ERE WE PART.



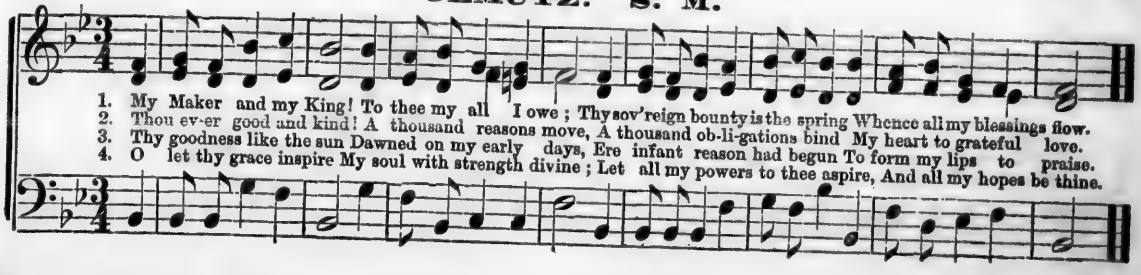
I WILL SEEK MY FATHER.

Words by permission of Root & Cady.

From BLUMENTHAL.



OLMUTZ. S. M.



WORDS BY H. W. LONGFELLOW. W. O. PERKINS.

With expression.

1. There is a Reaper whose name is death, and with his | sic - kle | keen, | He reaps the bearded grain at a
2. "Shall I have naught that is fair," said he, "Have naught but the | beard-ed | grain; | Tho' the breath of these flowers

3. He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes, He kissed their | droop-ing | leaves; | It was for the Lord of
4. "My Lord has need of these flowerets gay," The Reaper | said and | smiled; | Dear tokens of the

breath, and the | flowers that | grow be - - | tween.
is sweet to me, I will | give them | back a - | gain."

Paradise, he | bound them | in his | sheaves.
~~earth are they~~, where | he was | once a | child.

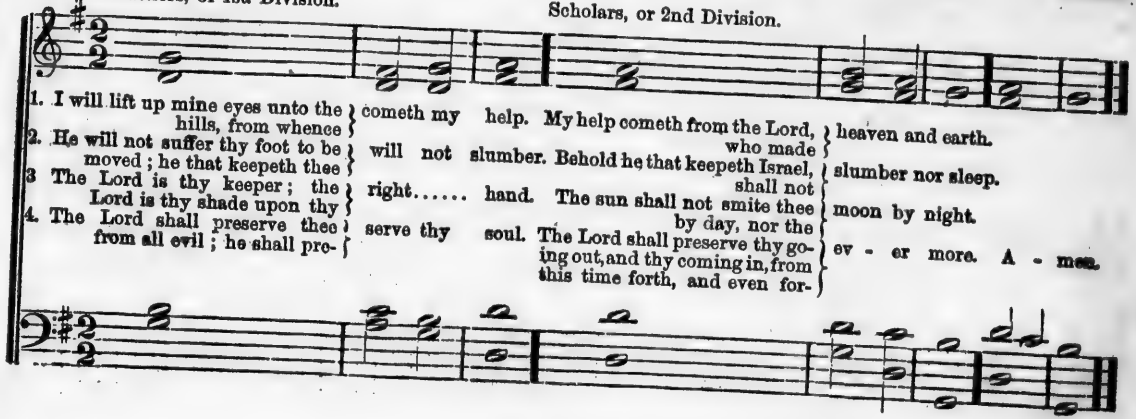
5 They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted | by my | care,
And saints, upon their garments wh..a,
These | sacred | blossoms | wear.

6 And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she | most did | love;
She knew she should find them all again
In | fields of | light a- | bove.

7 O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper | came that | day:
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And | took the | flowers a- | way.

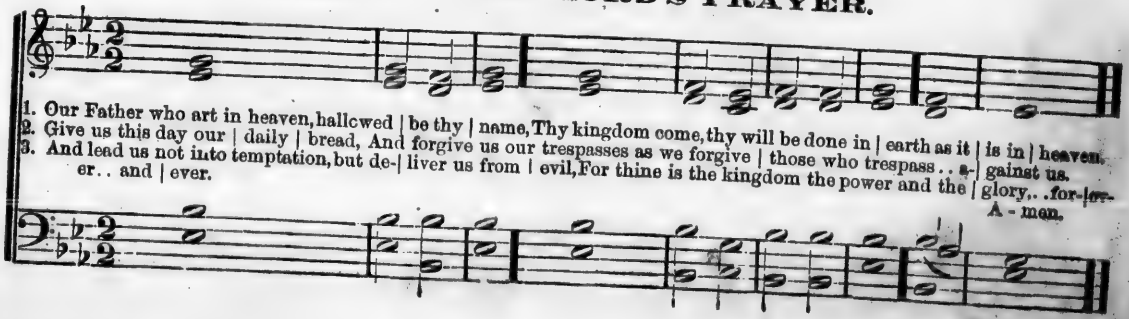
CHANT. I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES.

Teachers, or 1st. Division. Scholars, or 2nd Division.



1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence } cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, who made } heaven and earth.
2. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; he that keepeth thee } will not slumber. Behold he that keepeth Israel, shall not } slumber nor sleep.
3. The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy } right..... hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the } moon by night.
4. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall pre- } serve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for- } ev - er more. A - men.

CHANT. THE LORD'S PRAYER.



1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name, Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in | earth as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread, And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive | those who trespass.. a-| gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de-| liver us from | evil, For thine is the kingdom the power and the | glory,..for-|ever. A - men.

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Greet
Hail to
Here's wi
How beaut
How the mo
I'll paddle m
In the starlig
Laugh on.
Let me be free.
Let us sing.
Little Eva.
Little Maggie May.

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